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Matt. Prior's Poems

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Presented by J. G. Binney, Esq. of Merton College
15 November, 1922

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Mrs Palmers

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

by Matthew Prior

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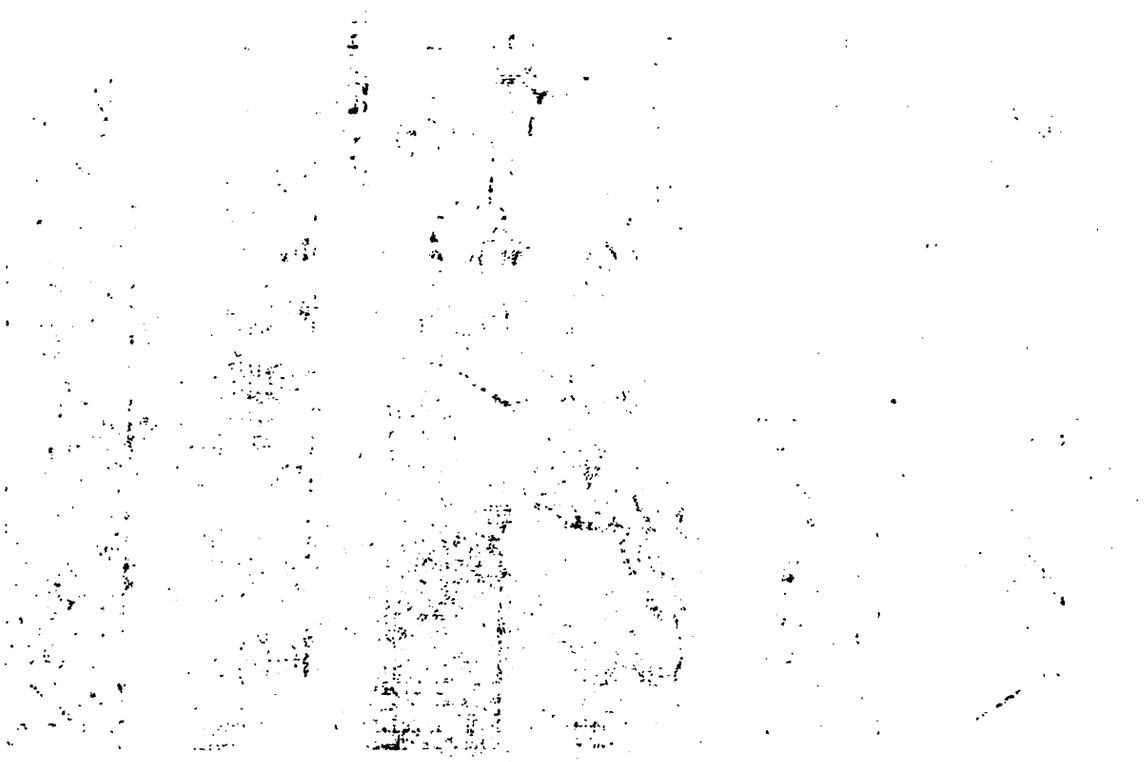

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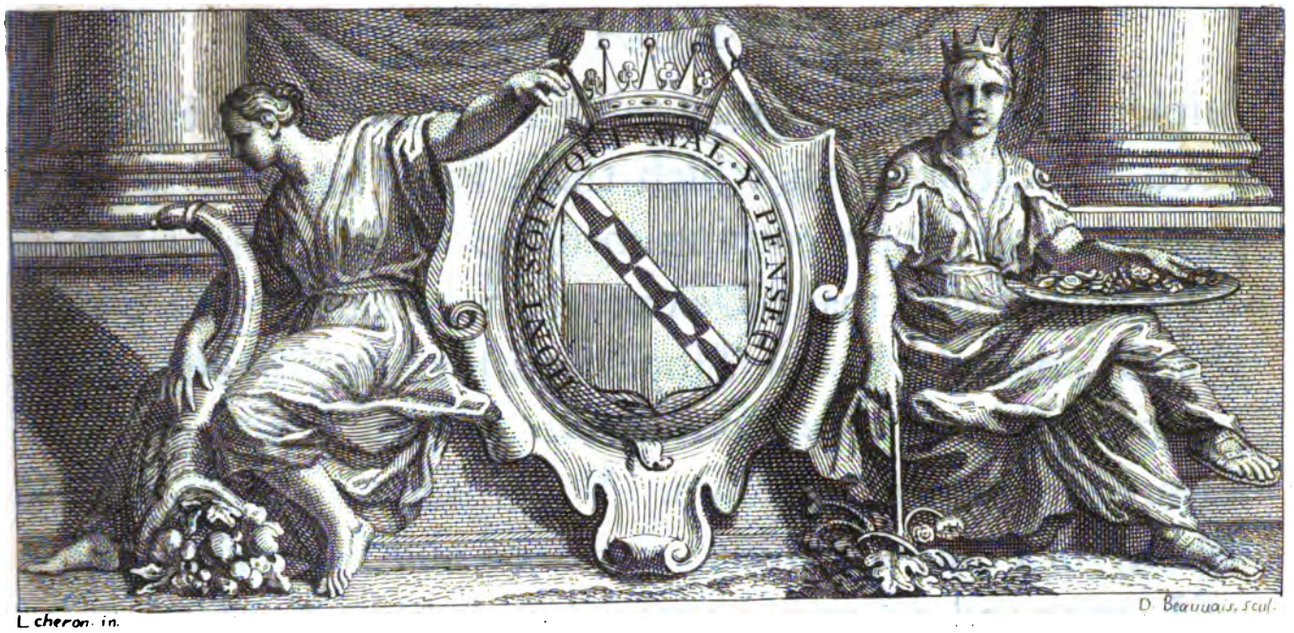

To the Right Honorable

LIONEL,

EARL of

DORSET and *MIDDLE-SEX.*

IT looks like no great Compliment to Your Lordſhip, that I prefix Your Name to this Epiſtle; when, in the Preface, I declare the Book is publiſh'd almoſt againſt my Inclination. But, in all Caſes, My Lord, You have an Hereditary Right to whatever may be called Mine. Many of the following Pieces were written by the Command of Your Excellent Father; and moſt of the reſt, under His Protection and Patronage.

The particular Felicity of Your Birth, My Lord; The natural Endowments of Your Mind, (which, without

 ſuſpicion

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ſuſpicion of Flattery) I may tell You, are very Great; The good Education with which theſe Parts have been improved; and Your coming into the World, and ſeeing Men very early; make Us expect from Your Lordſhip all the Good, which our Hopes can form in Favour of a young Nobleman. *Tu Marcellus eris*, — Our Eyes and our Hearts are turned on You. You muſt be a Judge and Maſter of Polite Learning; a Friend and Patron to Men of Letters and Merit; a faithful and able Counſellor to Your Prince; a true Patriot to Your Countrey; an Ornament and Honor to the Titles You poſſeſs; and in one Word, a Worthy Son to the Great Earl of DORSET.

It is as impoſſible to mention that Name, without deſiring to Commend the Perſon; as it is to give Him the Commendations which His Virtues deſerved. But I aſſure my ſelf, the moſt agreeable Compliment I can bring Your Lordſhip, is to pay a grateful Reſpect to Your Father's Memory. And my own Obligations to Him were ſuch; that the World muſt pardon my Endeavoring at His Character, however I may miſcarry in the Attempt.

A Thouſand Ornaments and Graces met in the Compoſition of this Great Man; and contributed to make Him univerſally Belov'd and Eſteem'd. The Figure of His Body was Strong, Proportionable, Beautiful: and were His Picture well Drawn, it muſt deſerve the Praiſe given to the Pourtraits of RAPHAEL; and, at once, create Love and Reſpect. While the Greatneſs of His Mein inform'd Men, they were approaching the Nobleman; the Sweetneſs of it invited them to come nearer to the Patron. There was in His Look and Geſture ſomething that is eaſier conceived than deſcribed; that gain'd upon You in His Favor, before He ſpake one Word. His Behavior

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was Easie and Courteous to all; but Distinguished and Adapted to each Man in particular, according to his Station and Quality. His Civility was free from the Formality of Rule, and flowed immediately from His good Sense.

Such were the Natural Faculties and Strength of His Mind, that He had occasion to borrow very little from Education: and He owed those Advantages to His own Good Parts, which Others acquire by Study and Imitation. His Wit was Abundant, Noble, Bold. Wit in most Writers is like a Fountain in a Garden, supply'd by several Streams brought thro' artful Pipes, and playing sometimes agreeably. But the Earl of DORSET's was a Source rising from the Top of a Mountain, which forced it's own way, and with inexhaustible Supplies, delighted and inriched the Country thro' which it pass'd. This extraordinary Genius was accompany'd with so true a Judgment in all Parts of fine Learning, that whatever Subject was before Him, He Discours'd as properly of it, as if the peculiar Bent of His Study had been apply'd That way; and He perfected His Judgment by Reading and Digesting the best Authors, tho' He quoted Them very seldom.

Contemnebat potiùs literas, quàm nesciebat:

and rather seem'd to draw His Knowledge from His own Stores, than to owe it to any Foreign Assistance.

The Brightness of His Parts, the Solidity of His Judgment, and the Candor and Generosity of His Temper distinguish'd Him in an Age of great Politeness, and at a Court abounding with Men of the finest Sense and Learning. The most eminent Masters in their several Ways appeal'd to His Determination. WALLER thought it an Honor to consult Him in the Softness and Harmony of his Verse:

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Verſe: and Dr. SPRAT, in the Delicacy and Turn of his Proſe. DRYDEN determines by Him, under the Character of *Eugenius*; as to the Laws of Dramatick Poetry. BUTLER ow'd it to Him, that the Court taſted his *Hudibras*: WICHERLEY, that the Town liked his *Plain Dealer*: and the late Duke of BUCKINGHAM deferr'd to publiſh his *Rehearſal*; 'till He was ſure (as He expreſſed it) that my Lord DORSET would not *Rehearſe* upon Him again. If We wanted Foreign Teſtimony; LA FONTAINE and ST. EVREMONT have acknowledg'd, that He was a Perfect Maſter in the Beauty and Fineneſs of their Language, and of All that They call *les Belles Lettres*. Nor was this Nicety of His Judgement confined only to Books and Literature; but was the Same in Statuary, Painting, and all other Parts of Art. BERNINI would have taken His Opinion upon the Beauty and Attitude of a Figure; and King CHARLES did not agree with LELY, that my Lady CLEVELAND's Picture was Finiſhed, 'till it had the Approbation of my Lord BUCKEHURST.

As the Judgement which He made of Others Writings, could not be refuted; the Manner in which He wrote, will hardly ever be Equalled. Every one of His Pieces is an Ingot of Gold, intrinſically and ſolidly Valuable; ſuch as, wrought or beaten thinner, would ſhine thro' a whole Book of any other Author. His Thought was always New; and the Expreſſion of it ſo particularly Happy, that every body knew immediately, it could only be my Lord DORSET's: and yet it was ſo Eaſy too, that Every body was ready to imagine himſelf capable of writing it. There is a Luſtre in His Verſes, like That of the Sun in CLAUDE LORAINE's Landskips; it looks Natural,

and

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and is Inimitable. His Love-Verſes have a Mixture of Delicacy and Strength: they convey the Wit of PETRONIUS in the Softneſs of TIBULLUS. His Satyr indeed is ſo ſeverely Pointed, that in it He appears, what His Great Friend the Earl of ROCHESTER (that other Prodigy of the Age) ſays He was;

The beſt good Man, with the worſt-natur'd Muſe.

Yet even here, That Character may juſtly be Applied to Him, which PERSIUS gives of the beſt Writer in this Kind, that ever lived:

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus *amico*
Tangit, & admiſſus circum præcordia ludit.

And the Gentleman had always ſo much the better of the Satyriſt, that the Perſons touched did not know where to fix their Reſentments; and were forced to appear rather Aſhamed than Angry. Yet ſo far was this great Author from Valuing himſelf upon His Works, that He cared not what became of them, though every body elſe did. There are many Things of His not Extant in Writing, which however are always repeated: like the Verſes and Sayings of the Ancient DRUIDS, they retain an Univerſal Veneration; tho' they are preſerved only by Memory.

As it is often ſeen, that thoſe Men who are leaſt Qualified for Buſineſs, love it moſt; my Lord DORSET's Character was, that He certainly underſtood it, but did not care for it.

Coming very Young to the Poſſeſſion of two Plentiful Eſtates, and in an Age when Pleaſure was more in Faſhion than Buſineſs; He turned his Parts rather to

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Books and Converſation, than to Politicks, and what more immediately related to the Public. But whenever the Safety of His Countrey demanded His Aſſiſtance, He readily entred into the moſt Active Parts of Life; and underwent the greateſt Dangers, with a Conſtancy of Mind, which ſhewed, that He had not only read the Rules of Philoſophy, but underſtood the Practice of them.

In the firſt *Dutch* War He went a Voluntier under the Duke of YORK: His Behavior, during That Campaigne, was ſuch, as diſtinguiſh'd the SACKVILLE deſcended from that HILDEBRAND of the Name, who was one of the greateſt Captains that came into ENGLAND with the Conqueror. But His making a Song the Night before the Engagement (and it was one of the prettieſt that ever was made) carries with it ſo ſedate a Preſence of Mind, and ſuch an unuſual Gallantry, that it deſerves as much to be Recorded, as ALEXANDER's jeſting with his Soldiers, before he paſſed the GRANICUS: or WILLIAM the Firſt of ORANGE, giving Order over Night for a Battel, and deſiring to be called in the Morning, leſt He ſhould happen to Sleep too long.

From hence, during the remaining Part of King CHARLES's Reign, He continued to Live in Honorable Leiſure. He was of the Bed-chamber to the King; and Poſſeſſed not only His Maſter's Favor, but (in a great Degree) His Familiarity; never leaving the Court, but when He was ſent to That of FRANCE, on ſome ſhort Commiſſions and Embaſſies of Compliment: as if the King deſigned to ſhow the FRENCH, (who would be thought the Politeſt Nation) that one of the Fineſt Gentlemen in EUROPE was His Subject; and that We had

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a Prince who underſtood His Worth ſo well, as not to ſuffer Him to be long out of His Preſence.

The ſucceeding Reign neither reliſh'd my Lord's Wit, nor approved His Maxims: ſo He retired altogether from Court. But as the irretrievable Miſtakes of That unhappy Government, went on to Threaten the Nation with ſomething more Terrible than a *Dutch* War: He thought it became Him to reſume the Courage of His Youth, and once more to Engage Himſelf in defending the Liberty of His Countrey. He entred into the Prince of ORANGE's Intereſt; and carried on His Part of That great Enterpriſe here in LONDON, and under the Eye of the Court; with the ſame Reſolution, as His Friend and Fellow-Patriot the late Duke of DEVONSHIRE did in open Arms at NOTTINGHAM; 'till the Dangers of thoſe Times increaſed to Extremity; and juſt Apprehenſions aroſe for the Safety of the Princeſs, our preſent Glorious Queen: then the Earl of DORSET was thought the propereſt Guide of Her neceſſary Flight, and the Perſon under whoſe Courage and Direction the Nation might moſt ſafely Truſt a Charge ſo Precious and Important.

After the Eſtabliſhment of Their late Majeſties upon the Throne, there was Room again at Court for Men of my Lord's Character. He had a Part in the Councils of thoſe Princes; a great Share in their Friendſhip; and all the Marks of Diſtinction, with which a good Government could reward a Patriot. He was made Chamberlain of their Majeſties Houſhold; a Place which He ſo eminently Adorn'd, by the Grace of His Perſon, the Fineneſs of His Breeding, and the Knowledge and Practice of what was Decent and Magnificent: that He could only

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only be Rivalled in theſe Qualifications by one great Man, who has ſince held the ſame Staff.

The laſt Honors He received from His Soveraign, (and indeed they were the Greateſt which a Subject could receive) were, that He was made Knight of the Garter, and conſtituted One of the Regents of the Kingdom, during His Majeſty's Abſence. But his Health, about that time, ſenſibly Declining; and the Public Affairs not Threatned by any Imminent Danger; He left the Buſineſs to Thoſe who delighted more in the State of it; and appeared only ſometimes at Council, to ſhow his Reſpect to the Commiſſion: giving as much Leiſure as He could to the Relief of thoſe Pains, with which it pleaſed God to Afflict Him; and Indulging the Reflexions of a Mind, that had looked thro' the World with too piercing an Eye, and was grown weary of the Proſpect. Upon the whole; it may very juſtly be ſaid of this Great Man, with Regard to the Public, that thro' the Courſe of his Life, He Acted like an able Pilot in a long Voyage; contented to ſit Quiet in the Cabin, when the Winds were allayed, and the Waters ſmooth; but Vigilant and Ready to reſume the Helm, when the Storm aroſe, and the Sea grew Tumultuous.

I ask Your Pardon, My Lord, if I look yet a little more nearly into the late Lord DORSET's Character: if I examine it not without ſome Intention of finding Fault; and (which is an odd way of making a Panegyric) ſet his Blemiſhes and Imperfections in open View.

The Fire of His Youth carried Him to ſome Exceſſes: but they were accompanied with a moſt lively Invention, and true Humour. The little Violences and eaſie Miſtakes of a Night too gayly ſpent, (and That too in the Begin-

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Beginning of Life) were always ſet Right, the next Day, with great Humanity, and ample Retribution. His Faults brought their Excuſe with them, and his very Failings had their Beauties. So much Sweetneſs accompanied what He ſaid, and ſo great Generoſity what He did; that People were always prepoſſeſs'd in his Favor: and it was in Fact true, what the late Earl of ROCHESTER ſaid, in Jeſt, to King CHARLES; That He did not know how it was, but my Lord DORSET might do any thing, yet was never to Blame.

He was naturally very ſubject to Paſſion; but the ſhort Guſt was ſoon over, and ſerved only to ſet off the Charms of his Temper, when more Compos'd. That very Paſſion broke out with a Force of Wit, which made even Anger agreeable: While it laſted, He ſaid and forgot a thouſand Things, which other Men would have been glad to have ſtudied and wrote: but the Impetuoſity was Corrected upon a Moment's Reflection; and the Meaſure altered with ſuch Grace and Delicacy, that You could ſcarce perceive where the Key was Changed.

He was very Sharp in his Reflections; but never in the wrong Place. His Darts were ſure to Wound; but they were ſure too to hit None but thoſe whoſe Follies gave Him very fair Aim. And when He allowed no Quarter; He had certainly been provoked by more than common Error: by Men's tedious and circumſtantial Recitals of their Affairs; or by their multiply'd Queſtions about his own: by extreme Ignorance and Impertinence; or the mixture of theſe, an ill-judg'd and never-ceaſing Civility: or laſtly, by the two Things which were his utter Averſion; the Inſinuation of a Flatterer, and the Whiſper of a Tale-bearer.

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If therefore, We ſet the Piece in it's worſt Poſition; if it's Faults be moſt expoſed, the Shades will ſtill appear very finely join'd with their Lights; and every Imperfection will be diminiſhed by the Luſtre of ſome Neighb'ring Virtue. But if We turn the great Drawings and wonderful Colourings to their true Light; the Whole muſt appear Beautiful, Noble, Admirable.

He poſſeſſed all thoſe Virtues in the higheſt Degree, upon which the Pleaſure of Society, and the Happineſs of Life depend: and He exerciſed them with the greateſt Decency, and beſt Manners. As good Nature is ſaid, by a great * Author, to belong more particularly to the ENGLISH, than any other Nation; it may again be ſaid, that it belonged more particularly to the late Earl of DORSET, than to any other ENGLISH Man.

A kind Husband He was, without Fondneſs: and an indulgent Father without Partiality. So extraordinary good a Maſter, that This Quality ought indeed to have been number'd among his Defects: for He was often worſe ſerved than became his Station; from his Unwillingneſs to aſſume an Authority too Severe. And, during thoſe little Tranſports of Paſſion, to which I juſt now ſaid He was ſubject; I have known his Servants get into his way, that They might make a Merit of it immediately after: for He that had the good Fortune to be Chid, was ſure of being Rewarded for it.

His Table was one of the Laſt, that gave Us an Example of the Old Houſe-keeping of an ENGLISH Nobleman. A Freedom reigned at it, which made every one of his Gueſts think Himſelf at Home: and an Abundance, which ſhewed that the Maſter's Hoſpitality extended to many

* Sprat. *Hiſt. of the Royal Society.*

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many More, than Thoſe who had the Honor to ſit at Table with Him.

In his Dealings with Others; his Care and Exactneſs, that every Man ſhould have his Due, was ſuch, that You would think He had never ſeen a Court: the Politeneſs and Civility with which this Juſtice was adminiſtred, would convince You He never had lived out of One.

He was ſo ſtrict an Obſerver of his Word, that no Conſideration whatever, could make him break it: yet ſo cautious, leſt the Merit of his Act ſhould ariſe from that Obligation only; that He uſually did the greateſt Favors, without making any previous Promiſe. So inviolable was He in his Friendſhip; and ſo kind to the Character of Thoſe, whom He had once Honored with a more intimate Acquaintance; that nothing leſs than a Demonſtration of ſome Eſſential Fault, could make Him break with Them: and then too, his good Nature did not conſent to it, without the greateſt Reluctance and Difficulty. Let me give one Inſtance of this amongſt many. When, as Lord Chamberlain, He was obliged to take the King's Penſion from Mr. DRYDEN, who had long before put Himſelf out of a Poſſibility of Receiving any Favor from the Court: my Lord allowed Him an Equivalent, out of his own Eſtate. However diſpleaſed with the Conduct of his old Acquaintance, He relieved his Neceſſities; and while He gave Him his Aſſiſtance in Private; in Public, He extenuated and pitied his Error.

The Foundation indeed of theſe Excellent Qualities, and the Perfection of my Lord DORSET's Character, was, That unbounded Charity which ran through the whole Tenor of his Life; and ſat as viſibly Predominant

over

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over the other Faculties of his Soul; as She is ſaid to do in Heaven, above Her Siſter Virtues.

Crouds of Poor daily thronged his Gates, expecting thence their Bread: and were ſtill leſſened by His ſending the moſt proper Objects of his Bounty to Apprenticeſhips, or Hoſpitals. The Lazar and the Sick, as He accidentally ſaw them, were removed from the Street to the Phyſician: and Many of Them not only reſtored to Health; but ſupplied with what might enable Them to reſume their former Callings, and make their future Life happy. The Priſoner has often been releaſed, by my Lord's paying the Debt; and the Condemned has been ſaved by his Interceſſion with the Sovereign; where He thought the Letter of the Law too rigid. To Thoſe whoſe Circumſtances were ſuch as made Them aſhamed of their Poverty; He knew how to beſtow his Munificence, without offending their Modeſty: and under the Notion of frequent Preſents, gave Them what amounted to a Subſiſtance. Many yet alive know This to be true, though He told it to None, nor ever was more uneaſy, than when any one mentioned it to Him.

We may find among the *Greeks* and *Latins*, TIBULLUS, and GALLUS; the Noblemen that writ Poetry: AUGUSTUS and MÆCENAS; the Protectors of Learning: ARISTIDES, the good Citizen; and ATTICUS, the well-bred Friend: and bring Them in, as Examples, of my Lord DORSET's Wit; His Judgment; His Juſtice; and His Civility. But for His Charity, My Lord, We can ſcarce find a Parallel in Hiſtory it ſelf.

TITUS was not more the *Deliciæ Humani generis*, on this Account, than my Lord DORSET was. And, without any Exageration, that Prince did not do more good in

Proportion

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Proportion out of the Revenue of the *Roman* Empire, than Your Father out of the Income of a private Eſtate. Let this, my Lord, remain to You and Your Poſterity a Poſſeſſion for ever; to be Imitated, and if poſſible, to be Excelled.

As to my own Particular, I ſcarce knew what Life was, ſooner than I found my ſelf obliged to His Favor; nor have had Reaſon to feel any Sorrow, ſo ſenſibly as That of His Death.

Ille dies——quem ſemper acerbum
Semper honoratum (ſic Dî voluiſtis) habebo.

ÆNEAS could not reflect upon the loſs of His own Father with greater Piety, My Lord, than I muſt recall the Memory of Yours: and when I think whoſe Son I am writing to, the leaſt I promiſe my ſelf from Your Goodneſs is an uninterrupted Continuance of Favor, and a Friendſhip for Life. To which, that I may with ſome Juſtice Intitle my ſelf, I ſend Your Lordſhip a Dedication, not filled with a long Detail of Your Praiſes, but with my ſincereſt Wiſhes that You may Deſerve them. That You may Imploy thoſe extraordinary Parts and Abilities with which Heaven has bleſſed You, to the Honor of Your Family, the Benefit of Your Friends, and the Good of Your Country; That all Your Actions may be Great, Open and Noble, ſuch as may tell the World whoſe Son and whoſe Succeſſor You are.

What I now offer to Your Lordſhip is a Collection of Poetry, a kind of Garland of Good Will. If any Verſes of My Writing ſhould appear in Print, under another Name and Patronage, than That of an Earl of DORSET, People might ſuſpect them not to be Genuine. I have

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attained my preſent End, if theſe Poems prove the Diverſion of ſome of Your Youthful Hours, as they have been occaſionally the Amuſement of ſome of Mine; and I humbly hope, that as I may hereafter bind up my fuller Sheaf, and lay ſome Pieces of a very different Nature (the Product of my ſeverer Studies) at Your Lordſhip's Feet, I ſhall engage Your more ſerious Reflection: Happy, if in all my Endeavors I may contribute to Your Delight, or to Your Inſtruction. I am, with all Duty and Reſpect,

MY LORD,

Your Lordſhip's

moſt Obedient, and

moſt Humble Servant,

MAT. PRIOR.

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PREFACE.

THE Greateſt Part of what I have Written having already been Publiſhed, either ſingly or in ſome of the Miſcellanies, it would be too late for Me to make any Excuſe for appearing in Print. But a Collection of Poems has lately appeared under my Name, tho' without my Knowledge, in which the Publiſher has given Me the Honor of ſome Things that did not belong to Me; and has Tranſcribed others ſo imperfectly, that I hardly knew them to be Mine. This has obliged Me, in my own Defence, to look back upon ſome of thoſe lighter Studies, which I ought long ſince to have quitted, and to Publiſh an indifferent Collection of Poems, for fear of being thought the Author of a worſe.

Thus I beg Pardon of the Public for Reprinting ſome Pieces, which, as they came ſingly from their firſt Impreſſion, have (I fancy) lain long and quietly in Mr. TONSON's Shop; and adding others to them, which were never before Printed, and might have lain as quietly, and perhaps more ſafely, in a Corner of my own Study.

The Reader will, I hope, make Allowance for their having been written at very diſtant Times, and on very different Occaſions; and take them as they happen to come, Public Panegyrics, Amorous Odes, Serious Reflections, or idle Tales, the Product of his leiſure Hours, who had Buſineſs enough upon his Hands, and was only a Poet by Accident.

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PREFACE.

I take this Occaſion to thank my good Friend and School-fellow Mr. DIBBEN, *for his excellent Verſion of the* Carmen Seculare, *though my Gratitude may juſtly carry a little Envy with it; for I believe the moſt accurate Judges will find the Tranſlation exceed the Original.*

I muſt likewiſe own my ſelf obliged to Mrs. SINGER, *who has given Me Leave to Print a Paſtoral of Her Writing; That Poem having produced the Verſes immediately following it. I wiſh She might be prevailed with to publiſh ſome other Pieces of that Kind, in which the Softneſs of Her Sex, and the Fineneſs of Her Genius, conſpire to give Her a very diſtinguiſhing Character.*

POST-

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POSTSCRIPT.

I Muſt help my Preface by a Poſtſcript, to tell the Reader, that there is Ten Years Diſtance between my writing the One and the Other; and that (whatever I thought then, and have ſomewhere ſaid, that I would publiſh no more Poetry) He will find ſeveral Copies of Verſes ſcattered through this Edition, which were not printed in the Firſt. Thoſe relating to the Publick ſtand in the Order They did before, and according to the ſeveral Years, in which They were written; however the Diſpoſition of our National Affairs, the Actions, or the Fortunes of ſome Men, and the Opinions of others may have changed. Proſe, and other Human Things may take what Turn they can; but Poetry, which pretends to have ſomething of Divinity in it, is to be more permanent. Odes *once printed cannot well be altered, when the Author has already ſaid, that He expects His Works ſhould Live for Ever. And it had been very fooliſh in my Friend* HORACE, *if ſome Years after His* Exegi Monumentum, *He ſhould have deſired to ſee his Building taken down again.*

The Dedication *likewiſe is Reprinted to the Earl of* DORSET, *in the foregoing Leaves, without any Alteration; though I had the faireſt Opportunity, and the ſtrongeſt Inclination to have added a great deal to it. The blooming Hopes, which I ſaid the World expected from my then very Young Patron, have been confirmed by moſt Noble and diſtinguiſhed Firſt-Fruits; and His Life is going on towards a plentiful Harveſt*

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of all accumulated Virtues. He has, in Fact, exceeded whatever the Fondneſs of my Wiſhes could invent in His Favor: His equally Good and Beautiful Lady enjoys in Him an Indulgent and Obliging Husband; His Children, a Kind and Careful Father; and His Acquaintance, a Faithful, Generous, and Polite Friend. His Fellow-Peers have attended to the Perſwaſion of His Eloquence; and have been convinced by the Solidity of His Reaſoning. He has, long ſince, deſerved and attained the Honor of the Garter. He has managed ſome of the greateſt Charges of the Kingdom with known Ability; and laid them down with entire Diſintereſsment. And as He continues the Exerciſes of theſe eminent Virtues (which that He may do to a very old Age, ſhall be my perpetual Wiſh) He may be One of the Greateſt Men that our Age, or poſſibly our Nation has bred; and leave Materials for a Panegyric, not unworthy the Pen of ſome future PLINY.

From ſo Noble a Subject as the Earl of DORSET, *to ſo mean a one as my ſelf, is (I confeſs) a very Pindaric Tranſition. I ſhall only ſay one Word, and trouble the Reader no further. I publiſhed my Poems formerly, as Monſieur* JOURDAIN *ſold his Silk: He would not be thought a Tradeſman; but ordered ſome Pieces to be meaſured out to his particular Friends. Now I give up my Shop, and diſpoſe of all my Poetical Goods at once: I muſt therefore deſire, that the Public would pleaſe to take them in the Groſs; and that every Body would turn over what He does not like.*

THE

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Dutcheſs Dowager of Beaufort.
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Earl of Briſtol.
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Abraham Blackmore, *Eſq;*
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John

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C. *Mar-*

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D.

Duke of Devonshire.
Earl of Derby.
Countess of Derby.
Countess of Dorchester.
Countess of Dalkeith.
Earl of Dorset.
Earl of Dartmouth.
Countess of Dartmouth.
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Lord Dunkellin; *Five Books.*

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Monſieur d' Iberville, *Envoy Extraordinary from His moſt Chriſtian Majeſty.*
Lady Drake; *Two Books.*
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G.

Duke of Grafton.
Dutcheſs of Grafton.
Dutcheſs-Dowager of Grafton; *Two Books.*
Marquiſs of Granby.
Marchioneſs of Granby.
Earl of Grantham.
Earl of Granard.
Counteſs of Granard.
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Lord Gower; *Ten Books.*
Lady-Dowager Gower; *Two Books.*
Lord Guernſey.
Lady Gore.
Lady Gerrard.
Lady Elizabeth Germain.
Lady Gillemberg.
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H.

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Earl of Harrold.
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Lord

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Brigadier Hans Hamilton; *Five Books.*
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K.

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M.

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N.

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O.

Dutchess of Ormond.
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P.

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Q.

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R.

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S.

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Duke of Somerſet.
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Dutcheſs

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POEMS

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POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

On *Exodus* iii. 14. *I am that I am.*

An ODE.

Written in 1688, *as an Exerciſe at St.* JOHN'S *College,* CAMBRIDGE.

I.

MAN! Fooliſh Man!
Scarce know'ſt thou how thy ſelf began;
Scarce haſt thou Thought enough to prove Thou art;
Yet ſteel'd with ſtudy'd Boldneſs, thou dar'ſt try [Eye
To ſend thy doubting Reaſon's dazled
Through the myſterious Gulph of vaſt Immenſity.
Much thou canſt there diſcern, much thence impart.

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Vain Wretch! ſuppreſs thy knowing Pride;
Mortifie thy learned Luſt:
Vain are thy Thoughts, while thou thy ſelf art Duſt.

II.

Let Wit her Sails, her Oars let Wiſdom lend;
The Helm let politick Experience guide:
Yet ceaſe to hope thy ſhort-liv'd Bark ſhall ride
Down ſpreading Fate's unnavigable Tide.
What, tho' ſtill it farther tend?
Still 'tis farther from its End;
And, in the Boſom of that boundleſs Sea,
Still finds its Error lengthen with its Way.

III.

With daring Pride and inſolent Delight
Your Doubts reſolv'd you boaſt, your Labours crown'd;
And, ΕΥΡΗΚΑ! your God, forſooth is found
Incomprehenſible and Infinite.
But is He therefore found? Vain Searcher! no:
Let your imperfect Definition ſhow,
That nothing You, the weak Definer, know.

IV.

Say, why ſhou'd the collected Main
It ſelf within it ſelf contain?
Why to its Caverns ſhou'd it ſometimes creep,
And with delighted Silence ſleep
On the lov'd Boſom of its Parent Deep?
Why ſhou'd its num'rous Waters ſtay
In comely Diſcipline, and fair Array,
Till Winds and Tides exert their high Command?

Then

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Then prompt and ready to obey,
Why do the riſing Surges ſpread
Their op'ning Ranks o'er Earth's ſubmiſſive Head,
Marching thro' different Paths to different Lands?

V.

Why does the conſtant Sun
With meaſur'd Steps his radiant Journeys run?
Why does He order the Diurnal Hours
To leave Earth's other Part, and riſe in Ours?
Why does He wake the correſpondent Moon,
And fill her willing Lamp with liquid Light,
Commanding Her with delegated Pow'rs
To beautifie the World, and bleſs the Night?
Why does each animated Star
Love the juſt Limits of it's proper Sphere?
Why does each conſenting Sign
With prudent Harmony combine
In Turns to move, and ſubſequent appear,
To gird the Globe, and regulate the Year?

VI.

Man does with dangerous Curioſity
Theſe unfathom'd Wonders try:
With fancy'd Rules and arbitrary Laws
Matter and Motion he reſtrains;
And ſtudy'd Lines and fictious Circles draws:
Then with imagin'd Soveraignty
Lord of his new HYPOTHESIS he reigns.
He reigns: How long? 'till ſome Uſurper riſe;
And he too, mighty Thoughtful, mighty Wiſe,
Studies new Lines, and other Circles feigns.

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From this laſt Toil again what Knowledge flows?
Juſt as much, perhaps, as ſhows,
That all his Predeceſſor's Rules
Were empty Cant, all JARGON of the Schools;
That he on t'other's Ruin rears his Throne;
And ſhows his Friend's Miſtake, and thence confirms his own.

VII.

On Earth, in Air, amidſt the Seas and Skies,
Mountainous Heaps of Wonders riſe;
Whoſe tow'ring Strength will ne'er ſubmit
To Reaſon's Batteries, or the Mines of Wit:
Yet ſtill enquiring, ſtill miſtaking Man,
Each Hour repuls'd, each Hour dare onward preſs;
And levelling at GOD his wandring Gueſs,
(That feeble Engine of his reaſoning War,
Which guides his Doubts, and combats his Deſpair)
Laws to his Maker the learn'd Wretch can give:
Can bound that Nature, and preſcribe that Will,
Whoſe pregnant Word did either Ocean fill: and live.
Can tell us whence all BEINGS are, and how they move
Thro' either Ocean, fooliſh Man!
That pregnant Word ſent forth again,
Might to a World extend each ATOM there;
For every Drop call forth a Sea, a Heav'n for every Star.

VIII.

Let cunning Earth her fruitful Wonders hide;
And only lift thy ſtaggering Reaſon up
To trembling CALVARY'S aſtoniſh'd Top;
Then mock thy Knowledge, and confound thy Pride,
Suſtaining

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Explaining how Perfection ſuffer'd Pain,
Almighty languiſh'd, and Eternal dy'd:
How by her Patient Victor Death was ſlain;
And Earth prophan'd, yet bleſs'd with Deicide.
Then down with all thy boaſted Volumes, down;
Only reſerve the Sacred One:
Low, reverently low,
Make thy ſtubborn Knowledge bow;
Weep out thy Reaſon's, and thy Body's Eyes;
Deject thy ſelf, that Thou may'ſt riſe;
To look to Heav'n, be blind to all below.

IX.

Then Faith, for Reaſon's glimmering Light, ſhall give
Her Immortal Perſpective;
And Grace's Preſence Nature's Loſs retrieve:
Then thy enliven'd Soul ſhall ſee,
That all the Volumes of Philoſophy,
With all their Comments, never cou'd invent
So politick an Inſtrument,
To reach the Heav'n of Heavns, the high Abode,
Where MOSES places his Myſterious God,
As was that Ladder which old JACOB rear'd,
When Light Divine had human Darkneſs clear'd;
And his enlarg'd Ideas found the Road,
Which Faith had dictated, and Angels trod.

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TO THE
COUNTESS of EXETER,
Playing on the LUTE.

WHAT Charms You have, from what high Race
You ſprung,
Have been the pleaſing Subjects of my Song:
Unskill'd and young, yet ſomething ſtill I writ,
Of CA'NDISH Beauty join'd to CECIL'S Wit.
But when You pleaſe to ſhow the lab'ring Muſe,
What greater Theam your Muſick can produce;
My babling Praiſes I repeat no more,
But hear, rejoice, ſtand ſilent, and adore.

The PERSIANS thus, firſt gazing on the Sun,
Admir'd how high 'twas plac'd, how bright it ſhone;
But, as his Pow'r was known, their Thoughts were rais'd;
And ſoon they worſhip'd, what at firſt they prais'd.

ELIZA'S Glory lives in SPENCER'S Song;
And COWLEY'S Verſe keeps Fair ORINDA young.
That as in Birth, in Beauty You excell,
The Muſe might dictate, and the Poet tell:
Your Art no other Art can ſpeak; and You,
To ſhow how well you play, muſt play anew:
Your Muſick's Pow'r your Muſick muſt diſcloſe;
For what Light is, 'tis only Light that ſhows.

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Strange

Strange Force of Harmony, that thus controuls
Our Thoughts, and turns and ſanctifies our Souls:
While with its utmoſt Art your Sex cou'd move
Our Wonder only, or at beſt our Love:
You far above Both theſe your GOD did place,
That your high Pow'r might worldly Thoughts deſtroy;
That with your Numbers You our Zeal might raiſe,
And, like Himſelf, communicate your Joy.

When to your Native Heav'n You ſhall repair,
And with your Preſence crown the Bleſſings there;
Your Lute may wind its Strings but little higher,
To tune their Notes to that immortal Quire.
Your Art is perfect here; your Numbers do,
More than our Books, make the rude Atheiſt know,
That there's a Heav'n, by what he hears below.

As in ſome Piece, while LUKE his Skill expreſt,
A cunning Angel came, and drew the reſt:
So, when You play, ſome Godhead does impart
Harmonious Aid, Divinity helps Art;
Some Cherub finiſhes what You begun,
And to a Miracle improves a Tune.

To burning ROME when frantick NERO play'd,
Viewing that Face, no more he had ſurvey'd
The raging Flames; but ſtruck with ſtrange Surprize,
Confeſt them leſs than thoſe of ANNA's Eyes:

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But, had he heard thy Lute, He ſoon had found
His Rage eluded, and his Crime atton'd:
Thine, like AMPHION's Hand, had wak'd the Stone,
And from Deſtruction call'd the riſing Town:
Malice to Muſick had been forc'd to yield;
Nor could he Burn ſo faſt, as Thou cou'dſt Build.

PICTURE *of* SENECA *dying in a Bath.*

By JORDAIN.

At the Right Honourable the EARL *of* EXETER's *at* Burleigh-Houſe.

WHILE cruel NERO coldly drains
The moral SPANIARD's ebbing Veins,
By Study worn, and ſlack with Age,
How dull, how thoughtleſs is his Rage!
Heighten'd Revenge He ſhould have took;
He ſhould have burnt his Tutor's Book;
And long have reign'd ſupream in Vice:
One nobler Wretch can only riſe;
'Tis he whoſe Fury ſhall deface
The Stoic's Image in this Piece.
For while unhurt, divine JORDAIN,
Thy Work and SENECA's remain,
He ſtill has Body, ſtill has Soul,
And lives and ſpeaks, reſtor'd and whole.

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An

An ODE.

I.

WHILE blooming Youth, and gay Delight
Sit on thy rosey Cheeks confest,
Thou hast, my Dear, undoubted Right
To triumph o'er this destin'd Breast.
My Reason bends to what thy Eyes ordain;
For I was born to Love, and Thou to Reign.

II.

But would You meanly thus rely
On Power, You know I must Obey?
Exert a Legal Tyranny;
And do an Ill, because You may?
Still must I Thee, as Atheists Heav'n adore;
Not see thy Mercy, and yet dread thy Power?

III.

Take Heed, my Dear, Youth flies apace;
As well as CUPID, TIME is blind:
Soon must those Glories of thy Face
The Fate of vulgar Beauty find:
The Thousand Loves, that arm thy potent Eye,
Must drop their Quivers, flag their Wings, and die.

IV.

Then wilt Thou sigh, when in each Frown
A hateful Wrinkle more appears;
And putting peevish Humours on,
Seems but the sad Effect of Years:
Kindness it self too weak a Charm will prove,
To raise the feeble Fires of aged Love.

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V.

Forc'd Compliments, and formal Bows
Will ſhow Thee juſt above Neglect:
The Heat, with which thy Lover glows,
Will ſettle into cold Reſpect:
A talking dull Platonic I ſhall turn;
Learn to be civil, when I ceaſe to burn.

VI.

Then ſhun the Ill, and know, my Dear,
Kindneſs and Conſtancy will prove
The only Pillars fit to bear
So vaſt a Weight, as that of Love.
If thou canſt wiſh to make My Flames endure,
Thine muſt be very fierce, and very pure.

VII.

Haſte, CELIA, haſte, while Youth invites,
Obey kind CUPID's preſent Voice;
Fill ev'ry Senſe with ſoft Delights,
And give thy Soul a Looſe to Joys:
Let Millions of repeated Bliſſes prove,
That Thou all Kindneſs art, and I all Love.

VIII.

Be Mine, and only Mine; take care
Thy Looks, thy Thoughts, thy Dreams to guide
To Me alone; nor come ſo far,
As liking any Youth beſide:
What Men e'er court Thee, fly 'em, and believe,
They're Serpents all, and Thou the tempted EVE.

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IX.

So ſhall I court thy deareſt Truth,
When Beauty ceaſes to engage;
So thinking on thy charming Youth,
I'll love it o'er again in Age:
So TIME it ſelf our Raptures ſhall improve,
While ſtill We wake to Joy, and live to Love.

AN

EPISTLE

TO

FLEETWOOD SHEPHARD, Eſq;

Burleigh, May 14, 1689.

SIR,

AS once a Twelvemonth to the Prieſt,
Holy at ROME, here Antichriſt,
The SPANISH King preſents a Jennet,
To ſhow his Love; — That's all that's in it:
For if his Holineſs wou'd thump
His reverend Bum 'gainſt Horſe's Rump,
He might b' equipt from his own Stable
With one more White, and eke more Able.

Or as with Gondola's and Men, His
Good Excellence the Duke of VENICE

(I wiſh,

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(I wiſh, for Rhime, 't had been the King)
Sails out, and gives the Gulph a Ring;
Which Trick of State, He wiſely maintains,
Keeps Kindneſs up 'twixt old Acquaintance:
For elſe, in honeſt Truth, the Sea
Has much leſs need of Gold, than He.

Or, not to rove, and pump one's Fancy
For Popiſh Similies beyond Sea;
As Folks from Mud-wall'd Tenement
Bring Landlords Pepper-Corn for Rent;
Preſent a Turkey, or a Hen
To Thoſe might better ſpare Them Ten:
Ev'n ſo, with all Submiſſion, I
(For firſt Men inſtance, then apply)
Send You each Year a homely Letter,
Who may return Me much a better.

Then take it, Sir, as it was writ,
To pay Reſpect, and not ſhow Wit:
Nor look askew at what it ſaith;
There's no Petition in it, — 'Faith.

Here ſome would ſcratch their Heads, and try
What They ſhou'd write, and How, and Why;
But I conceive, ſuch Folks are quite in
Miſtakes, in Theory of Writing.
If once for Principle 'tis laid,
That Thought is Trouble to the Head;

I argue

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I argue thus: The World agrees,
That He writes well, who writes with Eaſe:
Then He, by Sequel Logical,
Writes beſt, who never thinks at all.

Verſe comes from Heav'n, like inward Light;
Meer human Pains can ne'er come by't:
The God, not we, the Poem makes;
We only tell Folks what He ſpeaks.
Hence, when Anatomiſts diſcourſe,
How like Brutes Organs are to Ours;
They grant, if higher Powers think fit,
A Bear might ſoon be made a Wit;
And that, for any thing in Nature,
Pigs might ſqueak Love-Odes, Dogs bark Satyr.

MEMNON, tho' Stone, was counted vocal;
But 'twas the God, mean while, that ſpoke all.
ROME oft has heard a Croſs haranguing,
With prompting Prieſt behind the Hanging:
The Wooden Head reſolv'd the Queſtion;
While You and PETTIS help'd the Jeſt on.

Your crabbed Rogues, that read LUCRETIUS,
Are againſt Gods, You know; and teach us,
The God makes not the Poet; but
The Theſis, *vice-versâ* put,
Should *Hebrew-wiſe* be underſtood;
And means, The Poet makes the God.

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ÆGYPTIAN Gard'ners thus are ſaid to
Have ſet the Leeks they after pray'd to;
And ROMISH Bakers praiſe the Deity
They chipp'd, while yet in its Paniety.

That when You Poets ſwear and cry,
The God inſpires; I rave, I die;
If inward Wind does truly ſwell Ye,
'T muſt be the Cholick in your Belly:
That Writing is but juſt like Dice;
And lucky Mains make People Wiſe:
That jumbled Words, if Fortune throw 'em,
Shall, well as DRYDEN, form a Poem;
Or make a Speech, correct and witty,
As you know who—at the Committee.

So Atoms dancing round the Center,
They urge, made all Things at a Venture.

But granting Matters ſhou'd be ſpoke
By Method, rather than by Luck;
This may confine their younger Stiles,
Whom DRYDEN pedagogues at WILL'S:
But never cou'd be meant to tye
Authentic Wits, like You and I:
For as young Children, who are try'd in
Go-Carts, to keep their Steps from ſliding;
When Members knit, and Legs grow ſtronger,
Make uſe of ſuch Machine no longer;

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But

But leap *pro Libitu*, and ſcout
On Horſe call'd Hobby, or without:
So when at School we firſt declaim,
Old BUSBEY walks us in a Theme,
Whoſe Props ſupport our Infant Vein,
And help the Rickets in the Brain:
But when our Souls their Force dilate,
And Thoughts grow up to Wit's Eſtate;
In Verſe or Proſe, We write or chat,
Not Six-Pence Matter upon what.

'Tis not how well an Author ſays;
But 'tis how much, that gathers Praiſe.
TONSON, who is himſelf a Wit,
Counts Writers Merits by the Sheet.
Thus each ſhould down with all he thinks,
As Boys eat Bread, to fill up Chinks.

Kind Sir, I ſhou'd be glad to ſee You;
I hope Y'are well; ſo God be wi' You;
Was all I thought at firſt to write:
But Things, ſince then, are alter'd quite;
Fancies flow in, and Muſe flies high:
So God knows when my Clack will lye:
I muſt, Sir, prattle on, as afore,
And beg your Pardon yet this half Hour.

So at pure Barn of loud NON-CON,
Where with my Granam I have gone,

When

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When LOBB had ſifted all his Text,
And I well hop'd the Pudding next;
Now to apply, has plagu'd me more,
Than all his Villain Cant before.

For your Religion, firſt, of Her
Your Friends do ſav'ry Things aver:
They ſay, She's honeſt, as your Claret,
Not ſowr'd with Cant, nor ſtum'd with Merit:
Your Chamber is the ſole Retreat
Of Chaplains ev'ry SUNDAY Night:
Of Grace, no doubt, a certain Sign,
When Lay-Man herds with Man Divine:
For if their Fame be juſtly great,
Who wou'd no Popiſh Nuncio treat;
That His is greater; We muſt grant,
Who will treat Nuncio's Proteſtant.
One ſingle Poſitive weighs more,
You know, than Negatives a Score.

In Politicks, I hear, You're ſtanch,
Directly bent againſt the FRENCH;
Deny to have your free-born Toe
Dragoon'd into a Wooden Shoe:
Are in no Plots; but fairly drive at
The Publick Welfare, in your Private:
And will, for ENGLAND's Glory, try
Turks, Jews, and Jeſuits to defy;
And keep your Places till You die.

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For me, whom wandring Fortune threw
From what I lov'd, the Town and You;
Let me juſt tell You how my Time is
Paſt in a Country-Life.—*Imprimis*,
As ſoon as PHOEBUS' Rays inſpect us,
Firſt, Sir, I read, and then I Breakfaſt;
So on, 'till foreſaid God does ſet,
I ſometimes Study, ſometimes Eat.
Thus, of your Heroes and brave Boys,
With whom old HOMER makes ſuch Noiſe,
The greateſt Actions I can find,
Are, that they did their Work, and Din'd.

The Books of which I'm chiefly fond,
Are ſuch, as You have whilom con'd;
That treat of CHINA's Civil Law,
And Subjects Rights in GOLCONDA;
Of Highway-Elephants at CEYLAN,
That rob in Clans, like Men o'th' HIGHLAND;
Of Apes that ſtorm, or keep a Town,
As well almoſt, as Count LAUZUN;
Of Unicorns and Alligators,
Elks, Mermaids, Mummies, Witches, Satyrs,
And twenty other ſtranger Matters;
Which, tho' they're Things I've no Concern in,
Make all our Grooms admire my Learning.

Criticks I read on other Men,
And Hypers upon Them again;

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From whoſe Remarks I give Opinion
On twenty Books, yet ne'er look in One.

Then all your Wits, that ſtear and ſham,
Down from DON QUIXOTE to TOM TRAM;
From whom I Jeſts and Punns purloin,
And ſlily put 'em off for Mine:
Fond to be thought a Country Wit:
The reſt,—when Fate and You think fit.

Sometimes I climb my Mare, and kick her
To bottl'd Ale, and neighbouring Vicar;
Sometimes at STAMFORD take a Quart,
'Squire SHEPHARD'S Health,—With all my Heart.

Thus, without much Delight, or Grief,
I fool away an idle Life;
'Till SHADWELL from the Town retires,
(Choak'd up with Fame and Sea-coal Fires,)
To bleſs the Wood with peaceful Lyric;
Then hey for Praiſe and Panegyric;
Juſtice reſtor'd, and Nations freed,
And Wreaths round WILLIAM's glorious Head.

TO

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TO THE
COUNTESS of DORSET.

Written in her MILTON.

By Mr. *BRADBURY.*

SEE here how bright the firſt-born Virgin ſhone,
And how the firſt fond Lover was undone.
Such charming Words our beauteous Mother ſpoke,
As MILTON wrote, and ſuch as Yours Her Look.
Yours, the beſt Copy of th' Original Face,
Whoſe Beauty was to furniſh all the Race:
Such Chains no Author cou'd eſcape but He;
There's no Way to be ſafe, but not to See.

TO THE
LADY *DURSLEY,*
On the ſame Subject.

HERE reading how fond ADAM was betray'd,
And how by Sin EVE's blaſted Charms decay'd;
Our common Loſs unjuſtly You complain;
So ſmall that Part of it, which You ſuſtain.

You ſtill, fair Mother, in your Offspring trace
The Stock of Beauty deſtin'd for the Race:

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Kind Nature, forming Them, the Pattern took
From Heav'n's firſt Work, and EVE's Original Look.

You, happy Saint, the Serpent's Pow'r controul:
Scarce any actual Guilt defiles your Soul:
And Hell does o'er that Mind vain Triumph boaſt,
Which gains a Heav'n, for earthly EDEN loſt.

With Virtue ſtrong as Yours had EVE been arm'd,
In vain the Fruit had bluſh'd, or Serpent charm'd:
Nor had our Bliſs by Penitence been bought;
Nor had frail ADAM fall'n, nor MILTON wrote.

TO
My LORD *BUCKHURST*,
Very Young,
Playing with a CAT.

THE am'rous Youth, whoſe tender Breaſt
Was by his darling Cat poſſeſt,
Obtain'd of VENUS his Deſire,
Howe'er irregular his Fire:
Nature the Pow'r of Love obey'd:
The Cat became a bluſhing Maid;
And, on the happy Change, the Boy
Imploy'd his Wonder, and his Joy.

Take

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Take care, O beauteous Child, take care,
Leſt Thou prefer ſo raſh a Pray'r:
Nor vainly hope, the Queen of Love
Will e'er thy Fav'rite's Charms improve.
O quickly from her Shrine retreat;
Or tremble for thy Darling's Fate.

The Queen of Love, who ſoon will ſee
Her own ADONIS live in Thee,
Will lightly her firſt Loſs deplore;
Will eaſily forgive the Boar:
Her Eyes with Tears no more will flow;
With jealous Rage her Breaſt will glow:
And on her tabby Rival's Face
She deep will mark her new Diſgrace.

An ODE.

I.

WHILE from our Looks, fair Nymph, You gueſs
The ſecret Paſſions of our Mind;
My heavy Eyes, You ſay, confeſs
A Heart to Love and Grief inclin'd.

II.

There needs, alas! but little Art,
To have this fatal Secret found:
With the ſame Eaſe You threw the Dart,
'Tis certain You may ſhow the Wound.

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III.

How can I see You, and not love;
While You as op'ning East are fair?
While cold as Northern Blasts You prove;
How can I love, and not despair?

IV.

The Wretch in double Fetters bound
Your Potent Mercy may release:
Soon, if my Love but once were crown'd,
Fair Propheteſs, my Grief would ceaſe.

A SONG.

IN vain You tell your parting Lover,
You wish fair Winds may waft Him over.
Alas! what Winds can happy prove,
That bear Me far from what I love?
Alas! what Dangers on the Main
Can equal Those that I sustain,
From slighted Vows, and cold Disdain?

Be gentle, and in Pity choose
To wish the wildest Tempests loose:
That thrown again upon the Coast,
Where first my Shipwrackt Heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my Pain;
Once more in dying Notes complain
Of slighted Vows, and cold Disdain.

THE

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THE DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

ALEXIS ſhun'd his Fellow Swains,
Their rural Sports, and jocund Strains:
(Heav'n guard us all from CUPID's Bow!)
He loſt his Crook, He left his Flocks;
And wand'ring thro' the lonely Rocks,
He nouriſh'd endleſs Woe.

The Nymphs and Shepherds round Him came:
His Grief Some pity, Others blame;
The fatal Cauſe All kindly ſeek:
He mingled his Concern with Theirs;
He gave 'em back their friendly Tears;
He ſigh'd, but wou'd not ſpeak.

CLORINDA came among the reſt;
And She too kind Concern expreſt,
And ask'd the Reaſon of his Woe:
She ask'd, but with an Air and Mein,
That made it eaſily foreſeen,
She fear'd too much to know.

The Shepherd rais'd his mournful Head;
And will You pardon Me, He ſaid,
While I the cruel Truth reveal?
Which nothing from my Breaſt ſhou'd tear;
Which never ſhou'd offend Your Ear,
But that You bid Me tell.

'Tis

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'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since You appear'd upon the Plain;
You are the Cauſe of all my Care:
Your Eyes ten thouſand Dangers dart:
Ten thouſand Torments vex My Heart:
I love, and I deſpair.

Too much, ALEXIS, I have heard:
'Tis what I thought; 'tis what I fear'd:
And yet I pardon You, She cry'd:
But You ſhall promiſe ne'er again
To breath your Vows, or ſpeak your Pain:
He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

To the Honourable

CHARLES MONTAGUE, Eſq;

I.

HOWE'ER, 'tis well, that while Mankind
Thro' Fate's perverſe *Mæander* errs,
He can Imagin'd Pleaſures find,
To combat againſt Real Cares.

II.

Fancies and Notions He purſues,
Which ne'er had Being but in Thought:
Each, like the GRÆCIAN Artiſt, woo's
The Image He himſelf has wrought.

III. Againſt

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III.

Againſt Experience He believes;
He argues againſt Demonſtration;
Pleas'd, when his Reaſon He deceives;
And ſets his Judgment by his Paſſion.

IV.

The hoary Fool, who many Days
Has ſtruggl'd with continu'd Sorrow,
Renews his Hope, and blindly lays
The deſp'rate Bett upon to Morrow.

V.

To Morrow comes: 'tis Noon, 'tis Night;
This Day like all the former flies:
Yet on He runs, to ſeek Delight
To Morrow, 'till to Night He dies.

VI.

Our Hopes, like tow'ring Falcons, aim
At Objects in an airy height:
The little Pleaſure of the Game
Is from afar to view the Flight.

VII.

Our anxious Pains We, all the Day,
In ſearch of what We like, employ:
Scorning at Night the worthleſs Prey,
We find the Labour gave the Joy.

VIII.

At Diſtance thro' an artful Glaſs
To the Mind's Eye Things well appear:
They loſe their Forms, and make a Maſs
Confus'd and black, if brought too near.

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IX.

If We ſee right, We ſee our Woes:
Then what avails it to have Eyes?
From Ignorance our Comfort flows:
The only Wretched are the Wiſe.

X.

We weary'd ſhould lye down in Death:
This Cheat of Life would take no more;
If You thought Fame but empty Breath;
I, PHILLIS but a perjur'd Whore.

HYMN to the SUN.

Set by Dr. *PURCEL*,

And Sung before their MAJESTIES

On New-Years-Day, 1694.

I.

LIGHT of the World, and Ruler of the Year,
With happy Speed begin Thy great Career;
And, as Thou doſt thy radiant Journies run,
Through every diſtant Climate own,
That in fair ALBION Thou haſt ſeen
The greateſt Prince, the brighteſt Queen,
That ever ſav'd a Land, or bleſt a Throne,
Since firſt Thy Beams were ſpread, or Genial Power was known.

II. So

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II.

So may Thy Godhead be confeſt,
So the returning Year be bleſt,
As His Infant Months beſtow
Springing Wreaths for WILLIAM's Brow;
As His Summer's Youth ſhall ſhed
Eternal Sweets around MARIA's Head:
From the Bleſſings They beſtow,
Our Times are dated, and our *Æra's* move:
They govern, and enlighten all Below,
As Thou doſt all Above.

III.

Let our Hero in the War
Active and fierce, like Thee, appear:
Like Thee, great Son of JOVE, like Thee,
When clad in riſing Majeſty,
Thou marcheſt down o'er DELOS' Hills confeſt,
With all Thy Arrows arm'd, in all Thy Glory dreſt.
Like Thee, the Hero does his Arms imploy,
The raging PYTHON to deſtroy,
And give the injur'd Nations Peace and Joy.

IV.

From faireſt Years, and Time's more happy Stores,
Gather all the ſmiling Hours;
Such as with friendly Care have guarded
Patriots and Kings in rightful Wars;
Such as with Conqueſt have rewarded
Triumphant Victors happy Cares;
Such as Story has recorded

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Sacred to NASSAU's long Renown,
For Countries ſav'd, and Battels won.

March Them again in fair Array,
And bid Them form the happy Day,
The happy Day deſign'd to wait
On WILLIAM's Fame, and EUROPE's Fate.
Let the happy Day be crown'd
With great Event, and fair Succeſs;
No brighter in the Year be found,
But That which brings the Victor home in Peace.

Again Thy Godhead We implore,
Great in Wiſdom as in Power;
Again, for good MARIA's ſake, and Ours,
Chuſe out other ſmiling Hours,
Such as with joyous Wings have fled,
When happy Counſels were adviſing;
Such as have lucky Omens ſhed
O'er forming Laws, and Empires riſing;
Such as many Courſes ran,
Hand in Hand, a goodly Train,
To bleſs the great ELIZA's Reign;
And in the Typic Glory ſhow,
What fuller Bliſs MARIA ſhall beſtow.

As the ſolemn Hours advance,
Mingled ſend into the Dance
Many fraught with all the Treaſures,
Which Thy Eaſtern Travel views;

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Many

Many wing'd with all the Pleasures,
Man can ask, or Heav'n diffuse:
That great MARIA all those Joys may know,
Which, from Her Cares, upon Her Subjects flow.

VIII.

For Thy own Glory sing our Sov'raign's Praise,
God of Verses and of Days:
Let all Thy tuneful Sons adorn
Their lasting Work with WILLIAM's Name;
Let chosen Muses yet unborn
Take great MARIA for their future Theam:
Eternal Structures let Them raise,
On WILLIAM's and MARIA's Praise:
Nor want new Subject for the Song;
Nor fear they can exhaust the Store;
'Till Nature's Musick lyes unstrung;
'Till Thou, great God, shalt lose Thy double Pow'r;
And touch Thy Lyre, and shoot Thy Beams no more.

THE LADY's LOOKING-GLASS.

CELIA and I the other Day
Walk'd o'er the Sand-Hills to the Sea:
The setting Sun adorn'd the Coast,
His Beams entire, his Fires not lost:
And, on the Surface of the Deep,
The Winds lay only not asleep:

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The Nymph did like the Scene appear,
Serenely pleaſant, calmly fair:
Soft fell her Words, as flew the Air.
With ſecret Joy I heard Her ſay,
That She wou'd never miſs one Day
A Walk ſo fine, a Sight ſo gay.

But, oh the Change! the Winds grow high;
Impending Tempeſts charge the Sky;
The Light'ning flies; the Thunder roars;
And big Waves laſh the frighten'd Shoars.
Struck with the Horror of the Sight,
She turns her Head, and wings her Flight;
And trembling vows, She'll ne'er again
Approach the Shoar, or view the Main.

Once more at leaſt look back, ſaid I;
Thy ſelf in That large Glaſs deſcry:
When Thou art in good Humour dreſt;
When gentle Reaſon rules thy Breaſt;
The Sun upon the calmeſt Sea
Appears not half ſo bright as Thee:
'Tis then, that with Delight I rove
Upon the boundleſs Depth of Love:
I bleſs my Chain; I hand my Oar;
Nor think on all I left on Shoar.

But when vain Doubt, and groundleſs Fear
Do That Dear Fooliſh Boſom tear;

When

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When the big Lip, and wat'ry Eye
Tell Me, the riſing Storm is nigh:
'Tis then, Thou art yon' angry Main,
Deform'd by Winds, and daſh'd by Rain;
And the poor Sailor, that muſt try
It's Fury, labours leſs than I.

Shipwreck'd, in vain to Land I make;
While Love and Fate ſtill drive Me back:
Forc'd to doat on Thee thy own Way,
I chide Thee firſt, and then obey.
Wretched when from Thee, vex'd when nigh,
I with Thee, or without Thee, die.

LOVE and *FRIENDSHIP:*

A

PASTORAL.

By Mrs. ELIZABETH SINGER.

AMARYLLIS.

WHILE from the Skies the ruddy Sun deſcends;
And riſing Night the Ev'ning Shade extends:
While pearly Dews o'erſpread the fruitful Field;
And cloſing Flowers reviving Odours yield:
Let Us, beneath theſe ſpreading Trees, recite
What from our Hearts our Muſes may indite.

Nor

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Nor need We, in this close Retirement, fear,
Lest any Swain our am'rous Secrets hear.

SILVIA.

To ev'ry Shepherd I would Mine proclaim;
Since fair AMINTA is my softest Theme:
A Stranger to the loose Delights of Love,
My Thoughts the nobler Warmth of Friendship prove:
And, while it's pure and sacred Fire I sing,
Chast Goddess of the Groves, Thy Succour bring.

AMARYLLIS.

Propitious God of Love, my Breast inspire
With all Thy Charms, with all Thy pleasing Fire:
Propitious God of Love, Thy Succour bring;
Whilst I Thy Darling, Thy ALEXIS sing.
ALEXIS, as the ope'ning Blossoms fair,
Lovely as Light, and soft as yielding Air.
For Him each Virgin sighs; and on the Plains
The happy Youth above each Rival reigns.
Nor to the Ecchoing Groves, and whisp'ring Spring,
In sweeter Strains does artful CONON sing;
When loud Applauses fill the crowded Groves;
And PHOEBUS the superior Song approves.

SILVIA.

Beauteous AMINTA is as early Light,
Breaking the melancholy Shades of Night.
When She is near, all anxious Trouble flies;
And our reviving Hearts confess her Eyes.
Young Love, and blooming Joy, and gay Desires,
In ev'ry Breast the beauteous Nymph inspires:

And

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And on the Plain when She no more appears;
The Plain a dark and gloomy Proſpect wears.
In vain the Streams roll on: the Eaſtern Breeze
Dances in vain among the trembling Trees:
In vain the Birds begin their Ev'ning Song,
And to the ſilent Night their Notes prolong:
Nor Groves, nor chryſtal Streams, nor verdant Field
Does wonted Pleaſure in Her Abſence yield.

AMARYLLIS.

And in His Abſence, all the penſive Day,
In ſome obſcure Retreat I lonely ſtray;
All Day to the repeating Caves complain,
In mournful Accents, and a dying Strain.
Dear lovely Youth, I cry to all around:
Dear lovely Youth, the flattering Vales reſound.

SILVIA.

On flow'ry Banks, by ev'ry murm'ring Stream,
AMINTA is my Muſe's ſofteſt Theme:
'Tis She that does my artful Notes refine:
With fair AMINTA's Name my nobleſt Verſe ſhall ſhine.

AMARYLLIS.

I'll twine freſh Garlands for ALEXIS' Brows.
And conſecrate to Him eternal Vows:
The charming Youth ſhall my APOLLO prove:
He ſhall adorn my Songs, and tune my Voice to Love.

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TO THE AUTHOR OF THE Foregoing PASTORAL.

BY SILVIA if thy charming Self be meant;
If Friendſhip be thy Virgin Vows Extent;
O! let me in AMINTA's Praiſes join:
Her's my Eſteem ſhall be, my Paſſion Thine.
When for Thy Head the Garland I prepare;
A ſecond Wreath ſhall bind AMINTA's Hair:
And when my choiceſt Songs Thy Worth proclaim;
Alternate Verſe ſhall bleſs AMINTA's Name:
My Heart ſhall own the Juſtice of Her Cauſe;
And Love himſelf ſubmit to Friendſhip's Laws.

But, if beneath thy Numbers ſoft Diſguiſe,
Some favour'd Swain, ſome true ALEXIS lyes;
If AMARYLLIS breaths thy ſecret Pains;
And thy fond Heart beats Meaſure to thy Strains:
May'ſt thou, howe'er I grieve, for ever find
The Flame propitious, and the Lover kind:
May VENUS long exert her happy Pow'r,
And make thy Beauty, like thy Verſe, endure:
May ev'ry God his friendly Aid afford;
PAN guard thy Flock, and CERES bleſs thy Board.

But,

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But, if by chance the Series of thy Joys
Permit one Thought leſs chearful to ariſe;
Piteous transfer it to the mournful Swain,
Who loving much, who not belov'd again,
Feels an ill-fated Paſſion's laſt Exceſs;
And dies in Woe, that Thou may'ſt live in Peace.

To a LADY:

She refuſing to continue a DISPUTE *with me, and leaving me in the* ARGUMENT.

An ODE.

I.

SPARE, Gen'rous Victor, ſpare the Slave,
Who did unequal War purſue;
That more than Triumph He might have,
In being overcome by You.

II.

In the Diſpute whate'er I ſaid,
My Heart was by my Tongue bely'd;
And in my Looks You might have read,
How much I argu'd on your ſide.

III.

You, far from Danger as from Fear,
Might have ſuſtain'd an open Fight:
For ſeldom your Opinions err;
Your Eyes are always in the right.

IV. Why,

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IV.

Why, fair One, wou'd You not rely
On Reaſon's Force with Beauty's join'd?
Cou'd I their Prevalence deny,
I muſt at once be Deaf and Blind.

V.

Alas! not hoping to ſubdue,
I only to the Fight aſpir'd:
To keep the beauteous Foe in view
Was all the Glory I deſir'd.

VI.

But She, howe'er of Vict'ry ſure,
Contemns the Wreath too long delay'd;
And, arm'd with more immediate Pow'r,
Calls cruel Silence to her Aid.

VII.

Deeper to wound, She ſhuns the Fight:
She drops her Arms, to gain the Field:
Secures her Conqueſt by her Flight;
And triumphs, when She ſeems to yield.

VIII.

So when the PARTHIAN turn'd his Steed,
And from the Hoſtile Camp withdrew;
With cruel Skill the backward Reed
He ſent; and as He fled, He ſlew.

SEEING

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SEEING THE
DUKE of *ORMOND*'s PICTURE,
AT
Sir *GODFREY KNELLER*'s.

OUT from the injur'd Canvas, KNELLER, ſtrike
Theſe Lines too faint: the Picture is not like.
Exalt thy Thought, and try thy Toil again:
Dreadful in Arms, on LANDEN's glorious Plain
Place ORMOND's Duke: impendent in the Air
Let His keen Sabre, Comet-like, appear,
Where-e'er it points, denouncing Death: below
Draw routed Squadrons, and the num'rous Foe
Falling beneath, or flying from His Blow:
'Till weak with Wounds, and cover'd o'er with Blood,
Which from the Patriot's Breaſt in Torrents flow'd,
He faints: His Steed no longer hears the Rein;
But ſtumbles o'er the Heap, His Hand had ſlain.
And now exhauſted, bleeding, pale He lyes;
Lovely, ſad Object! in His half-clos'd Eyes
Stern Vengeance yet, and Hoſtile Terror ſtand:
His Front yet threatens; and His Frowns command:
The *Gallick* Chiefs their Troops around Him call;
Fear to approach Him, tho' they ſee Him fall.——

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O KNELLER, could Thy Shades and Lights expreſs
The perfect Hero in that glorious Dreſs;
Ages to come might ORMOND's Picture know;
And Palms for Thee beneath His Lawrels grow:
In ſpite of Time Thy Work might ever ſhine;
Nor HOMER's Colours laſt ſo long as Thine.

CELIA
TO
DAMON.

Atque in Amore mala hæc proprio, ſummeque ſecundo
Inveniuntur—— Lucret. Lib. 4.

WHAT can I ſay, what Arguments can prove
My Truth, what Colours can deſcribe my Love;
If it's Exceſs and Fury be not known,
In what Thy CELIA has already done?

Thy Infant Flames, whilſt yet they were conceal'd
In tim'rous Doubts, with Pity I beheld;
With eaſie Smiles diſpell'd the ſilent Fear,
That durſt not tell Me, what I dy'd to hear:
In vain I ſtrove to check my growing Flame,
Or ſhelter Paſſion under Friendſhip's Name:
You ſaw my Heart, how it my Tongue bely'd;
And when You preſs'd, how faintly I deny'd——

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E'er

E'er Guardian Thought cou'd bring it's ſcatter'd Aid;
E'er Reaſon cou'd ſupport the doubting Maid;
My Soul ſurpriz'd, and from her ſelf disjoin'd,
Left all Reſerve, and all the Sex behind:
From your Command her Motions She receiv'd;
And not for Me, but You, She breath'd and liv'd.

But ever bleſt be CYTHEREA's Shrine;
And Fires Eternal on Her Altars ſhine;
Since Thy dear Breaſt has felt an equal Wound;
Since in Thy Kindneſs my Deſires are crown'd.
By Thy each Look, and Thought, and Care, 'tis ſhown,
Thy Joys are center'd All in Me Alone;
And ſure I am, Thou wou'd'ſt not change this Hour
For all the White ones, Fate has in it's Pow'r.——

Yet thus belov'd, thus loving to Exceſs,
Yet thus receiving and returning Bliſs,
In this great Moment, in this golden Now,
When ev'ry Trace of What, or When, or How
Shou'd from my Soul by raging Love be torn,
And far on ſwelling Seas of Rapture born;
A melancholy Tear afflicts my Eye;
And my Heart labours with a ſudden Sigh:
Invading Fears repel my Coward Joy;
And Ills foreſeen the preſent Bliſs deſtroy.

Poor as it is, This Beauty was the Cauſe,
That with firſt Sighs Your panting Boſom roſe:

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But

But with no Owner Beauty long will ſtay,
Upon the Wings of Time born ſwift away:
Paſs but ſome fleeting Years, and Theſe poor Eyes,
(Where now without a Boaſt ſome Luſtre lyes)
No longer ſhall their little Honours keep;
Shall only be of uſe to read, or weep:
And on this Forehead, where your Verſe has ſaid,
The LOVES delighted, and the GRACES play'd;
Inſulting Age will trace his cruel Way,
And leave ſad Marks of his deſtructive Sway.

Mov'd by my Charms, with them your Love may ceaſe,
And as the Fuel ſinks, the Flame decreaſe:
Or angry Heav'n may quicker Darts prepare;
And Sickneſs ſtrike what Time awhile wou'd ſpare.
Then will my Swain His glowing Vows renew;
Then will His throbbing Heart to Mine beat true;
When my own Face deters Me from my Glaſs;
And KNELLER only ſhows, what CELIA was.

Fantaſtic FAME may ſound her wild Alarms:
Your Country, as You think, may want your Arms.
You may neglect, or quench, or hate the Flame,
Whoſe Smoak too long obſcur'd your riſing Name:
And quickly cold Indiff'rence will enſue;
When You Love's Joys thro' Honour's Optic view.

Then CELIA's loudeſt Pray'r will prove too weak,
To this abandon'd Breaſt to bring You back;

When

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When my loſt Lover the tall Ship aſcends,
With Muſick Gay, and Wet with Jovial Friends:
The tender Accents of a Woman's Cry
Will paſs unheard, will unregarded die;
When the rough Seaman's louder Shouts prevail;
When fair Occaſion ſhows the ſpringing Gale;
And Int'reſt guides the Helm; and Honour ſwells the Sayl.

Some wretched Lines from this neglected Hand,
May find my Hero on the Foreign Strand,
Warm with new Fires, and pleas'd with new Command:
While She who wrote 'em, of all Joy bereft,
To the rude Cenſure of the World is left;
Her mangl'd Fame in barb'rous Paſtime loſt,
The Coxcomb's Novel, and the Drunkard's Toaſt.

But nearer Care (O pardon it!) ſupplies
Sighs to my Breaſt, and Sorrow to my Eyes.
Love, Love himſelf (the only Friend I have)
May ſcorn his Triumph, having bound his Slave.
That Tyrant God, that reſtleſs Conqueror
May quit his Pleaſure, to aſſert his Pow'r;
Forſake the Provinces that bleſs his Sway,
To vanquiſh Thoſe which will not yet obey.

Another Nymph with fatal Pow'r may riſe,
To damp the ſinking Beams of CELIA's Eyes;
With haughty Pride may hear Her Charms confeſt;
And ſcorn the ardent Vows that I have bleſt:

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You ev'ry Night may ſigh for Her in vain;
And riſe each Morning to ſome freſh Diſdain:
While CELIA's ſofteſt Look may ceaſe to Charm;
And Her Embraces want the Pow'r to warm:
While theſe fond Arms, thus circling You, may prove
More heavy Chains, than Thoſe of hopeleſs Love.

Juſt Gods! All other Things their Like produce:
The Vine ariſes from her Mother's Juice:
When feeble Plants, or tender Flow'rs decay;
They to their Seed their Images convey:
Where the old Myrtle her good Influence ſheds;
Sprigs of like Leaf erect their Filial Heads:
And when the Parent Roſe decays, and dies;
With a reſembling Face the Daughter-Buds ariſe.
That Product only which our Paſſions bear,
Eludes the Planter's miſerable Care:
While blooming Love aſſures us Golden Fruit;
Some inborn Poiſon taints the ſecret Root:
Soon fall the Flow'rs of Joy; ſoon Seeds of Hatred ſhoot.

Say, Shepherd, ſay, Are theſe Reflections true?
Or was it but the Woman's Fear, that drew
This cruel Scene, unjuſt to Love and You?
Will You be only, and for ever Mine?
Shall neither Time, nor Age our Souls diſjoin?
From this dear Boſom ſhall I ne'er be torn?
Or You grow Cold, Reſpectful, and Forſworn?
And can You not for Her You love do more,
Than any Youth for any Nymph before?

An

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An ODE

Preſented to the KING, *on his* MAJESTY's *Arrival in* HOLLAND,

AFTER

THE QUEEN's DEATH. 1695.

Quis deſiderio ſit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis? præcipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene.

I.

AT MARY's Tomb, (ſad, ſacred Place!)
The Virtues ſhall their Vigils keep:
And every Muſe, and every Grace
In ſolemn State ſhall ever weep.

II.

The future, pious, mournful Fair,
Oft as the rolling Years return,
With fragrant Wreaths, and flowing Hair,
Shall viſit Her diſtinguiſh'd Urn.

III.

For Her the Wiſe and Great ſhall mourn;
When late Records her Deeds repeat:
Ages to come, and Men unborn
Shall bleſs her Name, and ſigh her Fate.

IV. Fair

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IV.

Fair ALBION ſhall, with faithful Truſt,
Her holy Queen's ſad Reliques guard;
'Till Heav'n awakes the precious Duſt,
And gives the Saint her full Reward.

V.

But let the King diſmiſs his Woes,
Reflecting on his fair Renown;
And take the Cypreſs from his Brows,
To put his wonted Lawrels on.

VI.

If preſt by Grief our Monarch ſtoops;
In vain the BRITISH Lions roar:
If He, whoſe Hand ſuſtain'd them, droops;
The BELGIC Darts will wound no more.

VII.

Embattel'd Princes wait the Chief,
Whoſe Voice ſhould rule, whoſe Arm ſhould lead;
And, in kind Murmurs, chide That Grief,
Which hinders EUROPE being freed.

VIII.

The great Example They demand,
Who ſtill to Conqueſt led the Way;
Wiſhing Him preſent to Command,
As They ſtand ready to Obey.

IX.

They ſeek That Joy, which us'd to glow,
Expanded on the Hero's Face;
When the thick Squadrons preſt the Foe,
And WILLIAM led the glorious Chace.

X. To

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X.

To give the mourning Nations Joy,
Reſtore Them Thy auſpicious Light,
Great Sun: with radiant Beams deſtroy
Thoſe Clouds, which keep Thee from our Sight.

XI.

Let Thy ſublime Meridian Courſe
For MARY's ſetting Rays attone:
Our Luſtre, with redoubl'd Force,
Muſt now proceed from Thee alone.

XII.

See, Pious King, with diff'rent Strife
Thy ſtruggling ALBION's Boſom torn:
So much She fears for WILLIAM's Life,
That MARY's Fate She dare not mourn.

XIII.

Her Beauty, in thy ſofter Half
Bury'd and loſt, She ought to grieve:
But let her Strength in Thee be ſafe:
And let Her weep; but let Her live.

XIV.

Thou, Guardian Angel, ſave the Land
From thy own Grief, her fierceſt Foe;
Leſt BRITAIN, refcu'd by Thy Hand,
Should bend and ſink beneath Thy Woe.

XV.

Her former Triumphs all are vain,
Unleſs new Trophies ſtill be ſought;
And hoary Majeſty ſuſtain
The Battels, which Thy Youth has fought.

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XVI.

Where now is all That fearful Love,
Which made Her hate the War's Alarms?
That ſoft Exceſs, with which She ſtrove
To keep her Hero in her Arms?

XVII.

While ſtill She chid the coming Spring,
Which call'd Him o'er his ſubject Seas:
While, for the Safety of the King,
She wiſh'd the Victor's Glory leſs.

XVIII.

'Tis chang'd; 'tis gone: ſad BRITAIN now
Haſtens her Lord to Foreign Wars:
Happy, if Toils may break his Woe;
Or Danger may divert his Cares.

XIX.

In Martial Din She drowns her Sighs,
Leſt He the riſing Grief ſhould hear:
She pulls her Helmet o'er her Eyes,
Leſt He ſhould ſee the falling Tear.

XX.

Go, mighty Prince, let FRANCE be taught,
How conſtant Minds by Grief are try'd;
How great the Land, that wept and fought,
When WILLIAM led, and MARY dy'd.

XXI.

Fierce in the Battel make it known,
Where Death with all His Darts is ſeen,
That He can touch thy Heart with None,
But That which ſtruck the Beauteous Queen.

XXII. BELGIA

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XXII.

BELGIA indulg'd her open Grief,
While yet her Maſter was not near;
With ſullen Pride refus'd Relief,
And ſat Obdurate in Deſpair.

XXIII.

As Waters from her Sluces, flow'd
Unbounded Sorrow from her Eyes:
To Earth her bended Front She bow'd,
And ſent her Wailings to the Skies.

XXIV.

But when her anxious Lord return'd;
Rais'd is her Head; her Eyes are dry'd:
She ſmiles, as WILLIAM ne'er had mourn'd;
She looks, as MARY ne'er had dy'd.

XXV.

That Freedom which all Sorrows claim,
She does for Thy Content reſign:
Her Piety itſelf would blame;
If Her Regrets ſhould waken Thine.

XXVI.

To cure Thy Woe, She ſhews Thy Fame;
Leſt the great Mourner ſhould forget,
That all the Race, whence ORANGE came,
Made Virtue triumph over Fate.

XXVII.

WILLIAM His Country's Cauſe could fight,
And with His Blood Her Freedom ſeal:
MAURICE and HENRRY guard that Right,
For which Their pious Parents fell.

XXVIII.

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XXVIII.

How Heroes riſe, how Patriots ſet,
Thy Father's Bloom and Death may tell:
Excelling Others Theſe were Great:
Thou, greater ſtill, muſt Theſe excell.

XXIX.

The laſt fair Inſtance Thou muſt give,
Whence NASSAU's Virtue can be try'd;
And ſhew the World, that Thou can'ſt live
Intrepid, as Thy Conſort dy'd.

XXX.

Thy Virtue, whoſe reſiſtleſs Force
No dire Event could ever ſtay,
Muſt carry on it's deſtin'd Courſe;
Tho' Death and Envy ſtop the Way.

XXXI.

For BRITAIN's Sake, for BELGIA's, live:
Pierc'd by Their Grief forget Thy own:
New Toils endure; new Conqueſt give;
And bring Them Eaſe, tho' Thou haſt None.

XXXII.

Vanquiſh again; tho' She be gone,
Whoſe Garland crown'd the Victor's Hair:
And Reign; tho' She has left the Throne,
Who made Thy Glory worth Thy Care.

XXXIII.

Fair BRITAIN never, yet before
Breath'd to her King a uſeleſs Pray'r:
Fond BELGIA never did implore,
While WILLIAM turn'd averſe His Ear.

XXXIV. But

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XXXIV.

But ſhould the weeping Hero now
Relentleſs to Their Wiſhes prove;
Should He recall, with pleaſing Woe,
The Object of his Grief and Love;

XXXV.

Her Face with thouſand Beauties bleſt,
Her Mind with thouſand Virtues ſtor'd,
Her Pow'r with boundleſs Joy confeſt,
Her Perſon only not ador'd:

XXXVI.

Yet ought his Sorrow to be checkt;
Yet ought his Paſſions to abate:
If the great Mourner would reflect,
Her Glory in her Death compleat.

XXXVII.

She was inſtructed to command,
Great King, by long obeying Thee:
Her Scepter, guided by Thy Hand,
Preſerv'd the Iſles, and Rul'd the Sea.

XXXVIII.

But oh! 'twas little, that her Life
O'er Earth and Water bears thy Fame:
In Death, 'twas worthy WILLIAM's Wife,
Amidſt the Stars to fix his Name.

XXXIX.

Beyond where Matter moves, or Place
Receives it's Forms, Thy Virtues rowl:
From MARY's Glory, Angels trace
The Beauty of her Part'ner's Soul.

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XL.

Wiſe Fate, which does it's Heav'n decree
To Heroes, when They yield their Breath,
Haſtens Thy Triumph. Half of Thee
Is Deify'd before thy Death.

XLI.

Alone to thy Renown 'tis giv'n,
Unbounded thro' all Worlds to go:
While She great Saint rejoices Heav'n;
And Thou ſuſtain'ſt the Orb below.

IN IMITATION OF *ANACREON.*

LET 'em Cenſure: what care I?
The Herd of Criticks I defie.
Let the Wretches know, I write
Regardleſs of their Grace, or Spight.
No, no: the Fair, the Gay, the Young
Govern the Numbers of my Song.
All that They approve is ſweet:
And All is Senſe, that They repeat.

Bid the warbling Nine retire:
VENUS, String thy Servant's Lyre:

Love

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Love ſhall be my endleſs Theme:
Pleaſure ſhall triumph over Fame:
And when theſe Maxims I decline,
APOLLO, may Thy Fate be Mine:
May I graſp at empty Praiſe;
And loſe the Nymph, to gain the Bays.

An ODE.

I.

THE Merchant, to ſecure his Treaſure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd Name:
EUPHELIA ſerves to grace my Meaſure;
But CLOE is my real Flame.

II.

My ſofteſt Verſe, my darling Lyre
Upon EUPHELIA's Toylet lay;
When CLOE noted her Deſire,
That I ſhould ſing, that I ſhould play.

III.

My Lyre I tune, my Voice I raiſe;
But with my Numbers mix my Sighs:
And whilſt I ſing EUPHELIA's Praiſe,
I fix my Soul on CLOE's Eyes.

IV.

Fair CLOE bluſh'd: EUPHELIA frown'd:
I ſung and gaz'd: I play'd and trembl'd:
And VENUS to the LOVES around
Remark'd, how ill We all diſſembl'd.

ODE

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ODE

Sur la Priſe

De NAMUR,

Par les ARMES *du* ROY,

L'Année 1692.

Par Monſieur BOILEAU DESPREAUX.

I.

QUELLE docte & Sainte yvreſſe
Aujourd'huy me fait la loy?
Chaſtes Nymphes du *Permeſſe*,
N'eſt-ce pas vous que je voy?
Accourez, Troupe Sçavante:
Des ſons que ma Lyre enfante;
Ces Arbres ſont réjoüis:
Marquez en bien la cadence:
Et vous, Vents, faites Silence:
Je vais Parler de LOUIS.

II. Dans

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An *Engliſh* BALLAD,

On the Taking of

NAMUR

By the KING *of* GREAT BRITAIN,

1695.

Dulce eſt deſipere in loco.

I. *and* II.

OME Folks are drunk, yet do not know it:
So might not BACCHUS give You Law?
Was it a Muſe, O lofty Poet,
Or Virgin of St. CYR, You ſaw?
Why all this Fury? What's the Matter,
That Oaks muſt come from *Thrace* to dance?
Muſt ſtupid Stocks be taught to flatter?
And is there no ſuch Wood in *France?*
Why muſt the Winds all hold their Tongue?
If they a little Breath ſhould raiſe;
Would that have ſpoil'd the Poet's Song;
Or puff'd away the Monarch's Praiſe?

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II.

Dans ſes chanſons immortelles,
Comme un Aigle audacieux,
PINDARE étendant ſes aiſles,
Fuit loin des Vulgaires yeux.
Mais, ô ma fidele Lyre,
Si, dans l'ardeur qui m'inſpire,
Tu peux ſuivre mes Tranſports;
Les cheſnes de Monts de *Thrace*
N'ont rien oüi, que n'efface
La douceur de tes accords.

III.

Eſt-ce APOLLON & NEPTUNE,
Qui ſur ces Rocs Sourcilleux
Ont, compagnons de Fortune,
Baſti ces Murs orgueilleux?
De leur enceinte fameuſe
La *Sambre* unie à la *Meuſe*,
Deffend le fatal abord;
Et par cent bouches horribles
L'airain ſur ces Monts terribles
Vomit le Fer, & la Mort.

IV.

Dix mille vaillans ALCIDES
Les bordant de toutes parts,
D'éclairs au loin homicides
Font petiller leurs Remparts:
Et dans ſon Sein infidele
Par tout la Terre y recele
Un feu preſt à s'élancer,

Qui

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PINDAR, that Eagle, mounts the Skies;
While Virtue leads the noble Way:
Too like a Vultur BOILEAU flies,
Where ſordid Intereſt ſhows the Prey.
When once the Poet's Honour ceaſes,
From Reaſon far his Tranſports rove:
And BOILEAU, for eight hundred Pieces,
Makes LOUIS take the Wall of JOVE.

III.

NEPTUNE and SOL came from above,
Shap'd like MEGRIGNY and VAUBAN:
They arm'd theſe Rocks; then ſhow'd old JOVE
Of *Marli* Wood, the wond'rous Plan.
Such Walls, theſe three wiſe Gods agreed,
By Human Force could ne'er be ſhaken:
But You and I in HOMER read
Of Gods, as well as Men, miſtaken.
Sambre and *Maeſe* their Waves may join;
But ne'er can WILLIAM's Force reſtrain:
He'll paſs them Both, who paſs'd the *Boyn*:
Remember this, and arm the *Sein*.

IV.

Full fifteen thouſand luſty Fellows
With Fire and Sword the Fort maintain:
Each was a HERCULES, You tell us;
Yet out they march'd like common Men.

Cannons

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Qui ſoudain perçant ſon goufre,
Ouvre un Sepulchre de ſoufre
A quiconque oſe avancer.

V.

Namur, devant tes murailles
Jadis la *Grece* euſt vingt Ans
Sans fruit veu les funerailles
De ſes plus fiers Combattans.
Quelle effroyable Puiſſance
Aujourd-huy pourtant s'avance,
Preſte à foudroyer tes monts?
Quel bruit, quel feu l'environne?
C'eſt JUPITER en Perſonne;
Ou c'eſt le Vainqueur de *Mons*.

VI.

N'en doute point: c'eſt luy-meſme.
Tout brille en luy; Tout eſt Roy.
Dans *Bruxelles* NASSAU blême
Commence à trembler pour Toy.
En vain il voit le *Batâve*,
Deſormais docile Eſclâve,
Rangé Sous ſes étendars:
En vain au Lion *Belgique*
Il voit l' Aigle *Germanique*
Uni Sous les Leopards.

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Cannons above, and Mines below
Did Death and Tombs for Foes contrive:
Yet Matters have been order'd ſo,
That moſt of Us are ſtill alive.

V.

If *Namur* be compar'd to *Troy*;
Then BRITAIN's Boys excell'd the GREEKS:
Their Siege did ten long Years employ:
We've done our Buſ'neſs in ten Weeks.
What Godhead does ſo faſt advance,
With dreadful Pow'r thoſe Hills to gain?
'Tis little WILL, the Scourge of *France*;
No Godhead, but the firſt of Men.
His mortal Arm exerts the Pow'r,
To keep ev'n *Mons*'s Victor under:
And that ſame JUPITER no more
Shall fright the World with impious Thunder.

VI.

Our King thus trembles at *Namur*,
Whilſt VILLEROY, who ne'er afraid is,
To *Bruxelles* marches on ſecure,
To bomb the Monks, and ſcare the Ladies.
After this glorious Expedition,
One Battle makes the Marſhal Great:
He muſt perform the King's Commiſſion:
Who knows, but ORANGE may retreat?
Kings are allow'd to feign the Gout,
Or be prevail'd with not to Fight:
And mighty LOUIS hop'd, no doubt,
That WILLIAM wou'd preſerve that Right.

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VII.

Plein de la frayeur nouvelle,
Dont ſes ſens ſont agitéz,
A ſon ſecours il appelle
Les Peuples les plus vantéz.
Ceux-là viennent du rivage,
Ou s'enorgueillit le *Tage*
De l'or, qui roule en ſes eaux:
Ceux-ci des champs, où la neige
Des marais de la *Norvége*
Neuf mois couvre les roſeaux.

VIII.

Mais qui fait enfler la *Sambre*?
Sous les *Jumeaux* effrayéz,
Des froids Torrens de *Decembre*
Les Champs par tout ſont noyéz.
CERES s'enfuit, éplorée
De voir en proye à BOREE
Ses guerets d'epics chargéz,
Et Sous les Urnes fangeuſes
Des *Hyades* orageuſes
Tous ſes Tréſors ſubmergéz.

IX.

Déployez toutes vos rages,
Princes, Vents, Peuples, Frimats;
Ramaſſez tous vos nuages;
Raſſamblez tous vos Soldats.

Malgré

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VII.

From *Seyn* and *Loyre*, to *Rhone* and *Po*,
See every Mother's Son appear:
In ſuch a Caſe ne'er blame a Foe,
If he betrays ſome little Fear.
He comes, the mighty VILL'ROY comes;
Finds a ſmall River in his Way:
So waves his Colours, beats his Drums;
And thinks it prudent there to ſtay.
The *Gallic* Troops breath Blood and War:
The Marſhal cares not to march faſter:
Poor VILL'ROY moves ſo ſlowly here,
We fancy'd all, it was his Maſter.

VIII.

Will no kind Flood, no friendly Rain
Diſguiſe the Marſhal's plain Diſgrace?
No Torrents ſwell the low *Mehayne*?
The World will ſay, he durſt not paſs.
Why will no *Hyades* appear,
Dear Poet, on the Banks of *Sambre*?
Juſt as they did that mighty Year,
When You turn'd *June* into *December*.
The Water-*Nymphs* are too unkind
To VILL'ROY; are the Land-*Nymphs* ſo?
And fly They All, at Once Combin'd
To ſhame a General, and a Beau?

IX.

Truth, Juſtice, Senſe, Religion, Fame
May join to finiſh WILLIAM's Story:
Nations ſet free may bleſs his Name;
And *France* in Secret own his Glory.

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But

Malgré vous *Namur* en poudre
S'en va tomber Sous la foudre
Qui domta *Lille*, *Courtray*,
Gand la Superbe Eſpagnole,
Saint Omer, *Bezançon*, *Dole*,
Ypres, *Maſtricht*, & *Cambray*.

X.

Mes préſages s'accompliſſent:
Il commence à chanceler:
Sous les coups qui retentiſſent
Ses Murs s'en vont s'écrouler.
MARS en feu qui les domine,
Souffle à grand bruit leur ruine;
Et les Bombes dans les airs
Allant chercer le tonnere,
Semblent tombant ſur la Terre,
Vouloir s'ouvrir les Enfers.

XI.

Accourez, NASSAU, BAVIERE,
De ces Murs l'unique eſpoir:
A couvert d'une Riviere
Venez: vous pouvez tout voir.
Conſiderez ces approches:
Voyez grimper ſur ces roches
Ces Athletes belliqueux;

Et

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But *Ipres*, *Maſtrich*, and *Cambray*,
Beſançon, *Ghent*, St. *Omers*, *Lyſle*,
Courtray, and *Dole*——Ye Criticks, ſay,
How poor to this was PINDAR's Style?
With Eke's and Alſo's tack thy Strain,
Great Bard; and ſing the deathleſs Prince,
Who loſt *Namur* the ſame Campaign,
He bought *Dixmude*, and plunder'd *Deynſe*.

X.

I'll hold Ten Pound, my Dream is out:
I'd tell it You, but for the Rattle
Of thoſe confounded Drums: no doubt
Yon' bloody Rogues intend a Battel.
Dear me! a hundred thouſand *French*
With Terror fill the neighb'ring Field;
While WILLIAM carries on the Trench,
'Till both the Town and Caſtle yield.
VILL'ROY to BOUFFLERS ſhould advance,
Says MARS, thro' Cannons Mouths in Fire;
Id eſt, one Mareſchal of *France*
Tells t'other, He can come no nigher.

XI.

Regain the Lines the ſhorteſt Way,
VILL'ROY; or to *Verſailles* take Poſt:
For, having ſeen it, Thou can'ſt ſay
The Steps, by which *Namur* was loſt.
The Smoke and Flame may vex thy Sight:
Look not once back: but as thou goeſt,
Quicken the Squadrons in their Flight;
And bid the D——l take the ſloweſt.

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Et dans les Eaux, dans la Flame,
LOUIS à tout donnant l'ame,
Marcher, courir avecque eux.

XII.

Contemplez dans la tempeſte,
Qui ſort de ces Boulevars,
La Plume qui ſur ſa teſte
Attire tous les regards.
A cet Aſtre redoutable
Toûjours un ſort favorable
S'attache dans les Combats:
Et toûjours avec la Gloire
MARS amenant la Victoire
Vôle, & le ſuit à grands pas.

XIII.

Grands Deffenſeurs de l'*Eſpagne*,
Montrez-vous: il en eſt temps:
Courage; vers la *Mahagne*
Voilà vos Drapeaux flottans.
Jamais ſes ondes craintives
N'ont veû ſur leurs foibles rives
Tant de guerriers s'amaſſer.
Courez donc: Qui vous retarde?
Tout l'Univers vous regarde.
N'oſez-vous la traverſer?

XIV.

Loin de fermer le paſſage
A vos nombreux bataillons,
LUXEMBOURG a du rivage
Reculé ſes pavillons.

Quoy?

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Think not what Reaſon to produce,
From LOUIS to conceal thy Fear:
He'll own the Strength of thy Excuſe;
Tell him that WILLIAM was but there.

XII.

Now let us look for LOUIS' Feather,
That us'd to ſhine ſo like a Star:
The Gen'rals could not get together,
Wanting that Influence, great in War.
O Poet! Thou had'ſt been diſcreeter,
Hanging the Monarch's Hat ſo high;
If Thou had'ſt dubb'd thy Star, a Meteor,
That did but blaze, and rove, and die.

XIII.

To animate the doubtful Fight,
Namur in vain expects that Ray;
In vain *France* hopes, the ſickly Light
Shou'd ſhine near WILLIAM's fuller Day.
It knows *Verſailles*, it's proper Station;
Nor cares for any foreign Sphere:
Where You ſee BOILEAU's Conſtellation,
Be ſure no Danger can be near.

XIV.

The *French* had gather'd all their Force;
And WILLIAM met them in their Way:
Yet off they bruſh'd, both Foot and Horſe.
What has Friend BOILEAU left to ſay?

When

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Quoy? leur ſeul aſpect vous glace?
Où ſont ces chefs pleins d'audace,
Jadis ſi prompts à marcher,
Qui devoient de là *Tamiſe*,
Et de la *Drâve* Soûmiſe,
Juſqu' à *Paris* nous chercher?

XV.

Cependant l'effroy redouble
Sur les Remparts de *Namur*:
Son Gouverneur qui ſe trouble
S'enfuit ſous ſon dernier mur.
Déja juſques à ſes portes
Je voy monter nos cohortes,
La Flame & le Fer en main:
Et ſur les Monceaux de piques,
De Corps morts, de Rocs, de Briques,
S'ouvrir un large chemin.

XVI.

C'en eſt fait. Je viens d'entendre
Sur ces Rochers éperdus
Battre un Signal pour ſe rendre:
Le Feu ceſſe. Ils ſont rendus.
Dépoüillez vôtre arrogance,
Fiers Ennemis de la *France*,
Et deſormais gracieux,
Allez à *Liege*, à *Bruxelles*,
Porter les humbles nouvelles
De *Namur* pris à vos yeux.

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When his high Muſe is bent upon't,
To ſing her King, that Great Commander,
Or on the Shores of *Helleſpont*,
Or in the Valleys near *Scamander*;
Wou'd it not ſpoil his noble Task,
If any fooliſh *Phrygian* there is,
Impertinent enough to ask,
How far *Namur* may be from *Paris*?

XV.

Two Stanza's more before we end,
Of Death, Pikes, Rocks, Arms, Bricks, and Fire:
Leave 'em behind You, honeſt Friend:
And with your Country-Men retire.
Your Ode is ſpoilt; *Namur* is freed;
For *Dixmuyd* ſomething yet is due:
So good Count GUISCARD may proceed;
But BOUFFLERS, Sir, one Word with you.——

XVI.

'Tis done. In Sight of theſe Commanders,
Who neither Fight, nor raiſe the Siege,
The Foes of *France* march ſafe thro' *Flanders*;
Divide to *Bruxelles*, or to *Liege*.
Send, FAME, this News to *Trianon*;
That BOUFFLERS may new Honours gain:
He the ſame Play by Land has ſhown,
As TOURVILLE did upon the Main.
Yet is the Marſhal made a Peer:
O WILLIAM, may thy Arms advance;
That He may loſe *Dinant* next Year,
And ſo be Conſtable of *France*.

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Preſented to the

KING,

AT HIS

ARRIVAL in *HOLLAND*,

AFTER THE

DISCOVERY *of the* CONSPIRACY

1696.

Serus in cœlum redeas; diuque
Lætus interſis populo Quirini:
Neve Te noſtris vitiis iniquum
Ocyor aura
Tollat—— Hor. ad Auguſtum.

YE careful Angels, whom eternal Fate
Ordains, on Earth and human Acts to wait;
Who turn with ſecret Pow'r this reſtleſs Ball,
And bid predeſtin'd Empires riſe and fall:
Your ſacred Aid religious Monarchs own;
When firſt They merit, then aſcend the Throne:
But Tyrants dread Ye, leſt your juſt Decree
Transfer the Pow'r, and ſet the People free:
See reſcu'd BRITAIN at your Altars bow:
And hear her Hymns your happy Care avow:
That ſtill her Axes and her Rods ſupport
The Judge's Frown, and grace the awful Court:

That

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That Law with all her pompous Terror ſtands,
To wreſt the Dagger from the Traitor's Hands;
And rigid Juſtice reads the fatal Word;
Poiſes the Ballance firſt, then draws the Sword.

BRITAIN Her Safety to your Guidance owns,
That She can ſep'rate Parricides from Sons;
That, impious Rage diſarm'd, She lives and Reigns,
Her Freedom kept by Him, who broke Her Chains.

And Thou, great Miniſter, above the reſt
Of Guardian Spirits, be Thou for ever bleſt:
Thou, who of old wert ſent to ISRAEL's Court,
With ſecret Aid great DAVID's ſtrong Support;
To mock the frantick Rage of cruel SAUL;
And ſtrike the uſeleſs Jav'lin to the Wall.
Thy later Care o'er WILLIAM's Temples held,
On BOYN's propitious Banks, the heav'nly Shield;
When Pow'r Divine did Sov'reign Right declare;
And Cannons mark'd, Whom They were bid to ſpare.

Still, bleſſed Angel, be thy Care the ſame;
Be WILLIAM's Life untouch'd, as is his Fame:
Let Him own Thine, as BRITAIN owns His Hand:
Save Thou the King, as He has ſav'd the Land.

We Angels Forms in pious Monarchs view:
We reverence WILLIAM; for He acts like You;
Like You, Commiſſion'd to chaſtize and bleſs,
He muſt avenge the World, and give it Peace.

Indulgent

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Indulgent Fate our potent Pray'r receives;
And ſtill BRITANNIA ſmiles, and WILLIAM lives:
The Hero dear to Earth, by Heav'n belov'd,
By Troubles muſt be vex'd, by Dangers prov'd:
His Foes muſt aid to make his Fame compleat,
And fix his Throne ſecure on their Defeat.

So, tho' with ſudden Rage the Tempeſt comes;
Tho' the Winds roar; and tho' the Water foams;
Imperial BRITAIN on the Sea looks down,
And ſmiling ſees her Rebel Subject frown:
Striking her Cliff the Storm confirms her Pow'r:
The Waves but whiten her Triumphant Shore:
In vain They wou'd advance, in vain retreat:
Broken They daſh, and periſh at her Feet.

For WILLIAM ſtill new Wonders ſhall be ſhown:
The Pow'rs that reſcu'd, ſhall preſerve the Throne.
Safe on his Darling BRITAIN'S joyful Sea,
Behold, the Monarch plows his liquid Way:
His Fleets in Thunder thro' the World declare,
Whoſe Empire they obey, whoſe Arms they bear.
Bleſs'd by aſpiring Winds He finds the Strand
Blacken'd with Crowds; He ſees the Nations ſtand
Bleſſing his Safety, proud of his Command.
In various Tongues He hears the Captains dwell
On their great Leader's Praiſe: by Turns They tell,
And liſten, each with emulous Glory fir'd,
How WILLIAM conquer'd, and how FRANCE retir'd:

How

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How BELGIA freed the Hero's Arm confeſs'd,
But trembl'd for the Courage which She bleſt.

O LOUIS, from this great Example know,
To be at once a Hero, and a Foe:
By ſounding Trumpets, Hear, and ratl'ing Drums,
When WILLIAM to the open Vengeance comes:
And See the Soldier plead the Monarch's Right,
Heading His Troops, and Foremoſt in the Fight,

Hence then, cloſe Ambuſh and perfidious War,
Down to your Native Seats of Night repair.
And Thou, BELLONA, weep thy cruel Pride
Reſtrain'd, behind the Victor's Chariot ty'd
In brazen Knots, and everlaſting Chains.
(So EUROPE's Peace, ſo WILLIAM's Fate ordains.)
While on the Iv'ry Chair, in happy State
He ſits, Secure in Innocence, and Great
In regal Clemency; and views beneath
Averted Darts of Rage, and pointleſs Arms of Death.

To CLOE *Weeping.*

SEE, whilſt Thou weep'ſt, fair CLOE, ſee
The World in Sympathy with Thee.
The chearful Birds no longer ſing,
Each drops his Head, and hangs his Wing.
The Clouds have bent their Boſom lower,
And ſhed their Sorrows in a Show'r.

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The Brooks beyond their Limits flow;
And louder Murmurs speak their Woe.
The Nymphs and Swains adopt Thy Cares:
They heave Thy Sighs, and weep Thy Tears.
Fantastic Nymph! that Grief should move
Thy Heart, obdurate against Love.
Strange Tears! whose Pow'r can soften All,
But That dear Breast on which they fall.

TO

Mr. *HOWARD*:

An ODE.

I.

DEAR HOWARD, from the soft Assaults of Love,
Poets and Painters never are Secure:
Can I untouch'd the Fair ones Passions move?
Or Thou draw Beauty, and not feel it's Pow'r?

II.

To Great APELLES when Young AMMON brought
The darling Idol of his Captive Heart;
And the pleas'd Nymph with kind Attention sat,
To have Her Charms recorded by His Art:

III. The

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III.

The am'rous Master own'd Her potent Eyes;
Sigh'd when He look'd, and trembl'd as He drew:
Each flowing Line confirm'd his first Surprize;
And as the Piece advanc'd, the Passion grew.

IV.

While PHILIP's Son, while VENUS' Son was near,
What different Tortures does his Bosom feel?
Great was the Rival, and the God severe:
Nor could He hide his Flame, nor durst reveal.

V.

The Prince, renown'd in Bounty as in Arms,
With Pity saw the ill-conceal'd Distress;
Quitted His Title to CAMPASPE's Charms,
And gave the Fair one to the Friend's Embrace.

VI.

Thus the more beauteous CLOE sat to Thee,
Good HOWARD, emulous of the GRECIAN Art:
But happy Thou, from CUPID's Arrow free,
And Flames that pierc'd Thy Predecessor's Heart.

VII.

Had Thy poor Breast receiv'd an equal Pain;
Had I been vested with the Monarch's Pow'r;
Thou must have sigh'd, unlucky Youth, in vain;
Nor from My Bounty hadst Thou found a Cure.

VIII.

Tho' to convince Thee, that the Friend did feel
A kind Concern for Thy ill-fated Care,
I would have sooth'd the Flame, I could not heal;
Giv'n Thee the World; tho' I with-held the Fair.

LOVE

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LOVE Diſarm'd.

BENEATH a Myrtle's verdant Shade
As CLOE half aſleep was laid,
CUPID perch'd lightly on Her Breaſt,
And in That Heav'n deſir'd to reſt:
Over her Paps his Wings He ſpread:
Between He found a downy Bed,
And neſtl'd in His little Head.

Still lay the God: The Nymph ſurpriz'd,
Yet Miſtreſs of her ſelf, devis'd,
How She the Vagrant might inthral,
And Captive Him, who Captives All.

Her Boddice half way She unlac'd:
About his Arms She ſlily caſt
The ſilken Bond, and held Him faſt.

The God awak'd; and thrice in vain
He ſtrove to break the cruel Chain;
And thrice in vain He ſhook his Wing,
Incumber'd in the ſilken String.

Flutt'ring the God, and weeping ſaid,
Pity poor CUPID, generous Maid,
Who happen'd, being Blind, to ſtray,
And on thy Boſom loſt his Way:

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Who

Who ſtray'd, alas! but knew too well,
He never There muſt hope to dwell.
Set an unhappy Priſ'ner free,
Who ne'er intended Harm to Thee.

To Me pertains not, She replies,
To know or care where CUPID flies;
What are his Haunts, or which his Way;
Where He would dwell, or whither ſtray:
Yet will I never ſet Thee free:
For Harm was meant, and Harm to Me.

Vain Fears that vex thy Virgin Heart!
I'll give Thee up my Bow and Dart:
Untangle but this cruel Chain,
And freely let Me fly again.

Agreed: Secure my Virgin Heart:
Inſtant give up thy Bow and Dart:
The Chain I'll in Return unty;
And freely Thou again ſhalt fly.

Thus She the Captive did deliver:
The Captive thus gave up his Quiver.

The God diſarm'd, e'er ſince that Day
Paſſes his Life in harmleſs Play;
Flies round, or ſits upon her Breaſt,
A little, flutt'ring, idle Gueſt.

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E'er ſince that Day the beauteous Maid
Governs the World in CUPID's ſtead;
Directs his Arrow as She wills;
Gives Grief, or Pleaſure; ſpares, or kills.

CLOE HUNTING.

BEHIND her Neck her comely Treſſes ty'd,
Her Iv'ry Quiver graceful by her Side,
A-Hunting CLOE went: She loſt her Way,
And thro' the Woods uncertain chanc'd to ſtray.
APOLLO paſſing by beheld the Maid;
And, Siſter Dear, bright CYNTHIA turn, He ſaid:
The hunted Hind lyes cloſe in yonder Brake.
Loud CUPID laugh'd, to ſee the God's Miſtake;
And laughing cry'd, Learn better, great Divine,
To know Thy Kindred, and to honour Mine.
Rightly adviſ'd, far hence Thy Siſter ſeek,
Or on MEANDER's Bank, or LATMUS' Peak.
But in This Nymph, My Friend, My Siſter know:
She draws My Arrows, and She bends My Bow:
Fair THAMES She haunts, and ev'ry neighb'ring Grove
Sacred to ſoft Receſs, and gentle Love.
Go, with Thy CYNTHIA, hurl the pointed Spear
At the rough Boar; or chace the flying Deer:
I and My CLOE take a nobler Aim:
At human Hearts We fling, nor ever miſs the Game.

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CUPID and *GANYMEDE.*

IN Heav'n, one Holy-day, You read
In wiſe *Anacreon*, GANYMEDE
Drew heedleſs CUPID in, to throw
A Main, to paſs an Hour, or ſo.
The little Trojan, by the way,
By HERMES taught, play'd All the Play.

The God unhappily engag'd,
By Nature raſh, by Play enrag'd,
Complain'd, and ſigh'd, and cry'd, and fretted;
Loſt ev'ry earthly thing He betted:
In ready Mony, all the Store
Pick'd up long ſince from DANAE's Show'rs;
A Snuſh-Box, ſet with bleeding Hearts,
Rubies, all pierc'd with Diamond Darts;
His Nine-pins, made of Myrtle Wood;
(The Tree in IDA's Foreſt ſtood)
His Bowl pure Gold, the very ſame
Which PARIS gave the CYPRIAN Dame;
Two Table-Books in Shagreen Covers,
Fill'd with good Verſes from real Lovers;
Merchandiſe rare! A Billet-doux,
It's Matter paſſionate, yet true:
Heaps of Hair Rings, and cypher'd Seals;
Rich Trifles; ſerious Bagatelles.

What ſad Diſorders Play begets!
Deſp'rate and mad, at length He ſets

Thoſe

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Thoſe Darts, whoſe Points make Gods adore
His Might, and deprecate his Pow'r:
Thoſe Darts, whence all our Joy and Pain
Ariſe: thoſe Darts——come, Seven's the Main,
Cries GANYMEDE: The uſual Trick:
Seven, ſlur a Six; Eleven: A Nick.

Ill News goes faſt: 'Twas quickly known,
That ſimple CUPID was undone.
Swifter than Lightning VENUS flew:
Too late She found the thing too true.
Gueſs how the Goddeſs greets her Son:
Come hither, Sirrah; no, begon;
And, hark Ye, is it ſo indeed?
A Comrade You for GANYMEDE?
An Imp as wicked, for his Age,
As any earthly Lady's Page;
A Scandal and a Scourge to TROY:
A Prince's Son? A Black-guard Boy:
A Sharper, that with Box and Dice
Draws in young Deities to Vice.
All Heav'n is by the Ears together,
Since firſt That little Rogue came hither:
JUNO her ſelf has had no Peace:
And truly I've been favour'd leſs:
For JOVE, as FAME reports, (but FAME
Says things not fit for Me to name)
Has acted ill for ſuch a God,
And taken Ways extreamly odd.

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And Thou, unhappy Child, She ſaid
(Her Anger by her Grief allay'd)
Unhappy Child, who thus haſt loſt
All the Eſtate We e'er could boaſt;
Whither, O whither wilt Thou run,
Thy Name deſpis'd, thy Weakneſs known?
Nor ſhall thy Shrine on Earth be crown'd:
Nor ſhall thy Pow'r in Heav'n be own'd;
When Thou, nor Man, nor God can'ſt wound.

Obedient CUPID kneeling cry'd,
Ceaſe, deareſt Mother, ceaſe to chide:
GANY's a Cheat, and I'm a Bubble:
Yet why this great Exceſs of Trouble?
The Dice were falſe: the Darts are gone:
Yet how are You, or I undone?

The Loſs of Theſe I can ſupply
With keener Shafts from CLOE's Eye:
Fear not, We e'er can be diſgrac'd,
While That bright Magazine ſhall laſt:
Your crowded Altars ſtill ſhall ſmoke;
And Man your Friendly Aid invoke:
JOVE ſhall again revere your Pow'r,
And riſe a Swan, or fall a Show'r.

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CUPID *Miſtaken.*

I.

AS after Noon, one Summer's Day,
VENUS ſtood bathing in a River;
CUPID a-ſhooting went that Way,
New ſtrung his Bow, new fill'd his Quiver.

II.

With Skill He choſe his ſharpeſt Dart:
With all his Might his Bow He drew:
Swift to His beauteous Parent's Heart
The too well-guided Arrow flew.

III.

I faint! I die! the Goddeſs cry'd:
O cruel, could'ſt Thou find none other,
To wreck thy Spleen on? Parricide!
Like NERO, Thou haſt ſlain thy Mother.

IV.

Poor CUPID ſobbing ſcarce could ſpeak;
Indeed, Mamma, I did not know Ye:
Alas! how eaſie my Miſtake?
I took You for your Likeneſs, CLOE.

VENUS *Miſtaken.*

I.

WHEN CLOE's Picture was to VENUS ſhown;
Surpriz'd, the Goddeſs took it for Her own.
And what, ſaid She, does this bold Painter mean?
When was I Bathing thus, and Naked ſeen?

II. Pleas'd

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II.

Pleas'd CUPID heard, and check'd His Mother's Pride:
And who's blind now, Mamma? the Urchin cry'd.
'Tis CLOE's Eye, and Cheek, and Lip, and Breaſt:
Friend HOWARD's Genius fancy'd all the reſt.

A SONG.

IF Wine and Muſick have the Pow'r,
To eaſe the Sickneſs of the Soul;
Let PHOEBUS ev'ry String explore;
And BACCHUS fill the ſprightly Bowl.
Let Them their friendly Aid imploy,
To make my CLOE's Abſence light;
And ſeek for Pleaſure, to deſtroy
The Sorrows of this live-long Night.

But She to Morrow will return:
VENUS, be Thou to Morrow great;
Thy Myrtles ſtrow, Thy Odours burn;
And meet Thy Fav'rite Nymph in State.
Kind Goddeſs, to no other Pow'rs
Let Us to Morrow's Bleſſings own:
Thy darling LOVES ſhall guide the Hours;
And all the Day be Thine alone.

THE

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The DOVE.

——*Tantæne animis cœleſtibus Iræ?* Virg.

I.

IN VIRGIL's Sacred Verſe we find,
That Paſſion can depreſs or raiſe
The Heav'nly, as the Human Mind:
Who dare deny what VIRGIL ſays?

II.

But if They ſhou'd; what our Great Maſter
Has thus laid down, my Tale ſhall prove.
Fair VENUS wept the ſad Diſaſter
Of having loſt her Fav'rite DOVE.

III.

In Complaiſance poor CUPID mourn'd;
His Grief reliev'd his Mother's Pain;
He vow'd he'd leave no Stone unturn'd,
But She ſhou'd have her DOVE again.

IV.

Tho' None, ſaid He, ſhall yet be nam'd,
I know the Felon well enough:
But be She not, Mamma, condemn'd
Without a fair and legal Proof.

V.

With that, his longeſt Dart he took,
As Conſtable wou'd take his Staff:
That Gods deſire like Men to look,
Wou'd make ev'n HERACLITUS laugh.

VI. LOVES

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VI.

LOVES Subaltern, a Duteous Band,
Like Watchmen round their Chief appear:
Each had his Lanthorn in his Hand:
And VENUS mask'd brought up the Rear.

VII.

Accouter'd thus, their eager Step
To CLOE's Lodging They directed:
(At once I write, alas! and weep,
That CLOE is of Theft ſuſpected.)

VIII.

Late They ſet out, had far to go:
St. DUNSTAN's, as They paſs'd, ſtruck One.
CLOE, for Reaſons good, You know,
Lives at the ſober End o'th' Town.

IX.

With one great Peal They rap the Door,
Like Footmen on a Viſiting-Day.
Folks at Her Houſe at ſuch an Hour!
Lord! what will all the Neighbours ſay?

X.

The Door is open'd: up They run:
Nor Prayers, nor Threats divert their Speed:
Thieves, Thieves! cries SUSAN; We're undone;
They'll kill my Miſtreſs in her Bed.

XI.

In Bed indeed the Nymph had been
Three Hours: for all Hiſtorians ſay,
She commonly went up at Ten,
Unleſs *Picquet* was in the Way.

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XII.

She wak'd, be ſure, with ſtrange Surprize.
O CUPID, is this Right or Law,
Thus to diſturb the brighteſt Eyes,
That ever ſlept, or ever ſaw?

XIII.

Have You obſerv'd a ſitting Hare,
Liſt'ning, and fearful of the Storm
Of Horns and Hounds, clap back her Ear,
Afraid to keep, or leave her Form?

XIV.

Or have You mark'd a Partridge quake,
Viewing the tow'ring Faulcon nigh?
She cuddles low behind the Brake:
Nor wou'd ſhe ſtay: nor dares ſhe fly.

XV.

Then have You ſeen the Beauteous Maid;
When gazing on her Midnight Foes,
She turn'd each Way her frighted Head,
Then ſunk it deap beneath the Cloaths.

XVI.

VENUS this while was in the Chamber
Incognito: for SUSAN ſaid,
It ſmelt ſo ſtrong of Myrrh and Amber—
And SUSAN is no lying Maid.

XVII.

But ſince We have no preſent Need
Of VENUS for an Epiſode;
With CUPID let us e'en proceed;
And thus to CLOE ſpoke the God:

XVIII. Hold

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XVIII.

Hold up your Head: hold up your Hand:
Wou'd it were not my Lot to ſhow ye
This cruel *Writ*, wherein you ſtand
Indicted by the Name of CLOE:

XIX.

For that by ſecret Malice ſtirr'd,
Or by an emulous Pride invited,
You have purloin'd the fav'rite Bird,
In which my Mother moſt delighted.

XX.

Her bluſhing Face the lovely Maid
Rais'd juſt above the milk-white Sheet.
A Roſe-Tree in a Lilly Bed,
Nor glows ſo red, nor breathes ſo ſweet.

XXI.

Are You not He whom Virgins fear,
And Widows court? Is not your Name
CUPID? If ſo, pray come not near—
Fair Maiden, I'm the very ſame.

XXII.

Then what have I, good Sir, to ſay,
Or do with Her, You call your Mother?
If I ſhou'd meet Her in my Way,
We hardly court'ſy to each other.

XXIII.

DIANA Chaſte, and HEBE Sweet,
Witneſs that what I ſpeak is true:
I wou'd not give my Paroquet
For all the DOVES that ever flew.

XXIV. Yet

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XXIV.

Yet, to compoſe this Midnight Noiſe,
Go freely ſearch where-e'er you pleaſe:
(The Rage that rais'd, adorn'd Her Voice)
Upon yon' Toilet lie my Keys.

XXV.

Her Keys He takes; her Doors unlocks;
Thro' Wardrobe, and thro' Cloſet bounces;
Peeps into ev'ry Cheſt and Box;
Turns all her Furbeloes and Flounces.

XXVI.

But DOVE, depend on't, finds He none;
So to the Bed returns again:
And now the Maiden, bolder grown,
Begins to treat Him with Diſdain.

XXVII.

I marvel much, She ſmiling ſaid,
Your Poultry cannot yet be found:
Lies he in yonder Slipper dead,
Or, may be, in the Tea-pot drown'd?

XXVIII.

No, Traytor, angry Love replies,
He's hid ſomewhere about Your Breaſt;
A Place, nor God, nor Man denies,
For VENUS' DOVE the proper Neſt.

XXIX.

Search then, She ſaid, put in your Hand,
And CYNTHIA, dear Protectreſs, guard Me:
As guilty I, or free may ſtand,
Do Thou, or puniſh, or reward Me.

XXX. But

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XXX.

But ah! what Maid to Love can truſt?
He ſcorns, and breaks all Legal Power:
Into her Breaſt his Hand He thruſt;
And in a Moment forc'd it lower.

XXXI.

O, whither do thoſe Fingers rove,
Cries CLOE, treacherous Urchin, whither?
O VENUS! I ſhall find thy DOVE,
Says He; for ſure I touch his Feather.

A LOVER's ANGER.

AS CLOE came into the Room t'other Day,
I peeviſh began; Where ſo long cou'd You ſtay?
In your Life-time You never regarded your Hour:
You promis'd at Two; and (pray look Child) 'tis Four.
A Lady's Watch needs neither Figures nor Wheels:
'Tis enough, that 'tis loaded with Baubles and Seals.
A Temper ſo heedleſs no Mortal can bear——
Thus far I went on with a reſolute Air,
Lord bleſs Me! ſaid She; let a Body but ſpeak:
Here's an ugly hard Roſe-Bud fall'n into my Neck:
It has hurt Me, and vext Me to ſuch a Degree——
See here; for You never believe Me; pray ſee,
On the left Side my Breaſt what a Mark it has made.
So ſaying, her Boſom She careleſs diſplay'd.
That Seat of Delight I with Wonder ſurvey'd;
And forgot ev'ry Word I deſign'd to have ſaid.

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MERCURY and *CUPID.*

IN ſullen Humour one Day JOVE
Sent HERMES down to IDA's Grove,
Commanding CUPID to deliver
His Store of Darts, his total Quiver;
That HERMES ſhou'd the Weapons break,
Or throw 'em into LETHE's Lake.

HERMES, You know, muſt do his Errand:
He found his Man, produc'd his Warrant:
CUPID, your Darts——this very Hour——
There's no contending againſt Power.

How ſullen JUPITER, juſt now
I think I ſaid: and You'll allow,
That CUPID was as bad as He:
Hear but the Youngſter's Repartée.

Come Kinſman (ſaid the little God)
Put off your Wings; lay by your Rod;
Retire with Me to yonder Bower;
And reſt your ſelf for half an Hour:
'Tis far indeed from hence to Heav'n:
And You fly faſt: and 'tis but Seven.
We'll take one cooling Cup of Nectar;
And drink to this Celeſtial Hector——

He

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He break my Darts, or hurt my Pow'r!
He, LEDA's Swan, and DANAE's Show'r!
Go, bid him his Wife's Tongue reſtrain;
And mind his Thunder, and his Rain.——
My Darts? O certainly I'll give 'em:
From CLOE's Eyes He ſhall receive 'em.
There's One, the Beſt in all my Quiver,
Twang! thro' his very Heart and Liver.
He then ſhall Pine, and Sigh, and Rave:
Good Lord! what Buſtle ſhall We have!
NEPTUNE muſt ſtraight be ſent to Sea;
And FLORA ſummon'd twice a-day:
One muſt find Shells, and t'other Flow'rs,
For cooling Grotts, and fragrant Bow'rs,
That CLOE may be ſerv'd in State:
The HOURS muſt at Her Toilet wait:
Whilſt all the reaſoning Fools below,
Wonder their Watches go too ſlow.
LYBS muſt fly South, and EURUS Eaſt,
For Jewels for Her Hair and Breaſt:
No Matter tho' their cruel Haſte
Sink Cities, and lay Forreſts waſte.
No Matter tho' This Fleet be loſt;
Or That lie wind-bound on the Coaſt.
What whiſ'pring in my Mother's Ear!
What Care, that JUNO ſhou'd not hear!
What Work among You Scholar Gods!
PHOEBUS muſt write Him am'rous Odes:

And

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And Thou, poor Couſin, muſt compoſe
His Letters in ſubmiſſive Proſe:
Whilſt haught y CLOE, to ſuſtain
The Honour of My myſtic Reign,
Shall all his Gifts and Vows diſdain;
And laugh at your Old Bully's Pain.

Dear Couz, ſaid HERMES in a Fright,
For Heav'n ſake keep Your Darts: Good Night.

On *BEAUTY.*

A RIDDLE.

RESOLVE Me, CLOE, what is THIS:
Or forfeit me One precious Kiſs.
'Tis the firſt Off-ſpring of the Graces;
Bears diff'rent Forms in diff'rent Places;
Acknowledg'd fine, where-e'er beheld;
Yet fancy'd finer, when conceal'd.
'Twas FLORA's Wealth, and CIRCE's Charm;
PANDORA's Box of Good and Harm:
'Twas MARS's Wiſh, ENDYMION's Dream;
APELLES' Draught, and OVID's Theme.
THIS guided THESEUS thro' the Maze;
And ſent Him home with Life and Praiſe.
But THIS undid the PHRYGIAN Boy;
And blew the Flames that ruin'd TROY.

THIS

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THIS ſhew'd great Kindneſs to old GREECE,
And help'd rich JASON to the Fleece.
THIS thro' the Eaſt juſt Vengeance hurl'd,
And loſt poor ANTHONY the World.
Injur'd, tho' LUCRECE found her Doom;
THIS baniſh'd Tyranny from ROME.
Appeas'd, tho' LAIS gain'd her Hire;
THIS ſet PERSEPOLIS on Fire.
For THIS ALCIDES learn'd to Spin;
His Club laid down, and Lion's Skin.
For THIS APOLLO deign'd to keep,
With ſervile Care, a Mortal's Sheep.
For THIS the Father of the Gods,
Content to leave His high Abodes,
In borrow'd Figures looſely ran,
EUROPA's Bull, and LEDA's Swan.
For THIS He reaſſumes the Nod;
(While SEMELE commands the God)
Launces the Bolt, and ſhakes the Poles;
Tho' MOMUS laughs, and JUNO ſcolds.

Here liſt'ning CLOE ſmil'd, and ſaid;
Your Riddle is not hard to read:
I Gueſs it——Fair one, if You do;
Need I, alas! the Theme purſue?
For THIS, Thou ſee'ſt, for THIS I leave,
Whate'er the World thinks Wiſe or Grave,
Ambition, Buſineſs, Friendſhip, News,
My uſeful Books, and ſerious Muſe.

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For THIS I willingly decline
The Mirth of Feaſts, and Joys of Wine;
And chuſe to ſit and talk with Thee,
(As Thy great Orders may decree)
Of Cocks and Bulls, of Flutes and Fiddles,
Of Idle Tales, and fooliſh Riddles.

The QUESTION, *to* LISETTA.

WHAT Nymph ſhou'd I admire, or truſt,
But CLOE Beauteous, CLOE Juſt?
What Nymph ſhou'd I deſire to ſee,
But Her who leaves the Plain for Me?
To Whom ſhou'd I compoſe the Lay,
But Her who liſtens, when I play?
To Whom in Song repeat my Cares,
But Her who in my Sorrow ſhares?
For Whom ſhou'd I the Garland make,
But Her who joys the Gift to take,
And boaſts She wears it for My Sake?
In Love am I not fully bleſt?
LISETTA, pr'ythee tell the reſt.

LISETTA's REPLY.

SURE CLOE Juſt, and CLOE Fair
Deſerves to be Your only Care:
But when You and She to Day
Far into the Wood did ſtray,

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And

And I happen'd to paſs by;
Which way did You caſt your Eye?
But when your Cares to Her You ſing,
Yet dare not tell Her whence they ſpring;
Does it not more afflict your Heart,
That in thoſe Cares She bears a Part?
When You the Flow'rs for CLOE twine,
Why do You to Her Garland join
The meaneſt Bud that falls from Mine?
Simpleſt of Swains! the World may ſee,
Whom CLOE loves, and Who loves Me.

The GARLAND.

I.

THE Pride of ev'ry Grove I choſe,
The Violet ſweet, and Lilly fair,
The dappl'd Pink, and bluſhing Roſe,
To deck my charming CLOE's Hair.

II.

At Morn the Nymph vouchſaft to place
Upon her Brow the various Wreath;
The Flow'rs leſs blooming than Her Face,
The Scent leſs fragrant than Her Breath.

III.

The Flow'rs She wore along the Day:
And ev'ry Nymph and Shepherd ſaid,
That in her Hair they lookt more gay,
Than glowing in their Native Bed.

IV. Undreſt

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IV.

Undreſt at Evening, when She found
Their Odours loſt, their Colours paſt;
She chang'd her Look, and on the Ground
Her Garland and her Eye She caſt.

V.

That Eye dropt Senſe diſtinct and clear,
As any MUSE's Tongue cou'd ſpeak;
When from it's Lid a pearly Tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous Cheek.

VI.

Diſſembling, what I knew too well,
My Love, my Life, ſaid I, explain
This Change of Humour: pr'ythee tell:
That falling Tear—What does it mean?

VII.

She ſigh'd; She ſmil'd: and to the Flow'rs
Pointing, the Lovely Moraliſt ſaid:
See! Friend, in ſome few fleeting Hours,
See yonder, what a Change is made.

VIII.

Ah Me! the blooming Pride of MAY,
And That of Beauty are but One:
At Morn Both flouriſh bright and gay,
Both fade at Evening, pale, and gone.

IX.

At Dawn poor STELLA danc'd and ſung;
The am'rous Youth around Her bow'd:
At Night her fatal Knell was rung;
I ſaw, and kiſs'd Her in her Shrowd.

X. Such

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X.

Such as She is, who dy'd to Day
Such I, alas! may be to Morrow.
Go, DAMON, bid Thy Muſe diſplay
The Juſtice of thy CLOE's Sorrow.

The LADY *who offers her Looking-Glaſs to* VENUS.

VENUS, take my Votive Glaſs:
Since I am not what I was;
What from this Day I ſhall be,
VENUS, let Me never ſee.

CLOE JEALOUS.

I.

FORBEAR to ask Me, why I weep;
Vext CLOE to her Shepherd ſaid:
'Tis for my Two poor ſtragling Sheep
Perhaps, or for my Squirrel dead.

II.

For mind I what You late have writ?
Your ſubtle Queſtions, and Replies;
Emblems, to teach a Female Wit
The Ways, where changing CUPID flies.

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III.

Your Riddle, purpos'd to rehearſe
The general Pow'r that Beauty has:
But why did no peculiar Verſe
Deſcribe one Charm of CLOE's Face?

IV.

The Glaſs, which was at VENUS' Shrine,
With ſuch Myſterious Sorrow laid:
The Garland (and You call it Mine)
Which ſhow'd how Youth and Beauty fade.

V.

Ten thouſand Trifles light as Theſe
Nor can my Rage, nor Anger move:
She ſhou'd be humble, who wou'd pleaſe:
And She muſt ſuffer, who can love.

VI.

When in My Glaſs I chanc'd to look;
Of VENUS what did I implore?
That ev'ry Grace which thence I took,
Shou'd know to charm my DAMON more.

VII.

Reading Thy Verſe; who heeds, ſaid I,
If here or there his Glances flew?
O free for ever be His Eye,
Whoſe Heart to Me is always true.

VIII.

My Bloom indeed, my little Flow'r
Of Beauty quickly loſt it's Pride:
For ſever'd from it's Native Bow'r,
It on Thy glowing Boſom dy'd.

IX. Yet

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IX.

Yet car'd I not, what might preſage
Or withering Wreath, or fleeting Youth:
Love I eſteem'd more ſtrong than Age,
And Time leſs permanent than Truth.

X.

Why then I weep, forbear to know:
Fall uncontroll'd my Tears, and free:
O DAMON, 'tis the only Woe,
I ever yet conceal'd from Thee.

XII.

The ſecret Wound with which I bleed
Shall lie wrapt up, ev'n in my Herſe:
But on my Tomb-ſtone Thou ſhalt read
My Anſwer to Thy dubious Verſe.

ANSWER to *CLOE* JEALOUS,

in the ſame STILE.

The AUTHOR *ſick.*

I.

YES, faireſt Proof of Beauty's Pow'r,
Dear Idol of My panting Heart,
Nature points This my fatal Hour:
And I have liv'd; and We muſt part.

II. Whilſt

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II.

While now I take my laſt Adieu,
Heave Thou no Sigh, nor ſhed a Tear;
Leſt yet my half-clos'd Eye may view
On Earth an Object worth it's Care.

III.

From Jealouſy's tormenting Strife
For ever be Thy Boſom free'd:
That nothing may diſturb Thy Life,
Content I haſten to the Dead.

IV.

Yet when ſome better-fated Youth
Shall with his am'rous Parly move Thee;
Reflect One Moment on His Truth,
Who dying Thus, perſiſts to love Thee.

A BETTER ANSWER.

I.

DEAR CLOE, how blubber'd is that pretty Face?
Thy Cheek all on Fire, and Thy Hair all uncurl'd:
Pr'ythee quit this Caprice; and (as Old FALSTAF ſays)
Let Us e'en talk a little like Folks of This World.

II.

How can'ſt Thou preſume, Thou haſt leave to deſtroy
The Beauties, which VENUS but lent to Thy keeping?
Thoſe Looks were deſign'd to inſpire Love and Joy:
More ord'nary Eyes may ſerve People for weeping.

III. To

III.

To be vext at a Trifle or two that I writ,
Your Judgment at once, and my Paſſion You wrong:
You take that for Fact, which will ſcarce be found Wit:
Od's Life! muſt One ſwear to the Truth of a Song?

IV.

What I ſpeak, my fair CLOE, and what I write, ſhews
The Diff'rence there is betwixt Nature and Art:
I court others in Verſe; but I love Thee in Proſe:
And They have my Whimſies; but Thou haſt my Heart.

V.

The God of us Verſe-men (You know Child) the SUN,
How after his Journeys He ſets up his Reſt:
If at Morning o'er Earth 'tis his Fancy to run;
At Night he reclines on his THETIS's Breaſt.

VI.

So when I am weary'd with wand'ring all Day;
To Thee my Delight in the Evening I come:
No Matter what Beauties I ſaw in my Way:
They were but my Viſits; but Thou art my Home.

VII.

Then finiſh, Dear CLOE, this Paſtoral War;
And let us like HORACE and LYDIA agree:
For Thou art a Girl as much brighter than Her,
As He was a Poet ſublimer than Me.

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PALLAS and *VENUS.*

AN

EPIGRAM.

THE TROJAN Swain had judg'd the great Diſpute;
And Beauty's Pow'r obtain'd the Golden Fruit;
When VENUS, looſe in all Her naked Charms,
Met JOVE's great Daughter clad in ſhining Arms.
The wanton Goddeſs view'd the Warlike Maid
From Head to Foot, and Tauntingly She ſaid:

Yield, Siſter; Rival, yield: Naked, You ſee,
I vanquiſh: Gueſs how Potent I ſhould be;
If to the Field I came in Armour dreſt;
Dreadful, like Thine, my Shield, and terrible my Creſt.

The Warrior Goddeſs with Diſdain reply'd;
Thy Folly, Child, is equal to thy Pride:
Let a brave Enemy for once adviſe,
And VENUS (if 'tis poſſible) be Wiſe.
Thou to be ſtrong muſt put off every Dreſs;
Thy only Armour is thy Nakedneſs:
And more than once, (or Thou art much bely'd)
By MARS himſelf That Armour has been try'd.

TO

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TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN in LOVE.

A TALE.

FROM publick Noiſe and factious Strife,
From all the buſie Ills of Life,
Take me, My CELIA, to Thy Breaſt;
And lull my wearied Soul to Reſt;
For ever, in this humble Cell,
Let Thee and I, my Fair One, dwell;
None enter elſe, but LOVE——and He
Shall bar the Door, and keep the Key.

To painted Roofs, and ſhining Spires
(Uneaſie Seats of high Deſires)
Let the unthinking Many croud,
That dare be Covetous and Proud:
In golden Bondage let Them wait,
And barter Happineſs for State:
But Oh! My CELIA, when Thy Swain
Deſires to ſee a Court again;
May Heav'n around This deſtin'd Head
The choiceſt of it's Curſes ſhed:
To ſum up all the Rage of Fate,
In the Two Things I dread and hate;
May'ſt Thou be Falſe, and I be Great.

Thus,

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Thus, on his CELIA's panting Breaſt,
Fond CELADON his Soul expreſt;
While with Delight the lovely Maid
Receiv'd the Vows, She thus repaid:

Hope of my Age, Joy of my Youth,
Bleſt Miracle of Love and Truth!
All that cou'd e'er be counted Mine,
My Love and Life long ſince are Thine:
A real Joy I never knew;
'Till I believ'd Thy Paſſion true:
A real Grief I ne'er can find;
'Till Thou prov'ſt Perjur'd or Unkind.
Contempt, and Poverty, and Care,
All we abhor, and all we fear,
Bleſt with Thy Preſence, I can bear.
Thro' Waters, and thro' Flames I'll go,
Suff'rer and Solace of Thy Woe:
Trace Me ſome yet unheard-of Way,
That I Thy Ardour may repay;
And make My conſtant Paſſion known,
By more than Woman yet has done.

Had I a Wiſh that did not bear
The Stamp and Image of my Dear;
I'd pierce my Heart thro' ev'ry Vein,
And Die to let it out again.
No: VENUS ſhall my Witneſs be,
(If VENUS ever lov'd like Me)

That

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That for one Hour I wou'd not quit
My Shepherd's Arms, and this Retreat,
To be the PERSIAN Monarch's Bride;
Part'ner of all his Pow'r and Pride;
Or Rule in Regal State above,
Mother of Gods, and Wife of JOVE.

O happy theſe of Human Race!
But ſoon, alas! our Pleaſures paſs.
He thank'd her on his bended Knee;
Then drank a Quart of Milk and Tea;
And leaving her ador'd Embrace,
Haſten'd to Court, to beg a Place.
While She, his Abſence to bemoan,
The very Moment He was gone,
Call'd THYRSIS from beneath the Bed;
Where all this time He had been hid.

MORAL.

WHILE Men have theſe Ambitious Fancies;
And wanton Wenches read Romances;
Our Sex will---What? Out with it. Lye;
And Their's in equal Strains reply.
The Moral of the Tale I ſing
(A Poſy for a Wedding Ring)
In this ſhort Verſe will be confin'd:
Love is a Jeſt; and Vows are Wind.

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AN
ENGLISH PADLOCK.

MISS DANAE, when Fair and Young
(As HORACE has divinely ſung)
Could not be kept from JOVE's Embrace
By Doors of Steel, and Walls of Braſs.
The Reaſon of the Thing is clear;
Would JOVE the naked Truth aver:
CUPID was with Him of the Party;
And ſhow'd himſelf ſincere and hearty:
For, give That Whipſter but his Errand;
He takes my Lord Chief Juſtice' Warrant:
Dauntleſs as Death away He walks;
Breaks the Doors open; ſnaps the Locks;
Searches the Parlour, Chamber, Study;
Nor ſtops, 'till He has CULPRIT's Body.

Since This has been Authentick Truth,
By Age deliver'd down to Youth;
Tell us, miſtaken Husband, tell us,
Why ſo Myſterious, why ſo Jealous?
Does the Reſtraint, the Bolt, the Bar
Make Us leſs Curious, Her leſs Fair?
The Spy, which does this Treaſure keep,
Does She ne'er ſay her Pray'rs, nor ſleep?
Does She to no Exceſs incline?
Does She fly Muſick, Mirth, and Wine?

Or

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Or have not Gold and Flatt'ry Pow'r,
To purchaſe One unguarded Hour?

Your Care does further yet extend:
That Spy is guarded by your Friend,——
But has This Friend nor Eye, nor Heart?
May He not feel the cruel Dart,
Which, ſoon or late, all Mortals feel?
May He not, with too tender Zeal,
Give the Fair Priſ'ner Cauſe to ſee,
How much He wiſhes, She were free?
May He not craftily infer
The Rules of Friendſhip too ſevere,
Which chain Him to a hated Truſt;
Which make Him Wretched, to be Juſt?
And may not She, this Darling She,
Youthful and healthy, Fleſh and Blood,
Eaſie with Him, ill-us'd by Thee,
Allow this Logic to be good?

Sir, Will your Queſtions never end?
I truſt to neither Spy nor Friend.
In ſhort, I keep Her from the Sight
Of ev'ry Human Face.——She'll write.——
From Pen and Paper She's debarr'd.——
Has She a Bodkin and a Card?
She'll prick her Mind.——She will, You ſay:
But how ſhall She That Mind convey?
I keep Her in one Room: I lock it:
The Key (look here) is in this Pocket.

The

The Key-hole, is That left? Moſt certain.
She'll thruſt her Letter thro'—Sir MARTIN.

Dear angry Friend, what muſt be done?
Is there no Way?—There is but One.
Send Her abroad; and let Her ſee,
That all this mingled Maſs, which She
Being forbidden longs to know,
Is a dull Farce, an empty Show,
Powder, and Pocket-Glaſs, and Beau;
A Staple of Romance and Lies,
Falſe Tears, and real Perjuries:
Where Sighs and Looks are bought and ſold;
And Love is made but to be told:
Where the fat Bawd, and laviſh Heir
The Spoils of ruin'd Beauty ſhare:
And Youth ſeduc'd from Friends and Fame,
Muſt give up Age to Want and Shame.
Let Her behold the Frantick Scene,
The Women wretched, falſe the Men:
And when, theſe certain Ills to ſhun,
She would to Thy Embraces run;
Receive Her with extended Arms:
Seem more delighted with her Charms:
Wait on Her to the Park and Play:
Put on good Humour; make Her gay:
Be to her Virtues very kind:
Be to her Faults a little blind:
Let all her Ways be unconfin'd:
And clap your PADLOCK——on her Mind.

HANS

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HANS CARVEL.

HANS CARVEL, Impotent and Old,
Married a Laſs of LONDON Mould:
Handſome? enough; extreamly Gay:
Lov'd Muſick, Company, and Play:
High Flights She had, and Wit at Will:
And ſo her Tongue lay ſeldom ſtill:
For in all Viſits who but She,
To Argue, or to Repartée?

She made it plain, that Human Paſſion
Was order'd by Predeſtination;
That, if weak Women went aſtray,
Their Stars were more in Fault than They:
Whole Tragedies She had by Heart;
Enter'd into ROXANA's Part:
To Triumph in her Rival's Blood,
The Action certainly was good.
How like a Vine young AMMON curl'd!
Oh that dear Conqu'ror of the World!
She pity'd BETTERTON in Age,
That ridicul'd the God-like Rage.

She, firſt of all the Town, was told,
Where neweſt INDIA Things were ſold:
So in a Morning, without Bodice,
Slipt ſometimes out to Mrs. THODY's;

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To cheapen Tea, to buy a Screen:
What elſe cou'd ſo much Virtue mean?
For to prevent the leaſt Reproach,
BETTY went with Her in the Coach.

But when no very great Affair
Excited her peculiar Care;
She without fail was wak'd at Ten;
Drank Chocolate, then ſlept again:
At Twelve She roſe: with much ado
Her Cloaths were huddl'd on by Two:
Then; Does my Lady Dine at home?
Yes ſure;——but is the Colonel come?
Next, how to ſpend the Afternoon,
And not come Home again too ſoon;
The Change, the City, or the Play,
As each was proper for the Day;
A Turn in Summer to HYDE-PARK,
When it grew tolerably Dark.

Wife's Pleaſure cauſes Husband's Pain:
Strange Fancies come in HANS's Brain:
He thought of what He did not name;
And wou'd reform; but durſt not blame.
At firſt He therefore Preach'd his Wife
The Comforts of a Pious Life:
Told Her, how Tranſient Beauty was;
That All muſt die, and Fleſh was Graſs:
He bought Her Sermons, Pſalms, and Graces;
And doubled down the uſeful Places.

But

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But ſtill the Weight of worldly Care
Allow'd Her little time for Pray'r:
And CLEOPATRA was read o'er,
While SCOT, and WAKE, and Twenty more,
That teach one to deny one's ſelf,
Stood unmoleſted on the Shelf.
An untouch'd Bible grac'd her Toilet:
No fear that Thumb of Her's ſhould ſpoil it.
In ſhort, the Trade was ſtill the ſame:
The Dame went out: the Colonel came.

What's to be done? poor CARVEL cry'd:
Another Batt'ry muſt be try'd:
What if to Spells I had Recourſe?
'Tis but to hinder ſomething Worſe.
The End muſt juſtifie the Means:
He only Sins who Ill intends:
Since therefore 'tis to Combat Evil;
'Tis lawful to employ the Devil.

Forthwith the Devil did appear
(For name Him and He's always near)
Not in the Shape in which He plies
At Miſs's Elbow when She lies;
Or ſtands before the Nurs'ry Doors,
To take the naughty Boy that roars:
But without Sawcer Eye or Claw,
Like a grave Barriſter at Law.

HANS CARVEL, lay aſide your Grief,
The Devil ſays: I bring Relief.

Relief,

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Relief, ſays HANS: pray let me crave
Your Name, Sir. ——SATAN. ——Sir, your Slave:
I did not look upon your Feet:
You'll pardon Me:——Ay, now I ſee't:
And pray, Sir, when came You from Hell?
Our Friends there, did You leave Them well?
All well: but pr'ythee, honeſt HANS,
(Says SATAN) leave your Complaiſance:
The Truth is this: I cannot ſtay
Flaring in Sun-ſhine all the Day:
For, *entre Nous*, We Helliſh Sprites,
Love more the Freſco of the Nights;
And oft'ner our Receipts convey
In Dreams, than any other Way.
I tell You therefore as a Friend,
E'er Morning dawns, your Fears ſhall end:
Go then this Ev'ning, Maſter CARVEL,
Lay down your Fowls, and broach your Barrel;
Let Friends and Wine diſſolve your Care;
Whilſt I the great Receipt prepare:
To Night I'll bring it, by my Faith;
Believe for once what SATAN ſaith.

Away went HANS: glad? not a little;
Obey'd the Devil to a Tittle;
Invited Friends ſome half a Dozen,
The Colonel, and my Lady's Couſin.
The Meat was ſerv'd; the Bowls were crown'd;
Catches were ſung; and Healths went round:

Bar-

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Barbadoes Waters for the Cloſe;
'Till HANS had fairly got his Doſe:
The Colonel toaſted to the beſt:
The Dame mov'd off, to be undreſt:
The Chimes went Twelve: the Gueſts withdrew:
But when, or how, HANS hardly knew.
Some Modern Anecdotes aver,
He nodded in his Elbow Chair;
From thence was carry'd off to Bed:
JOHN held his Heels, and NAN his Head.
My Lady was diſturb'd: new Sorrow!
Which HANS muſt anſwer for to Morrow.

In Bed then view this happy Pair;
And think how HYMEN Triumph'd there.
HANS, faſt aſleep, as ſoon as laid;
The Duty of the Night unpaid:
The waking Dame, with Thoughts oppreſt,
That made Her Hate both Him and Reſt:
By ſuch a Husband, ſuch a Wife!
'Twas ACME'S and SEPTIMIUS' Life.
The Lady ſigh'd: the Lover ſnor'd:
The punctual Devil kept his Word:
Appear'd to honeſt HANS again;
But not at all by Madam ſeen:
And giving Him a Magick Ring,
Fit for the Finger of a King;
Dear HANS, ſaid He, this Jewel take,
And wear it long for SATAN'S Sake:

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'Twill do your Buſineſs to a Hair:
For long as You this Ring ſhall wear,
As ſure as I look over LINCOLN,
That ne'er ſhall happen which You think on.

HANS took the Ring with Joy extream;
(All this was only in a Dream)
And thruſting it beyond his Joint,
'Tis done, He cry'd: I've gain'd my Point.——
What Point, ſaid She, You ugly Beaſt?
You neither give Me Joy nor Reſt:
'Tis done.——What's done, You drunken Bear?
You've thruſt your Finger G——d knows where.

A Dutch *Proverb.*

FIRE, Water, Woman, are Man's Ruin;
Says wiſe Profeſſor VANDER BRÜIN.
By Flames a Houſe I hir'd was loſt
Laſt Year: and I muſt pay the Coſt.
This Spring the Rains o'erflow'd my Ground:
And my beſt Flanders Mare was drown'd.
A Slave I am to CLARA's Eyes:
The Gipſey knows her Pow'r, and flies.
Fire, Water, Woman, are My Ruin:
And great Thy Wiſdom, VANDER BRÜIN.

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PAULO PURGANTI

AND

His WIFE:

An Honeſt, but a Simple Pair.

Eſt enim quiddam, idque intelligitur in omni Virtute, quod Deceat: quod Cogitatione magis à Virtute poteſt quam Re ſeparari. Cic. de Officiis. Lib. 1.

BEYOND the fix'd and ſettl'd Rules
Of Vice and Virtue in the Schools,
Beyond the Letter of the Law,
Which keeps our Men and Maids in Awe,
The better Sort ſhould ſet before 'em
A Grace, a Manner, a Decorum;
Something, that gives their Acts a Light;
Makes 'em not only juſt, but bright;
And ſets 'em in that open Fame,
Which witty Malice cannot blame.

For 'tis in Life, as 'tis in Painting:
Much may be Right, yet much be Wanting:
From Lines drawn true, our Eye may trace
A Foot, a Knee, a Hand, a Face:

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May juſtly own the Picture wrought
Exact to Rule, exempt from Fault:
Yet if the Colouring be not there,
The TITIAN Stroke, the GUIDO Air;
To niceſt Judgment ſhow the Piece;
At beſt 'twill only not diſpleaſe:
It would not gain on JERSEY's Eye:
BRADFORD would frown, and ſet it by.

Thus in the Picture of our Mind
The Action may be well deſign'd;
Guided by Law, and bound by Duty;
Yet want this *Je ne ſçay quoy* of Beauty:
And tho' it's Error may be ſuch,
As KNAGS and BURGESS cannot hit;
It yet may feel the nicer Touch
Of WICHERLEY's or CONGREVE's Wit.

What is this Talk? replies a Friend:
And where will this dry Moral end?
The Truth of what You here lay down
By ſome Example ſhould be ſhown.——
With all my Heart,——for once;——read on.
An Honeſt, but a Simple Pair
(And Twenty other I forbear)
May ſerve to make this THESIS clear.

A Doctor of great Skill and Fame,
PAULO PURGANTI was his Name,

Had

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Had a good, comely, virtuous Wife:
No Woman led a better Life:
She to Intrigues was ev'n hard-hearted:
She chuckl'd when a Bawd was carted:
And thought the Nation ne'er wou'd thrive,
'Till all the Whores were burnt alive.

On marry'd Men, that dare be bad,
She thought no Mercy ſhould be had;
They ſhould be hang'd, or ſtarv'd, or flead,
Or ſerv'd like ROMISH Prieſts in SWEDE.——
In ſhort, all Lewdneſs She defy'd:
And ſtiff was her Parochial Pride.

Yet in an honeſt Way, the Dame
Was a great Lover of That ſame;
And could from Scripture take her Cue,
That Husbands ſhould give Wives their Due.

Her Prudence did ſo juſtly ſteer
Between the Gay and the Severe,
That if in ſome Regards She choſe
To curb poor PAULO in too cloſe;
In others She relax'd again,
And govern'd with a looſer Rein.

Thus tho' She ſtrictly did confine
The Doctor from Exceſs of Wine;
With Oyſters, Eggs, and Vermicelli
She let Him almoſt burſt his Belly:

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Thus drying Coffee was deny'd;
But Chocolate that Loſs ſupply'd:
And for Tobacco (who could bear it?)
Filthy Concomitant of Claret!
(Bleſt Revolution!) one might ſee
Eringo Roots, and Bohé Tea.

She often ſet the Doctor's Band,
And ſtrok'd his Beard, and ſqueez'd his Hand:
Kindly complain'd, that after Noon
He went to pore on Books too ſoon:
She held it wholeſomer by much,
To reſt a little on the Couch:——
About his Waſte in Bed a-nights
She clung ſo cloſe——for fear of Sprites.

The Doctor underſtood the Call;
But had not always wherewithal.

The Lion's Skin too ſhort, you know,
(As PLUTARCH's Morals finely ſhow)
Was lengthen'd by the Fox's Tail:
And Art ſupplies, where Strength may fail.

Unwilling then in Arms to meet
The Enemy, He could not beat;
He ſtrove to lengthen the Campaign,
And ſave his Forces by Chicane.
FABIUS, the ROMAN Chief, who thus
By fair Retreat grew MAXIMUS;

Shows

Shows us, that all that Warrior can do
With Force inferior, is *Cunctando.*

One Day then, as the Foe drew near,
With Love, and Joy, and Life, and Dear;
Our Don, who knew this Tittle Tattle
Did, sure as Trumper, call to Battel;
Thought it extreamly *à propos,*
To ward against the coming Blow:
To ward: but how? Ay, there's the Question:
Fierce the Assault, unarm'd the Bastion.

The Doctor feign'd a strange Surprise:
He felt her Pulse: he view'd her Eyes:
That beat too fast: These rowl'd too quick:
She was, He said, or would be Sick:
He judg'd it absolutely good,
That She should purge and cleanse her Blood.
SPAW Waters for that end were got:
If they past easily or not,
What matters it? the Lady's Feaver
Continu'd violent as ever.

For a Distemper of this Kind,
(BLACKMORE and HANS are of my Mind)
If once it youthful Blood infects,
And chiefly of the Female Sex;
Is scarce remov'd by Pill or Potion;
What-e'er might be our Doctor's Notion.

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One luckleſs Night then, as in Bed
The Doctor and the Dame were laid;
Again this cruel Feaver came,
High Pulſe, ſhort Breath, and Blood in Flame.
What Meaſures ſhall poor PAULO keep
With Madam, in this piteous taking?
She, like MACBETH, has murder'd Sleep,
And won't allow Him Reſt, tho' waking.
Sad State of Matters! when We dare
Nor ask for Peace, nor offer War:
Nor LIVY nor COMINES have ſhown,
What in this Juncture may be done.
GROTIUS might own, that PAULO's Caſe is
Harder, than any which He places
Amongſt his BELLI and his PACIS.

He ſtrove, alas! but ſtrove in vain,
By dint of Logic to maintain,
That all the Sex was born to grieve,
Down to her Ladyſhip from EVE.
He rang'd his Tropes, and preach'd up Patience;
Back'd his Opinion with Quotations,
Divines and Moraliſts; and run ye on
Quite thro' from SENECA to BUNYAN.
As much in vain He bid Her try
To fold her Arms, to cloſe her Eye;
Telling Her, Reſt would do Her Good;
If any thing in Nature cou'd:

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So held the GREEKS quite down from GALEN,
Maſters and Princes of the Calling:
So all our Modern Friends maintain
(Tho' no great GREEKS) in WARWICK-LANE.

Reduce, my Muſe, the wand'ring Song:
A Tale ſhould never be too long.

The more He talk'd, the more She burn'd,
And ſigh'd, and toſt, and groan'd, and turn'd:
At laſt, I wiſh, ſaid She, my Dear——
(And whiſper'd ſomething in his Ear.)
You wiſh! wiſh on, the Doctor cries:
Lord! when will Womankind be wiſe?
What, in your Waters? are You mad?
Why Poyſon is not half ſo bad.
I'll do it——But I give You Warning:
You'll die before To-morrow Morning.——
'Tis kind, my Dear, what You adviſe;
The Lady with a Sigh replies:
But Life, You know, at beſt is Pain:
And Death is what We ſhould diſdain.
So do it therefore, and Adieu:
For I will die for Love of You:——
Let wanton Wives by Death be ſcar'd:
But, to my Comfort, I'm prepar'd.

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THE LADLE.

THE Scepticks think, 'twas long ago,
Since Gods came down *Incognito*,
To ſee Who were Their Friends or Foes,
And how our Actions fell or roſe:
That ſince They gave Things their Beginning;
And ſet this Whirligig a Spinning;
Supine They in their Heav'n remain,
Exempt from Paſſion, and from Pain:
And frankly leave us Human Elves,
To cut and ſhuffle for our ſelves:
To ſtand or walk, to riſe or tumble,
As Matter, and as Motion jumble.

The Poets now, and Painters hold
This *Theſis* both abſurd and bold:
And your good-natur'd Gods, They ſay,
Deſcend ſome twice or thrice a-day:
Elſe all theſe Things We toil ſo hard in,
Would not avail one ſingle Farthing:
For when the Hero We rehearſe,
To grace His Actions, and Our Verſe;
'Tis not by dint of Human Thought,
That to his LATIUM He is brought:
IRIS deſcends by FATE's Commands,
To guide his Steps thro' Foreign Lands:

And

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And AMPHITRITE clears his Way
From Rocks and Quick-sands in the Sea.

And if You see Him in a Sketch,
(Tho' drawn by PAULO or CARACHE)
He shows not half his Force and Strength,
Strutting in Armour, and at Length:
That He may make his proper Figure,
The Piece must yet be four Yards bigger:
The NYMPHS conduct Him to the Field:
One holds his Sword, and One his Shield:
MARS standing by asserts his Quarrel:
And FAME flies after with a Lawrel.

These Points, I say, of Speculation
(As 'twere to save or sink the Nation)
Men idly learned will dispute,
Assert, object, confirm, refute:
Each mighty angry, mighty right,
With equal Arms sustains the Fight;
'Till now no Umpire can agree 'em:
So both draw off, and sing *Te Deum*

Is it in *Equilibrio*,
If Deities descend or no?
Then let th' Affirmative prevail,
As requisite to form my Tale:
For by all Parties 'tis confest,
That those Opinions are the best,

Which

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Which in their Nature moſt conduce
To preſent Ends, and private Uſe.

Two Gods came therefore from above,
One MERCURY, the t'other JOVE:
The Humour was (it ſeems) to know,
If all the Favours They beſtow,
Could from our own Perverſeneſs eaſe Us;
And if our Wiſh injoy'd would pleaſe Us.

Diſcourſing largely on this Theme,
O'er Hills and Dales Their Godſhips came;
'Till well nigh tir'd at almoſt Night,
They thought it proper to alight.

Note here, that it as true as odd is,
That in Diſguiſe a God or Goddeſs
Exerts no ſupernat'ral Powers;
But acts on Maxims much like Ours.

They ſpy'd at laſt a Country Farm,
Where all was ſnug, and clean, and warm;
For Woods before, and Hills behind
Secur'd it both from Rain and Wind:
Large Oxen in the Fields were lowing:
Good Grain was ſow'd: good Fruit was growing:
Of laſt Year's Corn in Barns great Store;
Fat Turkeys gobbling at the Door:
And Wealth (in ſhort) with Peace conſented,
That People here ſhould live contented:

But

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But did They in Effect do ſo?
Have Patience, Friend; and Thou ſhalt know.

The honeſt Farmer and his Wife,
To Years declin'd from Prime of Life,
Had ſtruggl'd with the Marriage Nooſe;
As almoſt ev'ry Couple does:
Sometimes, My Plague! ſometimes, My Darling!
Kiſſing to Day, to Morrow ſnarling;
Jointly ſubmitting to endure
That Evil, which admits no Cure.

Our Gods the outward Gate unbarr'd:
Our Farmer met 'em in the Yard;
Thought They were Folks that loſt their Way;
And ask'd them civily to ſtay:
Told 'em, for Supper, or for Bed
They might go on, and be worſe ſped.——

So ſaid, ſo done: the Gods conſent:
All three into the Parlour went:
They complement: They ſit: They chat;
Fight o'er the Wars; reform the State:
A thouſand knotty Points They clear;
Till Supper and my Wife appear.

JOVE made his Leg, and kiſs'd the Dame:
Obſequious HERMES did the ſame.
JOVE kiſs'd the Farmer's Wife, You ſay.
He did——but in an honeſt Way:

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Oh! not with half that Warmth and Life,
With which He kiſs'd AMPHITRYON's Wife.—

Well then, Things handſomly were ſerv'd:
My Miſtreſs for the Strangers carv'd.
How ſtrong the Beer, how good the Meat,
How loud They laught, how much They eat,
In Epic ſumptuous would appear;
Yet ſhall be paſs'd in Silence here:
For I ſhould grieve to have it ſaid,
That by a fine Deſcription led,
I made my Epiſode too long,
Or tir'd my Friend, to grace my Song.

The Grace-Cup ſerv'd, the Cloth away,
JOVE thought it time to ſhow his Play:
Landlord and Landlady, He cry'd,
Folly and Jeſting laid aſide,
That Ye thus hoſpitably live,
And Strangers with good Chear receive,
Is mighty grateful to your Betters,
And makes ev'n Gods themſelves your Debtors.
To give this *Theſis* plainer Proof,
You have to Night beneath your Roof
A Pair of Gods: (nay never wonder)
This Youth can Fly, and I can Thunder.
I'm JUPITER, and He MERCURIUS,
My Page, my Son indeed, but ſpurious.
Form then Three Wiſhes, You and Madam:
And ſure, as You already had 'em,

The

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The Things deſir'd in half an Hour
Shall all be here, and in your Pow'r.

Thank Ye, great Gods, the Woman ſays:
Oh! may your Altars ever blaze.
A Ladle for our Silver Diſh
Is what I want, is what I Wiſh.——
A Ladle! cries the Man, a Ladle!
'Odzooks, CORISCA, You have pray'd ill:
What ſhould be Great, You turn to Farce:
I Wiſh the Ladle in your A——.

With equal Grief and Shame my Muſe
The Sequel of the Tale purſues:
The Ladle fell into the Room,
And ſtuck in old CORISCA's Bum.
Our Couple weep Two Wiſhes paſt,
And kindly join to form the laſt,
To eaſe the Woman's aukward Pain,
And get the Ladle out again.

MORAL.

THIS Commoner has Worth and Parts,
Is prais'd for Arms, or lov'd for Arts:
His Head achs for a Coronet:
And Who is Bleſs'd that is not Great?

Some Senſe, and more Eſtate, kind Heav'n
To this well-lotted Peer has giv'n:

What

What then? He muſt have Rule and Sway:
And all is wrong, 'till He's in Play.

The Miſer muſt make up his Plumb,
And dares not touch the hoarded Sum:
The ſickly Dotard wants a Wife,
To draw off his laſt Dregs of Life.

Againſt our Peace We arm our Will:
Amidſt our Plenty, *Something* ſtill
For Horſes, Houſes, Pictures, Planting,
To Thee, to Me, to Him is wanting.
That cruel *Something* unpoſſeſs'd
Corrodes, and levens all the reſt.
That *Something*, if We could obtain,
Would ſoon create a future Pain:
And to the Coffin, from the Cradle,
'Tis all a WISH, and all a LADLE.

Written at PARIS, 1700.

In the Beginning of

ROBE's GEOGRAPHY.

OF All that WILLIAM Rules, or ROBE
Deſcribes, Great RHEA, of Thy Globe;
When or on Poſt-Horſe, or in Chaiſe,
With much Expence; and little Eaſe,

My

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My deſtin'd Miles I ſhall have gone,
By THAMES or MAESE, by PO or RHONE,
And found no Foot of Earth my own;
GREAT MOTHER, let Me Once be able
To have a Garden, Houſe, and Stable;
That I may Read, and Ride, and Plant,
Superior to Deſire, or Want;
And as Health fails, and Years increaſe,
Sit down, and think, and die in Peace.
Oblige Thy Fav'rite Undertakers
To throw Me in but Twenty Acres:
This Number ſure They may allow;
For Paſture Ten, and Ten for Plow:
'Tis all that I wou'd Wiſh, or Hope,
For ME, and JOHN, and NELL, and CROP.

Then, as Thou wil't, diſpoſe the reſt
(And let not FORTUNE ſpoil the Jeſt)
To Thoſe, who at the Market-Rate
Can barter Honour for Eſtate.

Now if Thou grant'ſt Me my Requeſt,
To make Thy Vot'ry truly bleſt,
Let curſt Revenge, and ſawcy Pride
To ſome bleak Rock far off be ty'd;
Nor e'er approach my Rural Seat,
To tempt Me to be Baſe, and Great.

And, GODDESS, This kind Office done,
Charge VENUS to command her Son,

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(Where-ever elſe She lets Him rove)
To ſhun my Houſe, and Field, and Grove:
Peace cannot dwell with Hate or Love.

Hear, gracious RHEA, what I ſay:
And Thy Petitioner ſhall Pray.

Written in the Beginning of

MEZERAY's

HISTORY of *FRANCE.*

I.

WHATE'ER thy Countrymen have done
By Law and Wit, by Sword and Gun,
In Thee is faithfully recited:
And all the Living World, that view
Thy Work, give Thee the Praiſes due,
At once Inſtructed and Delighted.

II.

Yet for the Fame of all theſe Deeds,
What Begger in the *Invalides*,
With Lameneſs broke, with Blindneſs ſmitten,
Wiſh'd ever decently to die,
To have been either MEZERAY,
Or any Monarch He has written?

III. It

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III.

It ſtrange, dear Author, yet it true is,
That down from PHARAMOND to LOÜIS,
All covet Life, yet call it Pain:
All feel the Ill, yet ſhun the Cure:
Can Senſe this Paradox endure?
Reſolve me, CAMBRAY, or FONTAINE.

IV.

The Man in graver Tragic known
(Tho' his beſt Part long ſince was done)
Still on the Stage deſires to tarry:
And He who play'd the *Harlequin*,
After the Jeſt ſtill loads the Scene,
Unwilling to retire, tho' Weary.

Written in the

Nouveaux Intereſts des PRINCES *de l'* EUROPE.

BLEST be the Princes, who have fought
For Pompous Names, or wide Dominion:
Since by Their Error We are taught,
That Happineſs is but Opinion.

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ADRIANI MORIENTIS AD Animam Suam.

ANIMULA, vagula, blandula,
Hoſpes, Comeſque Corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula?
Nec, ut ſoles, dabis joca.

By Monſieur FONTENELLE.

MA petite Ame, ma Mignonne,
Tu t'en vas donc, ma Fille, & Dieu ſçaçhe où Tu vas:
Tu pars ſeulette, nuë, & tremblotante, Helas!
Que deviendra ton humeur foliçhonne?
Que deviendront tant de jolis ébats?

IMITATED.

POOR little, pretty, flutt'ring Thing,
Muſt We no longer live together?
And doſt Thou prune thy trembling Wing,
To take thy Flight Thou know'ſt not whither?

Thy humorous Vein, thy pleaſing Folly
Lyes all neglected, all forgot:
And penſive, wav'ring, melancholy,
Thou dread'ſt and hop'ſt Thou know'ſt not what.

Imi-

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A PASSAGE in the

MORIÆ ENCOMIUM

of ERASMUS *Imitated.*

IN awful Pomp, and Melancholy State,
See ſettl'd REASON on the Judgment Seat:
Around Her croud DISTRUST, and DOUBT, and FEAR,
And thoughtful FORESIGHT, and tormenting CARE:
Far from the Throne, the trembling PLEASURES ſtand,
Chain'd up, or Exil'd by her ſtern Command.
Wretched her Subjects, gloomy ſits the Queen;
'Till happy CHANCE reverts the cruel Scene:
And apiſh FOLLY with her wild Reſort
Of Wit and Jeſt diſturbs the ſolemn Court.

See the fantaſtic Minſtrelſy advance,
To breathe the Song, and animate the Dance.
Bleſt the Uſurper! happy the Surprize!
Her Mimic Poſtures catch our eager Eyes:
Her Jingling Bells affect our captive Ear:
And in the Sights We ſee, and Sounds We hear,
Againſt our Judgment She our Senſe employs:
The Laws of troubl'd REASON She deſtroys:
And in Their Place rejoyces to indite
Wild Schemes of Mirth, and Plans of looſe Delight.

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TO

Dr. SHERLOCK,

ON HIS

PRACTICAL DISCOURSE

Concerning DEATH.

FORGIVE the Muſe, who in unhallow'd Strains
The Saint one Moment from his GOD detains:
For ſure, whate'er You do, where-e'er You are,
'Tis all but one good Work, one conſtant Pray'r:
Forgive Her; and intreat That GOD, to Whom
Thy favour'd Vows with kind Acceptance come,
To raiſe her Notes to that ſublime Degree,
Which ſuits a Song of Piety and Thee.

Wond'rous good Man! whoſe Labours may repel
The Force of Sin, may ſtop the Rage of Hell:
Thou, like the BAPTIST, from thy GOD waſt ſent
The crying Voice, to bid the World repent.

Thee YOUTH ſhall ſtudy; and no more engage
Their flatt'ring Wiſhes for uncertain AGE;
No more with fruitleſs Care, and cheated Strife
Chace fleeting Pleaſure thro' this Maze of Life;

Finding

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Finding the wretched All They here can have,
But preſent Food, and but a future Grave:
Each, great as PHILIP's Victor Son, ſhall view
This abject World, and weeping, ask a New.

Decrepit AGE ſhall read Thee, and confeſs,
Thy Labours can aſſwage, where Med'cines ceaſe:
Shall bleſs thy Words, their wounded Souls Relief,
The Drops that ſweeten their laſt Dregs of Life:
Shall look to Heav'n, and laugh at all beneath;
Own Riches gather'd, Trouble; Fame, a Breath;
And LIFE an Ill, whoſe only Cure is DEATH.

Thy even Thoughts with ſo much Plainneſs flow;
Their Senſe untutor'd INFANCY may know:
Yet to ſuch height is all That Plainneſs wrought;
WIT may admire, and letter'd PRIDE be taught:
Eaſie in Words thy Style, in Senſe ſublime:
On it's bleſt Steps each Age and Sex may riſe:
'Tis like the Ladder in the PATRIARCH's Dream,
It's Foot on Earth, it's Height above the Skies.
Diffus'd it's Virtue, boundleſs is it's Pow'r:
'Tis Publick Health, and Univerſal Cure:
Of Heav'nly MANNA 'tis a ſecond Feaſt,
A Nation's Food, and All to ev'ry Taſte.

To it's laſt Height mad BRITAIN's Guilt was rear'd:
And various DEATH for various Crimes She fear'd:
With your kind Work her drooping Hopes revive:
You bid Her read, repent, adore, and live:

You

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You wreſt the Bolt from Heav'n's avenging Hand;
Stop ready DEATH, and ſave a ſinking Land.

O! ſave Us ſtill; ſtill bleſs Us with thy Stay:
O! want thy Heav'n, 'till We have learnt the Way:
Refuſe to leave thy deſtin'd Charge too ſoon:
And for the Church's Good, defer thy own.
O! live; and let thy Works urge our Belief;
Live to explain thy Doctrine by thy Life;
'Till future INFANCY, baptiz'd by Thee,
Grow ripe in Years, and old in Piety;
'Till CHRISTIANS, yet unborn, be taught to die.

Then in full Age, and hoary Holineſs
Retire, great Teacher, to thy promis'd Bliſs:
Untouch'd thy Tomb, uninjur'd be thy Duſt,
As thy own Fame among the future Juſt;
'Till in laſt Sounds the dreadful Trumpet ſpeaks:
'Till JUDGMENT calls; and quick'ned NATURE wakes.
'Till thro' the utmoſt Earth, and deepeſt Sea
Our ſcatter'd ATOMS find their deſtin'd Way,
In haſte to cloath their Kindred Souls again;
Perfect our State, and build immortal Man:
Then fearleſs Thou, who well ſuſtain'dſt the Fight,
To Paths of Joy, and Tracts of endleſs Light
Lead up all thoſe who heard Thee, and believ'd:
'Midſt thy own Flock, great Shepherd, be receiv'd;
And glad all Heav'n with Millions Thou haſt ſav'd.

CARMEN

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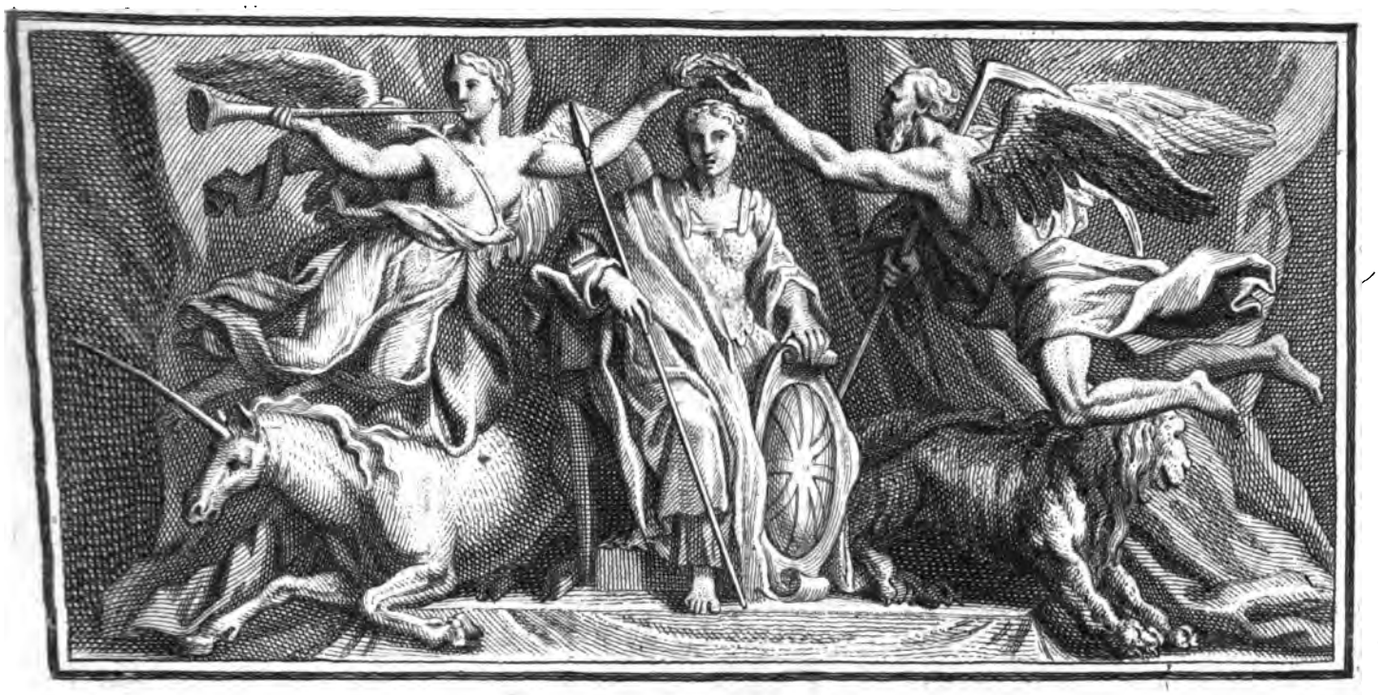

CARMEN SECULARE,

For the Year 1700.

TO THE

KING.

Aſpice, venturo lætentur ut Omnia Sæc'lo:
O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ
Spiritus, & quantum ſat erit tua dicere facta!

Virg. Eclog. 4.

I.

THY elder Look, Great JANUS, caſt
Into the long Records of Ages paſt:
Review the Years in faireſt Action dreſt
With noted White, Superior to the reſt;
ÆRAS deriv'd, and Chronicles begun
From Empires founded, and from Battels won:

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Show all the Spoils by valiant Kings achiev'd,
And groaning Nations by Their Arms reliev'd;
The Wounds of Patriots in Their Country's Cauſe,
And happy Pow'r ſuſtain'd by wholeſom Laws:
In comely Rank call ev'ry Merit forth:
Imprint on ev'ry Act it's Standard Worth:
The glorious Parallels then downward bring,
To Modern Wonders, and to BRITAIN'S King:
With equal Juſtice and Hiſtoric Care
Their Laws, Their Toils, Their Arms with His compare:
Confeſs the various Attributes of Fame
Collected and compleat in WILLIAM'S Name:
To all the liſt'ning World relate,
(As Thou doſt His Story read)
That nothing went before ſo Great,
And nothing Greater can ſucceed.

II.

Thy Native LATIUM was Thy darling Care,
Prudent in Peace, and terrible in War:
The boldeſt Virtues that have govern'd Earth
From LATIUM'S fruitful Womb derive their Birth.
Then turn to Her fair-written Page:
From dawning Childhood to eſtabliſh'd Age,
The Glories of Her Empire trace:
Confront the Heroes of Thy ROMAN Race:
And let the juſteſt Palm the Victor's Temples grace.

III.

The Son of MARS reduc'd the trembling Swains,
And ſpread His Empire o'er the diſtant Plains:

But

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But yet the SABINS violated Charms
Obscur'd the Glory of His rising Arms.
NUMA the Rights of strict Religion knew;
On ev'ry Altar laid the Incense due;
  Unskill'd to dart the pointed Spear,
Or lead the forward Youth to noble War.
Stern BRUTUS was with too much Horror good,
Holding his *Fasces* stain'd with Filial Blood.
FABIUS was Wise, but with Excess of Care:
He sav'd his Country; but prolong'd the War:
While DECIUS, PAULUS, CURIUS greatly Fought;
  And by Their strict Examples taught,
  How wild Desires should be controll'd;
And how much brighter Virtue was, than Gold;
They scarce Their swelling Thirst of Fame could hide;
And boasted Poverty with too much Pride.
Excess in Youth made SCIPIO less Rever'd:
And CATO dying seem'd to own, He Fear'd.
JULIUS with Honour tam'd ROME's foreign Foes:
But Patriots fell, e'er the Dictator rose.
And while with Clemency AUGUSTUS reign'd;
The Monarch was ador'd; the City chain'd.

IV.

With justest Honour be Their Merits drest:
  But be Their Failings too confest:
  Their Virtue, like their TYBER's Flood
Rolling, it's Course design'd the Country's Good:
But oft the Torrent's too impetuous Speed
From the low Earth tore some polluting Weed:

And

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And with the Blood of JOVE there always ran
Some viler Part, ſome Tincture of the Man.

V.

Few Virtues after Theſe ſo far prevail,
But that Their Vices more than turn the Scale:
Valour grown wild by Pride, and Pow'r by Rage,
Did the true Charms of Majeſty impair;
ROME by Degrees advancing more in Age,
Show'd ſad Remains of what had once been fair:
'Till Heav'n a better Race of Men ſupplies;
And Glory ſhoots new Beams from Weſtern Skies.

VI.

Turn then to PHARAMOND, and CHARLEMAIN,
And the long Heroes of the GALLIC Strain;
Experienc'd Chiefs, for hardy Proweſs known,
And bloody Wreaths in vent'rous Battles won.
From the Firſt WILLIAM, our great NORMAN King,
The bold PLANTAGENETS, and TUDORS bring;
Illuſtrious Virtues, who by turns have roſe,
In foreign Fields to check BRITANNIA's Foes;
With happy Laws Her Empire to ſuſtain;
And with full Power aſſert Her ambient Main:
But ſometimes too Induſtrious to be Great,
Nor Patient to expect the Turns of Fate,
They open'd Camps deform'd by Civil Fight:
And made proud Conqueſt trample over Right:
Diſparted BRITAIN mourn'd Their doubtful Sway;
And dreaded Both, when Neither would obey.

VII. From

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VII.

From DIDIER, and Imperial ADOLPH trace
The Glorious Offspring of the NASSAW Race,
Devoted Lives to Publick Liberty;
The Chief still dying, or the Country free.
Then see the Kindred Blood of ORANGE flow,
From warlike CORNET, thro' the Loins of BEAU;
Thro' CHALON next; and there with NASSAW join,
From RHONE's fair Banks transplanted to the RHINE.
Bring next the Royal List of STUART's forth,
Undaunted Minds, that rul'd the rugged North;
'Till Heav'n's Decrees by rip'ning Times are shown;
'Till SCOTLAND's Kings ascend the ENGLISH Throne;
And the fair Rivals live for ever One.

VIII.

JANUS, mighty Deity,
Be kind; and as Thy searching Eye
Does our Modern Story trace,
Finding some of STUART's Race
Unhappy, pass Their Annals by:
No harsh Reflection let Remembrance raise;
Forbear to mention, what Thou canst not praise:
But as Thou dwell'st upon that Heav'nly * Name,
To Grief for ever Sacred, as to Fame,
Oh! read it to Thy self; in Silence weep;
And Thy convulsive Sorrows inward keep;
Lest BRITAIN's Grief should waken at the Sound;
And Blood gush fresh from Her eternal Wound.

* *MARY.*

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IX.

Whither would'ſt Thou further look?
Read WILLIAM's Acts, and cloſe the ample Book:
Peruſe the Wonders of His dawning Life;
How, like ALCIDES, He began;
With Infant Patience calm'd Seditious Strife,
And quell'd the Snakes which round his Cradle ran.

X.

Deſcribe His Youth, attentive to Alarms,
By Dangers form'd, and perfected in Arms:
When Conqu'ring, mild; when Conquer'd, not diſgrac'd:
By Wrongs not leſſen'd, nor by Triumphs rais'd:
Superior to the blind Events
Of little Human Accidents;
And conſtant to His firſt Decree,
To curb the Proud, to ſet the Injur'd free;
To bow the haughty Neck, and raiſe the ſuppliant Knee.

XI.

His opening Years to riper Manhood bring;
And ſee the Hero perfect in the King:
Imperious Arms by Manly Reaſon ſway'd,
And Power Supreme by free Conſent obey'd:
With how much Haſte His Mercy meets his Foes:
And how unbounded His Forgiveneſs flows:
With what Deſire He makes His Subjects bleſs'd,
His Favours granted ere His Throne addreſs'd:
What Trophies o'er our captiv'd Hearts He rears,
By Arts of Peace more potent, than by Wars:

How

How o'er Himſelf, as o'er the World, He Reigns,
His Morals ſtrengthning, what His Law ordains.

XII.

Thro' all His Thread of Life already ſpun,
Becoming Grace and proper Action run:
The Piece by VIRTUE's equal Hand is wrought,
Mix'd with no Crime, and ſhaded with no Fault:
No Footſteps of the Victor's Rage
Left in the Camp, where WILLIAM did engage:
No Tincture of the Monarch's Pride
Upon the Royal Purple ſpy'd:
His Fame, like Gold, the more 'tis try'd,
The more ſhall it's intrinſic Worth proclaim;
Shall paſs the Combat of the ſearching Flame,
And triumph o'er the vanquiſh'd Heat,
For ever coming out the ſame,
And loſing nor it's Luſtre, nor it's Weight.

XIII.

JANUS be to WILLIAM juſt;
To faithful HISTORY His Actions truſt:
Command Her, with peculiar Care
To trace each Toil, and comment ev'ry War:
His ſaving Wonders bid Her write
In Characters diſtinctly bright;
That each revolving Age may read
The Patriot's Piety, the Hero's Deed:
And ſtill the Sire inculcate to his Son
Tranſmiſſive Leſſons of the King's Renown:
That WILLIAM's Glory ſtill may live;
When all that preſent Art can give,

The

The Pillar'd Marble, and the Tablet Braſs,
Mould'ring, drop the Victor's Praiſe:
When the great Monuments of His Pow'r
Shall now be viſible no more:
When SAMBRE ſhall have chang'd her winding Flood;
And Children ask, where NAMUR ſtood.

XIV.

NAMUR, proud City, how her Towr's were arm'd!
How She contemn'd th'approaching Foe!
'Till She by WILLIAM's Trumpets was allarm'd,
And ſhook, and ſunk, and fell beneath His Blow.
JOVE and PALLAS, mighty Pow'rs,
Guided the Hero to the hoſtile Tow'rs.
PERSEUS ſeem'd leſs ſwift in War,
When, wing'd with Speed, he flew thro' Air.
Embattl'd Nations ſtrive in vain
The Hero's Glory to reſtrain:
Streams arm'd with Rocks, and Mountains red with Fire
In vain againſt His Force conſpire.
Behold Him from the dreadful Height appear!
And lo! BRITANNIA's Lions waving there.

XV.

EUROPE freed, and FRANCE repell'd
The Hero from the Height beheld:
He ſpake the Word, that War and Rage ſhould ceaſe:
He bid the MAESE and RHINE in Safety flow;
And dictated a laſting Peace
To the rejoicing World below:
To reſcu'd States, and vindicated Crowns
His Equal Hand preſcrib'd their ancient Bounds;

Ordain'd

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Ordain'd whom ev'ry Province ſhould obey;
How far each Monarch ſhould extend His Sway:
Taught 'em how Clemency made Pow'r rever'd;
And that the Prince Belov'd was truly Fear'd.
Firm by His Side unſpotted HONOUR ſtood,
Pleas'd to confeſs Him not ſo Great as Good:
His Head with brighter Beams fair VIRTUE deck't,
Than Thoſe which all His num'rous Crowns reflect:
Eſtabliſh'd FREEDOM clap'd her joyful Wings;
Proclaim'd the Firſt of Men, and Beſt of Kings.

XVI.

Whither would the Muſe aſpire
With PINDAR's Rage without his Fire?
Pardon me, JANUS, 'twas a Fault,
Created by too great a Thought:
Mindleſs of the God and Day,
I from thy Altars, JANUS, ſtray;
From Thee, and from My ſelf born far away.
The fiery PEGASUS diſdains
To mind the Rider's Voice, or hear the Reins:
When glorious Fields and opening Camps He views;
He runs with an unbounded Looſe:
Hardly the Muſe can ſit the headſtrong Horſe:
Nor would She, if She could, check his impetuous Force:
With the glad Noiſe the Cliffs and Vallies ring;
While She thro' Earth and Air purſues the King.

XVII.

She now beholds Him on the BELGIC Shoar;
Whilſt BRITAIN's Tears His ready Help implore,

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Dissembling for Her sake his rising Cares,
And with wise Silence pond'ring vengeful Wars.
She thro' the raging Ocean now
Views Him advancing his auspicious Prow;
Combating adverse Winds and Winter Seas,
Sighing the Moments that defer Our Ease;
Daring to wield the Scepter's dang'rous Weight,
And taking the Command, to save the State:
Tho' e'er the doubtful Gift can be secur'd,
New Wars must be sustain'd, new Wounds endur'd.

XVIII.

Thro' rough IERNE's Camp She sounds Alarms,
And Kingdoms yet to be redeem'd by Arms;
In the dank Marshes finds her glorious Theme;
And plunges after Him thro' BOYN's fierce Stream.
She bids the NEREIDS run with trembling Haste,
To tell old OCEAN how the Hero past.
The God rebukes their Fear, and owns the Praise
Worthy that Arm, Whose Empire He obeys.

XIX.

Back to His ALBION She delights to bring
The humblest Victor, and the kindest King.
ALBION, with open Triumph would receive
Her Hero, nor obtains His Leave:
Firm He rejects the Altars She would raise;
And thanks the Zeal, while He declines the Praise.
Again She follows Him thro' BELGIA's Land,
And Countries often sav'd by WILLIAM's Hand;
Hears joyful Nations bless those happy Toils,
Which freed the People, but return'd the Spoils.

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In various Views She tries her conſtant Theme;
Finds Him in Councils, and in Arms the Same:
When certain to o'ercome, inclin'd to ſave,
Tardy to Vengeance, and with Mercy, Brave.

XX.

Sudden another Scene employs her Sight:
She ſets her Hero in another Light:
Paints His great Mind Superior to Succeſs,
Declining Conqueſt, to eſtabliſh Peace:
She brings ASTREA down to Earth again,
And Quiet, brooding o'er His future Reign.

XXI.

Then with unweary'd Wing the Goddeſs ſoars
Eaſt, over DANUBE and PROPONTIS Shoars;
Where jarring Empires ready to engage,
Retard their Armies, and ſuſpend their Rage;
'Till WILLIAM's Word, like That of Fate, declares,
If They ſhall ſtudy Peace, or lengthen Wars.
How ſacred His Renown for equal Laws,
To whom the World defers it's Common Cauſe!
How fair His Friendſhips, and His Leagues how juſt,
Whom ev'ry Nation courts, Whom all Religions truſt!

XXII.

From the MÆOTIS to the Northern Sea,
The Goddeſs wings her deſp'rate Way;
Sees the young MUSCOVITE, the mighty Head,
Whoſe Sov'reign Terror forty Nations dread,
Inamour'd with a greater Monarch's Praiſe,
And paſſing half the Earth to His Embrace:

She

She in His Rule beholds His VOLGA's Force,
O'er Precipices, with impetuous Sway
Breaking, and as He rowls his rapid Courſe,
Drowning, or bearing down, whatever meets his Way.
But her own King She likens to His THAMES,
With gentle Courſe devolving fruitful Streams:
Serene yet Strong, Majeſtic yet Sedate,
Swift without Violence, without Terror Great.
Each ardent Nymph the riſing Current craves:
Each Shepherd's Pray'r retards the parting Waves:
The Vales along the Bank their Sweets diſcloſe:
Freſh Flow'rs for ever riſe: and fruitful Harveſt grows.

XXIII.

Yet whither would th'advent'rous Goddeſs go?
Sees She not Clouds, and Earth, and Main below?
Minds She the Dangers of the LYCIAN Coaſt,
And Fields, where mad BELLEROPHON was loſt?
Or is Her tow'ring Flight reclaim'd
By Seas from ICARUS's Downfall nam'd?
Vain is the Call, and uſeleſs the Advice:
To wiſe Perſwaſion Deaf, and human Cries,
Yet upward She inceſſant flies;
Reſolv'd to reach the high Empyrean Sphere,
And tell Great JOVE, She ſings His Image here;
To ask for WILLIAM an Olympic Crown,
To CHROMIUS' Strength, and THERON's Speed unknown:
Till loſt in trackleſs Fields of ſhining Day,
Unable to diſcern the Way
Which NASSAW's Virtue only could explore,
Untouch'd, unknown, to any Muſe before,

She

She, from the noble Precipices thrown,
Comes rushing with uncommon Ruin down.
  Glorious Attempt! Unhappy Fate!
The Song too daring, and the Theme too great!
  Yet rather thus She wills to die,
Than in continu'd Annals live, to sing
A second Heroe, or a vulgar King;
  And with ignoble Safety fly
In sight of Earth, along a middle Sky.

XXIV.

To JANUS' Altars, and the numerous Throng,
  That round his mystic Temple press,
  For WILLIAM's Life, and ALBION's Peace,
Ambitious Muse reduce the roving Song.
  JANUS, cast Thy forward Eye
Future, into great RHEA's pregnant Womb;
  Where young Ideas brooding lye,
And tender Images of Things to come:
  'Till by Thy high Commands releas'd;
'Till by Thy Hand in proper Atoms dress'd,
In decent Order They advance to Light;
Yet then too swiftly fleet by human Sight;
And meditate too soon their everlasting Flight.

XXV.

Nor Beaks of Ships in Naval Triumph born,
Nor Standards from the hostile Ramparts torn,
  Nor Trophies brought from Battles won,
Nor Oaken Wreath, nor Mural Crown

Can any future Honours give
To the Victorious Monarch's Name:
The Plenitude of WILLIAM's Fame
Can no accumulated Stores receive.
Shut then, auſpicious God, Thy Sacred Gate,
And make Us Happy, as our King is Great.
Be kind, and with a milder Hand,
Cloſing the Volume of the finiſh'd Age,
(Tho' Noble, 'twas an Iron Page)
A more delightful Leaf expand,
Free from Alarms, and fierce BELLONA's Rage:
Bid the great Months begin their joyful Round,
By FLORA ſome, and ſome by CERES Crown'd:
Teach the glad Hours to ſcatter, as they fly,
Soft Quiet, gentle Love, and endleſs Joy:
Lead forth the Years for Peace and Plenty fam'd,
From SATURN's Rule, and better Metal nam'd.

XXVI.

Secure by WILLIAM's Care let BRITAIN ſtand;
Nor dread the bold Invader's Hand:
From adverſe Shoars in Safety let Her hear
Foreign Calamity, and diſtant War;
Of which let Her, great Heav'n, no Portion bear.
Betwixt the Nations let Her hold the Scale;
And as She wills, let either Part prevail:
Let her glad Vallies ſmile with wavy Corn:
Let fleecy Flocks her riſing Hills adorn:
Around her Coaſt let ſtrong Defence be ſpread:
Let fair Abundance on her Breaſt be ſhed:
And Heav'nly Sweets bloom round the Goddeſs' Head.

XXVII. Where

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XXVII.

Where the white Towers and ancient Roofs did ſtand
Remains of WOLSEY's or great HENRY's Hand,
To Age now yielding, or devour'd by Flame;
Let a young PHENIX raiſe her tow'ring Head:
Her Wings with lengthen'd Honour let Her ſpread;
And by her Greatneſs ſhow her Builder's Fame.
Auguſt and Open, as the Hero's Mind,
Be her capacious Courts deſign'd:
Let ev'ry Sacred Pillar bear
Trophies of Arms, and Monuments of War.
The King ſhall there in PARIAN Marble breath,
His Shoulder bleeding freſh: and at His Feet
Diſarm'd ſhall lye the threat'ning DEATH:
(For ſo was ſaving JOVE's Decree compleat.)
Behind, That Angel ſhall be plac'd, whoſe Shield
Sav'd EUROPE, in the Blow repell'd:
On the firm Baſis, from his Oozy Bed
BOYN ſhall raiſe his Laurell'd Head:
And his Immortal Stream be known,
Artfully waving thro' the wounded Stone.

XXVIII.

And Thou, Imperial WINDSOR, ſtand inlarg'd,
With all the Monarch's Trophies charg'd:
Thou, the fair Heav'n, that doſt the Stars incloſe,
Which WILLIAM's Boſom wears, or Hand beſtows
On the great Champions who ſupport his Throne,
And Virtues neareſt to His own.

XXIX. Round

XXIX.

Round ORMOND's Knee Thou ty'ſt the Myſtic String,
That makes the Knight Companion to the King.
From glorious Camps return'd, and foreign Feilds,
Bowing before thy ſainted Warrior's Shrine,
Faſt by his great Foreſather's Coats, and Shields
Blazon'd from BOHUN's, or from BUTLER's Line,
He hangs His Arms; nor fears thoſe Arms ſhould ſhine
With an unequal Ray; or that His Deed
With paler Glory ſhould recede,
Eclips'd by Theirs; or leſſen'd by the Fame
Ev'n of His own Maternal NASSAW's Name.

XXX.

Thou ſmiling ſee'ſt great DORSET's Worth confeſt,
The Ray diſtinguiſhing the Patriot's Breaſt:
Born to protect and love, to help and pleaſe;
Sov'reign of Wit, and Ornament of Peace.
O! long as Breath informs this fleeting Frame,
Ne'er let me paſs in Silence DORSET's Name;
Ne'er ceaſe to mention the continu'd Debt,
Which the great Patron only would forget,
And Duty, long as Life, muſt ſtudy to acquit.

XXXI.

Renown'd in Thy Records ſhall CA'NDISH ſtand,
Aſſerting Legal Pow'r, and juſt Command:
To the great Houſe thy Favour ſhall be ſhown,
The Father's Star tranſmiſſive to the Son.
From Thee the TALBOT's and the SEYMOUR's Race
Inform'd, Their Sire's immortal Steps ſhall trace:

Happy

Happy may their Sons receive
The bright Reward, which Thou alone canſt give.

XXXII.

And if a God theſe lucky Numbers guide;
If ſure APOLLO o'er the Verſe preſide;
JERSEY, belov'd by all (For all muſt feel
The Influence of a Form and Mind,
Where comely Grace and conſtant Virtue dwell,
Like mingl'd Streams, more forcible when join'd.)
JERSEY ſhall at Thy Altars ſtand;
Shall there receive the Azure Band,
That faireſt Mark of Favour and of Fame,
Familiar to the VILIER'S Name.

XXXIII.

Science to raiſe, and Knowledge to enlarge,
Be our great Maſter's future Charge;
To write His own Memoirs, and leave His Heirs
High Schemes of Government, and Plans of Wars;
By fair Rewards our Noble Youth to raiſe
To emulous Merit, and to Thirſt of Praiſe;
To lead Them out from Eaſe e'er opening Dawn,
Through the thick Foreſt and the diſtant Lawn,
Where the fleet Stag employs their ardent Care;
And Chaſes give Them Images of War.
To teach Them Vigilance by falſe Alarms;
Inure Them in feign'd Camps to real Arms;
Practiſe Them now to curb the turning Steed,
Mocking the Foe; now to his rapid Speed
To give the Rein; and in the full Career,
To draw the certain Sword, or ſend the pointed Spear.

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XXXIV.

Let Him unite His Subjects Hearts,
Planting Societies for peaceful Arts;
Some that in Nature ſhall true Knowledge found,
And by Experiment make Precept ſound;
Some that to Morals ſhall recal the Age,
And purge from vitious Droſs the ſinking Stage;
Some that with Care true Eloquence ſhall teach,
And to juſt Idioms fix our doubtful Speech:
That from our Writers diſtant Realms may know,
The Thanks We to our Monarch owe;
And Schools profeſs our Tongue through ev'ry Land,
That has invok'd His Aid, or bleſt His Hand.

XXXV.

Let His high Pow'r the drooping MUSES rear.
The MUSES only can reward His Care:
'Tis They that guard the great ATRIDES' Spoils:
'Tis They that ſtill renew ULYSSES' Toils:
To Them by ſmiling JOVE 'twas giv'n, to ſave
Diſtinguiſh'd Patriots from the Common Grave;
To them, Great WILLIAM's Glory to recal,
When Statues moulder, and when Arches fall.
Nor let the MUSES, with ungrateful Pride,
The Sources of their Treaſure hide:
The Heroe's Virtue does the String inſpire,
When with big Joy They ſtrike the living Lyre:
On WILLIAM's Fame their Fate depends:
With Him the Song begins: with Him it ends.
From the bright Effluence of His Deed
They borrow that reflected Light,

With

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With which the laſting Lamp They feed,
Whoſe Beams diſpel the Damps of envious Night.

XXXVI.

Through various Climes, and to each diſtant Pole
In happy Tides let active Commerce rowl:
Let BRITAIN's Ships export an Annual Fleece,
Richer than ARGOS brought to ancient GREECE;
Returning loaden with the ſhining Stores,
Which lye profuſe on either INDIA's Shores.
As our high Veſſels paſs their wat'ry Way,
Let all the Naval World due Homage pay;
With haſty Reverence their Top-Honours lower,
Confeſſing the aſſerted Power,
To Whom by Fate 'twas given, with happy Sway
To calm the Earth, and vindicate the Sea.

XXXVII.

Our Pray'rs are heard, our Maſter's Fleets ſhall go,
As far as Winds can bear, or Waters flow,
New Lands to make, new INDIES to explore,
In Worlds unknown to plant BRITANNIA's Power;
Nations yet wild by Precept to reclaim,
And teach 'em Arms, and Arts, in WILLIAM's Name.

XXXVIII.

With humble Joy, and with reſpectful Fear
The liſt'ning People ſhall His Story hear,
The Wounds He bore, the Dangers He ſuſtain'd,
How far he Conquer'd, and how well he Reign'd;
Shall own his Mercy equal to His Fame;
And form their Children's Accents to His Name,
Enquiring how, and when from Heav'n He came.

Their

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Their Regal Tyrants shall with Blushes hide
Their little Lusts of Arbitrary Pride,
Nor bear to see their Vassals ty'd:
When WILLIAM's Virtues raise their opening Thought,
His forty Years for Publick Freedom fought,
EUROPE by His Hand sustain'd,
His Conquest by His Piety restrain'd,
And o'er Himself the last great Triumph gain'd.

XXXIX.

No longer shall their wretched Zeal adore
Ideas of destructive Power,
Spirits that hurt, and Godheads that devour:
New Incense They shall bring, new Altars raise,
And fill their Temples with a Stranger's Praise;
When the Great Father's Character They find
Visibly stampt upon the Hero's Mind;
And own a present Deity confest,
In Valour that preserv'd, and Power that bless'd.

XL.

Through the large Convex of the Azure Sky
(For thither Nature casts our common Eye)
Fierce Meteors shoot their arbitrary Light;
And Comets march with lawless Horror bright:
These hear no Rule, no righteous Order own;
Their Influence dreaded, as their Ways unknown:
Thro' threaten'd Lands They wild Destruction throw;
'Till ardent Prayer averts the Public Woe:
But the bright Orb that blesses all above,
The sacred Fire, the real Son of JOVE,

Rules

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Rules not His Actions by Capricious Will;
Nor by ungovern'd Power declines to Ill:
Fix'd by just Laws He goes for ever right:
Man knows His Course, and thence adores His Light.

XLI.

O JANUS! would intreated Fate conspire
To grant what BRITAIN's Wishes could require;
Above, That Sun should cease his Way to go,
E'er WILLIAM cease to rule, and bless below:
But a relentless Destiny
Urges all that e'er was born:
Snatch'd from her Arms, BRITANNIA once must mourn
The Demi-God: The Earthly Half must die.
Yet if our Incense can Your Wrath remove;
If human Prayers avail on Minds above;
Exert, great God, Thy Int'rest in the Sky;
Gain each kind Pow'r, each Guardian Deity,
That conquer'd by the publick Vow,
They bear the dismal Mischief far away:
O! long as utmost Nature may allow,
Let Them retard the threaten'd Day:
Still be our Master's Life Thy happy Care:
Still let His Blessings with His Years increase:
To His laborious Youth consum'd in War,
Add lasting Age, adorn'd and crown'd with Peace:
Let twisted Olive bind those Laurels fast,
Whose Verdure must for ever last.

XLII.

Long let this growing ÆRA bless His Sway:
And let our Sons His present Rule obey:

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On His ſure Virtue long let Earth rely:
And late let the Imperial Eagle fly,
To bear the Hero thro' His Father's Sky,
To LEDA's Twins, or He whoſe glorious Speed
On Foot prevail'd, or He who tam'd the Steed;
To HERCULES, at length abſolv'd by Fate
From Earthly Toil, and above Envy great;
To VIRGIL's Theme, bright CYTHEREA's Son,
Sire of the LATIAN, and the BRITISH Throne;
To all the radiant Names above,
Rever'd by Men, and dear to JOVE.
Late, JANUS, let the NASSAW-Star
New born, in riſing Majeſty appear,
To triumph over vanquiſh'd Night,
And guide the proſp'rous Mariner
With everlaſting Beams of friendly Light.

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CARMEN SECULARE,

Latinè redditum.

Per THO. DIBBEN, è Trin: Coll: Cant:

——Ego Dîs amicum,
Seculo feſtas referente Luces,
Reddidi Carmen—— Hor.

ANE Bifrons, priſcos à tergo reſpice lapſi
Annales ævi, feliceſque ordine longo
Evolvas Faſtos, quos cætera Tempora ſupra
Conſpicuos Albo, ſec'lis Monumenta futuris.
Urbes fundatæ, & parti poſuêre Triumphi.
Aggredere inſignes ſpoliis, lauroque decoros
Enumerare Duces, quos nobilis ira gementem
Impulit ulciſci populum; qui ſacra cruore
Jura Patrum ſanxêre ſuo; ſceptriſve potiti
Miſerunt lætum placidis ſub legibus Orbem.

Agmine perpetuo Series ornata Laborum
Procedat; ſuus omnis Honos, ſua debita quemque
Laus inſcripta notet: tum Noſtra ad Tempora caſus
Inſignes ducas, Famamque & Fata Parentum

Mirac'lis

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Mirac'lis oppone Novis, Regique BRITANNO.
Dumque fide, curâque pari per ſingula curris;
Dum varios recolis populos, varioſque labores;
Et ſtudia, & leges, pugnataque prælia ſeris
Temporibus mandas; Tute ipſe fatebere, JANE,
Omnium in AURIACO cumulari Nomine famam:
Et dices Orbi attonito; nîl Sæcula Tale
Prima tulêre Hominum, nîl Majus poſtera reddent.

Vertice ſublimi ſurgat, tua Maxima cura,
Bello & Pace potens LATIUM: Fortiſſima corda,
Egregios rerum Dominos dabat ITALA tellus,
Felix prole virûm; fœcundam hanc aſpice Gentem,
ROMANOSQUE tuos; huc vertere, & altiùs omnem
Naſcentis primâ repetens ab Origine Regni
Expedias famam; pulchro in certamine Pubem
Oppone AUSONIAM; & cedat ſua Palma merenti.

Si potuit ferro LATII turbare Colonos
Palantes MAVORTE ſatus, ſi ruſtica latè
Regna domare armis; raptæ ſine more SABINÆ
Surgenti famæ, cæptiſque ingentibus obſtant.
Sacra Deûm, ſanctaſque Aras, & Templa tueri
Cura NUMAM ſubiit: ſed frigida Dextera bello,
Non haſtam torquere ſciens, enſemque rotare
Fulmineum, juvenumque manus armare frementûm.
Conſiliis, eſto, FABII Romana vigebant
Arma: at res omnes gelidè tardéque miniſtrans,
Dilator nimiùm Sapiens ingrata trahebat
Bella. Quid immani Patrem pietate cruentum

Ultorem

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Ultorem BRUTUM referam, Forteſque ſub armis
ÆMILIUM, DECIUM, CURIUM? Tot magna Animorum
Nos Exempla monent, quâ poſſit lege Libido
Frænari, & quantùm cedat Virtutibus Aurum:
Hos quoque ſed nimiùm gaudens popularibus auris,
Hos rapit Ambitio, tumidoque Superbia faſtu
Oſtentans humileſque caſas, parvoſque Penates.
Sit quanquam Illuſtris, primos Inglorius annos
Scipiades egit: nec Mens invicta Catonis
Semper erat, tunc faſſa metum, vel viſa fateri,
Cùm ceſſit Fato, & lucem indignata refugit.
JULIUS Externos fruſtrà domat, omnia ROMÆ
Subjiciens, ROMAMQUE Sibi; Surgitque triumphans
Afflictos Cives ſuper, oppreſſumque Senatum.
Imperium lene AUGUSTUS, Patriamque ſubactam
Mollia vinc'la pati juſſit: ſed vincula paſſa eſt,
Purpureum cultu inſolito venerata Tyrannum.

Fas Veterum laudes juſtis celebrare Triumphis:
Fas etiam errores, atque omnia ferre ſub auras.
Stare loco impatiens magnâ ſeſe impete verſat
Vivida vis animi, Patrii ceu TYBRIDIS unda,
Cui nunc lene fluens rigat agros dulcis aquæ fons;
Vortice nunc rapido volvit ſe turbidus Amnis;
Et limo caſtas obſcœno polluit Undas:
Diis quanquam Geniti, atque invicti viribus eſſent,
Mortalem infecto faſſi ſunt Sanguine Matrem.

Decolor ex illo vitiis dominantibus Ætas
Degenerare auſa eſt: rumpit vinc'la omnia Milés

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Acer, acerba fremens; Majeſtatemque verendam
Effrænis violat rabies: jam Segnior annis
Deficit illa olim rerum pulcherrima ROMA;
Heu! Vix agnoſces veteris Veſtigia Formæ:
Donec gens Divûm, nati venientibus annis,
Heroüm novus Ordo datur, nova Lumina Surgunt;
HESPERIOQUE Dies melior procedit Olympo.

Aſpice ut inſignis Spoliis PHARAMONDUS opimis
Ingreditur, MAGNUSQUE Aquilis qui Lilia junxit
CAROLUS; inde Alii, quos GALLICA terra Triumphis
Dives alit, genus acre Virûm, ſpectataque bello
Pectora. Sed major nunc rerum apparet Imago:
Sanguineæ en! Lauri, victriciaque arma WILHELMI
NORMANNI: Viden' externis quanta intonet oris
TEUDORUM manus armipotens, & Nomina magna,
PLANTAGENÛM metuenda Domus? quid plurima Virtus
Amborum potuit, Te, victrix ANGLIA, teſtor,
Quam labor Heroüm imperio Maria omnia circum
Aſſeruit, fundanſque Armis & Legibus ornans:
Felix, ſi nunquam regnandi dira cupido
Cognatas acies paribus concurrere telis
Egiſſet, Patriæque in viſcera vertere Vires:
Illa afflicta ſedet, variis incerta Triumphis,
Cui det colla Jugo, quem ſit paſſura Tyrannum.

Quò DESIDERÎ ſoboles, quò CÆSAR ADOLPHUS,
NASSOVIIQUE alii rapiunt, celeberrima Proles?
Omnes Illuſtres, omnes in utrumque parati,
Aut Patriam tutari, aut certæ occumbere Morti.

Hos

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Hos juxta AURIACUS pleno fluit agmine Sanguis,
Immortale genus: Primusque en! Martius Auctor
CORNIGER; inde Heros qui BELLO à corpore nomen
Obtinuit; nosco crines, frontemque venustum
FRANCIGENÆ Juvenis; Domus hinc CHALONIA mixta est
NASSOVIIS; sedesque novas, RHENUMQUE bicornem
Inde petit, linquens RHODANUM, ripamque Sonantem.

Jamque STUARTIADUM Series longissima Regum
Emicat. Illa diu magnâ ditione tenebat
Effrænem Populum, & duris Regna horrida glebis;
Donec Fata Deûm, & lustris labentibus Ætas
SCOTORUM manibus transcribi Sceptra jubebant
ANGLICA; feceruntq; Omnes uno ore BRITANNOS.

Atque hîc, Magne Deus, cùm res scrutabere nostras,
Sis bonus O! passimque oculos per cuncta ferenti
Si quid forte Tibi occurrat de Gente STUARTÛM
Infelix; (utcunque ferent ea fata Minores)
Pro Patriâ, obtestor, pro Majestate BRITANNI
Imperii, nihil Ingratum, nihil Acre dolores
Obductos vulgare sinas; Preme, JANE, tenebris,
Quæ laudare nequis; Teque ad Meliora reserves.
Utq; erit ad * *NOMEN* ventum, quod flebile semper,
Semper honoratum (sic, Dii, voluistis) habemus;
Supprime singultus, submissâ & voce dolores
Hos compesce, Tuo ne docta BRITANNIA Luctu
Ire iterùm in lachrymas, iterùm gemebunda querelam
Integret infandam; stilletque cruore recenti
Æternùm crudele patens sub Pectore vulnus.

* *MARIÆ.* Quò

Quò jam Raptus abis? NASSOVI, JANE, labores
Aggredere O! magnos, atque amplum claude Volumen.
En! Infans Victor, nutu dum temperat iras
Turbati Populi; jacet en! TIRYNTHIUS alter;
Ardenteſq; Hoſtes, & ſibila Colla tumentes
Sternit; & in cunis Infans Se vindicat Heros.

En! quantis tollit ſe rebus firmior Ætas?
Quales Primitiæ Juvenis, bellique ferocis
Dura Rudimenta, & primis nova Gloria in Armis?
Sublimis Marte adverſo, Mitiſque ſecundo,
Eventus omnes, & ineluctabile Fatum
Subjecit pedibus: Non Mens elata Triumphis,
Non depreſſa Malis; ſed in omnia Pectus Honeſtum
Fertur idem, Fatis contraria Fata rependens.
Dum Curas hominum, dum Spes contemnit inanes,
Fortunæque vices cæcas; quocunque cadat res,
Hoc animo fixum ſedet, æternúmque ſedebit,
" *Parcere Subjectis, & debellare Superbos.*

En! totum Heroem, Maturum, & Sceptra tenentem
Contemplare Virum: en! ut juſtâ fulminet Irâ
Terrarum egregius Vindex; placiduſque volentes
Per Populos det jura; infeſto & leniat Hoſti
Pectora flexanimus Victor; mitiſque jacentûm
Dat vitam lachrymis! quo Pectora fida ſuorum
Amplecti ſtudio properat? quàm totus in Illis?
Quàm curas Pater indulgens deſcendit in omnes?
Nec Regem pudet Officio certare Priorem.

Hâc

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Hâc arte, O Bellis ingens, ingentior almâ
Morum temperie, devincis corda benignis
Assueta Imperiis: longos hâc arte Triumphos
Maxime Victor agis, cùm Teque, animosque Tuorum,
Pacatumque regas æquis Virtutibus Orbem.

Per varias Vitæque vices, Operumque colores
Idem cautus Honos, metuens & Gratia culpæ,
Puraque simplicitas totâ descripta Tabellâ
Effulget; Constansque sibi servatur ad imum.
Victoris castra ingrederis? Certamina nulla
Cum Victis, belli nulla horrida signa cruenti
Apparent infixa agris: Non Militis ardor
Turbavit pectus; nec Purpura picta superbos
Induxit Regum fastus: sed Fama perić'lo
Explorata (velut fulvum fornacibus aurum)
Emicat innocuo: frustrà Vulcania pestis
Circùm immanè fremit: Contemptorique minatur
Flamma suo: cæco contra dominata furori
Ardens spectatur Virtus, Ponduſque Nitoremque
Illæsum servans; & Amico vivit in Igne.

Unum, JANE, oro (quando Nos nostraque morti
Debemur) magni saltem mirac'la WILHELMI
Exuperare; Virûmque sinas volitare per ora;
Ut nati natorum, & qui nascentur ab illis
Virtutem ex illo moniti, pulchrumque Laborem
Cognoscant, & Sancta procul Vestigia adorent.
Exoriare aliquis, Regis qui gesta BRITANNI,
Fataque Fortunasque docens, Moresque Manusque

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(Argumentum ingens!) vivis committere chartis
Auſis, & ſerum producere Nomen in ævum:
Cùm Statuæ, multo cùm victum tempore Marmor,
Æraque labentur; cùm bello Sævior omni
Invidioſa Dies Famæ monumenta BRITANNÆ
Delebit; tardis cùm SABIS flexibus ibit
Per terras mutata novas; ſerique Nepotes
Quærent, quâ ſtabant immania Saxa NAMURCÆ.

En! Urbem, dicent, quæ quondam condidit Aſtris
Ambitioſa Caput; toties quæ pertulit omnem
Irriſi Nubem belli: ſed non ita ſenſit
Armatos BRITONAS; non irrita tela WILHELMI
Experta eſt; vaſtis dum Victor Turribus inſtans,
Cum Populo, & Signis victricibus, & magnis Diis,
Fundamenta quatit: Mortaliaque Agmina fruſtrà
Contra NASSOVIUM atq; JOVEM, contraq; MINERVAM
Tela tenent: medio diſcrimine cædis & ignis,
Ceu PERSEUS per aperta volans, Ipſe arduus Arces
Oppoſitas Scandit; fruſtràque objecta retardant
Flumina, flammarumque globi, Scopulique minaces:
En! tandem Summis inſultans Arcibus Heros;
Atque ANGLI juxtà, fulgentia Signa, Leones.

Et jam finis erat; cùm Victor vertice ab alto
Deſpexit GALLUM attonitum, & tum libera vinc'lo
Littoraque, & latos populos; Pacemque ſilenti
Indulſit felicem Orbi: longè audiit æther,
Et terræ, & fluvii; jamque ibat mollior undis
MOSA, ferusque ſuas RHENUS compeſcuit iras.

Continuò

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Continuò leges æternaque fœdera certis
Impoſuit Manus æqua locis; quam ſingula Metam,
Et quem quæque ferat Dominum, quem quæq; recuſet
Gens, ſemel edixit; Mirantemque admonet Orbem,
Quantus Amor Populi, quanta & Reverentia mitem
Proſequitur Regem: Comes indiviſus amico
Adſtat HONOS lateri: ſupra caput explicat alas
LIBERTAS firmata novas; Pulchræque Sorores,
Et VIRTUS & FAMA, pari diſcrimine certant,
Utrum ornare magìs Regemne, Virumne deceret.

Quid Loquor? aut ubi ſum? quis Me per opaca viarum
Ire furor ſuadet? quos MUSA aſſurgit in Auſus?
Dum Vatis Furias THEBANI concipit (Ignes
O ſi conciperet ſimiles!) Te, JANE, relinquit,
Teque, Araſque tuas, ut Cœlum & ſidera tentet;
Demens! quæ nimbos & non imitabile fulmen
PINDARICUM ſimulare auſa eſt. Da, JANE, furenti,
Da veniam MUSÆ, ſua quam rapit ampla volantem
Materia; & tollit volvens ſub Naribus ignem
PEGASUS ardua in aſtra; neque audit anhelus habenas.
Cùm latos campos, immenſumque aſpicit æquor,
Expatiatur Equus; vix hæret MUSA frementi;
Nec ſcit, quà ſit iter; nec ſi ſciat, Imperet illi.
Saxa per, & ſcopulos, & depreſſas convalles
Inſequitur Regem; Telluſque ſub ungue tonanti
Icta gemit; reboant Sylvæque, & magnus Olympus.

Nunc caſus MUSA antiquos, annoſque reducit
Præteritos, Patriiſque Virum meditatur in arvis.

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Hîc BRITONUM motus curâ, lachrymisque Suorum,
Consilium vultu tegit; & Secum ante peractum
Belli & Regnorum volvit sub Pectore fatum:
Et mox armatas Hyberno sydere classes
Molitur; contráque iras Cœlique, Marisque
Impavidus grande urget iter: tum sanguine multo
Tutandas ANGLORUM Arces, oblataque Regna
Occupat; amisso fluitantem errare Magistro
Sensit; & Ipse Ratem turbatis rexit in undis.
Jamque alias hinc in Lachrymas, alia horrida Bella,
Per desolatæ Regna infelicia IERNES
Diva Virum sequitur; Fluctusque irrumpit in altos
BOVINDÆ Bello undantis; tum NAÏDAS ad Se
Impatiens trepidas vocat; hortaturque Sorores
Maturare fugam, quantusque emerserat Heros,
OCEANO narrare Patri: vanum Ille timorem
Ridet; eamque Manum victis agnoscit in undis;
Imperio dignam Pelagi, sævoque Tridente.

Hinc pleno BRITONUM Victor subit ostia velo
Stans celsâ in puppi: Pueri, inuptæque Puellæ,
Effusique Patres resonantia littora circum
Sacra canunt Reduci: Sed reppulit Ille molestum
Officium; poscitque Animos, Laudesque recusat.
Mox charos iterum BELGAS, sedesque Suorum,
Et Patriam, & toties raptos ex hoste Penates
Hospes adit: Varii Populi, diversaque Signa,
Externique Duces omnes socia Arma ferentes
Communem celebrare Ducem; quàm tardus ad Iram,
Quàm placidus Victor, fortunatusque laborum

Securus

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Securus Palmæ, dum prædam rejicit Heros!

Nunc versa Scena discedunt: altera rerum
Nunc surgit facies: alia sub Luce videri
Heros grandis amat; Successusque Actio ipso
Innumeris Belli Spoliis, partisque Trophæis
Pacem lætus emit: Jam VIRGO reddita terras
Pacatas visit; jamque aurea Tempora circum
Felices secura quatit CONCORDIA pennas.

Mox ad DANUBIUM, raucæque PROPONTIDOS undam,
EÖASQUE plagas, alis audacibus ardens
MUSA volat; lethi quâ jam discrimine parvo
Stant acies, utrinque necem lugubrè minantes:
Hi motus animorum, iræ, infandique paratus,
Compressâ belli rabie, suspensa tenentur;
Donec consilia ingentis spectata WILHELMI
Ostendant, Pacemne colant, an in arma ferantur.
Quæ regio in terris, ubi Regis fœdera Sancta,
Aut Leges placidæ ignotæ? Quæ Regna per Orbem
(Qualemcunque Fidem, Dominum quemcunque fatentur)
Communem AURIACO dubitent submittere Causam?

Hinc ad *Hyperboream* glaciem, montesque nivales
Urget Diva viam; quâ MOSCOVITICUS altum
Fulminat ad *Tanaim* CÆSAR; nutuque tremendo
Jura quaterdenis Juvenis dat gentibus unus:
Hic tamen, Hic CÆSAR perculsus Nomine Regis
Majoris, non Legatis, neque dulce Ministris
Officium impatiens cessit; Se, Se Ipse, Suumque

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Objecit Caput, infidi Maris omnia vincens
Tædia, dimidiumque Orbis post Terga relinquens,
Tangeret ut Sanctam, per quam stetit ANGLIA, dextram.
Hujus in imperio tumidum, magnumque fluentem
Cernere erat VOLGAM: multâ cui spumeus undâ,
Saxosúmque sonans, obstantia pondera torrens
Aut secum rapit, aut immiti gurgite mergit.
Sed Nostrum, sed MUSIA suum tibi, TAMES, tuisque
Rivis assimulat Regem: non Amnis abundans,
Sed plenus per opima virûm Fortem absque Furore
Fundit aquam, tardoque procul Languore serenam:
Quoscunque O! BRITONUM lambis pulcherrimus agros,
Omnia ibi ridere facis: Tibi candida NAIS
Purpureas inter violas, & suavè rubentes
Vota facit resoluta rosas: Te lentus in umbrâ
Labentem expectat Pastor: Te mollia Prata,
Te sitiunt croceis halantes floribus Horti.

Quò feror? Unde abii? Tuque, audacissima MUSA,
Quò peritura ruis? Si formidabile littus,
Si *Lycios* temnas saltus, fataliaque Arva,
Bellerophontæi quæ signavêre furores;
I, sequere infidos ventos, nova Nomina lapsu
Subjectis: positura undis: Ea surda monenti
Ardet in Astra magis; perque inconcessa Diei
Luxurians Spatia æterni, petit intima Divûm
Sacra, JOVEM, similemque Jovis, dictura WILHELMUM:
Indefessa Illi maturos poscit Honores;
Illi ut *Olympiacæ* referantur præmia palmæ,
Quam Velox THERON, quam vastis viribus ingens

Sperabat

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Sperabat nunquam CHROMIUS: MUSAM Illius ergo
Per nitidos orbes Lucis, camposque patentes
Dulcis raptat amor: juvat explorare Priorum
Curæ iter ignotum: sed inextricabilis error,
Et cæcæ ambages, quas una resolvere Virtus
NASSOVII novit, securam, & vana tumentem
Exuperant longè Divûm; jamque æthere toto
Præcipitata ruit; jamjam ceu fulminis instar
Fertur; & horrifico sonat exanimata ruinis.
O Cæptum Sublime! infelix exitus ausi
Nobilis! O MUSA, & Vires pro Nomine tanto
Exiguæ! sed tu potiùs cecidisse juvabit
Audentem, quàm vena humili inferiora secutam
Radere iter medium, tutasque extendere pennas.

Nunc ad Te, & Tuba Sacra, Pater, turbamque Sonantem
(Matres atque Viros) quæ circum plurima clausas
Fusa fores, Pacem BRITONUM, Vitamque WILHELMI
Ardens implorat, nunc Ambitiosa vagantes
MUSA modos revocet: Tuque O! quâ sæcula fronte
JANE vides ventura, RHEÆ genetricis in alvum
Descendas, partûs ubi semina prima futuri,
Et teneræ Species, simulachraque carcere clauso
Mixta jacent; donec magnum per inane coacta
Mox durare jubes, & Rerum sumere formas.
Tum Tua vox, divine Autor, Tua cæca relaxat
Spiramenta manus; justis emissa Figuris
Dum vestit Junctura decens & amabilis Ordo.
Sed nimiùm brevis hora fugam meditata perennem
Transit: & æternam repetunt nascentia noctem.

Non

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Non de Navali surgentes ære Triumphi,
Captivi Currus, ereptaque ab hoste Trophæa;
Non Civilis honos Quercûs, non umbra Coronæ
Muralis, Laurique novum decus addere Regi
ANGLIACO possunt; satis Illum conscia Virtus,
Gestaque sublimem tollunt: ad sydera raptim
Vi propriâ nituntur, opisque haud indiga nostræ.
Nunc ergò, ut Populus felix cum Rege potenti
Fortunis paribus surgat; compagibus arctis
Claudantur Belli portæ: Et jam, Mystice Custos,
Mitior O! jam, Dive, precor, melioribus Orbis
Auspiciis, aliosque dies, aliumque tenorem
Tandem habeat, jubeas: hîc ferrea desinat Ætas
(Magna, esto, sed Ferrea erat) fassusque Metallum
Pulchrius, Annorum se gratior explicet Ordo.
Haud iterùm pavidos Bellum turbabit Agrestes;
At secura Quies, at mollis Somnus, Amores
Jucundi, suavesque Joci cum dulcibus Horis
Perpetuum ducant orbem: Hoc à cardine rerum
Paulatìm incipiant magni procedere Menses:
Atque his flava CERES, his formosissima FLORA
Aspiret; surgatque novo gens Aurea sec'lo.

Immunis belli, dextræque innixa WILHELMI
Terra BRITANNA sui, sedeat; spectetque ruinas,
Et cladem, & Lachrymas, quarum pars nulla futura est,
Externas; iræque hominum miseretur inanis.
Illa inter motas fatum immutabile Gentes
Dispenset; vincantque Illæ quas vincere mavult.

Sic

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Sic noto celsos tuti sub Matribus agni
Balatu implebunt colles: Sic vallibus imis,
Irriguos Amnes inter, Seges aurea in altum
Surget; & ipsa suas mirabitur ANGLIA messes;
Delicias Diva æternas dum pectore pleno
Fundet; & Ambrosios spirabit vertice odores.

Aulaï Antiquæ cæcis exorta Ruinis
(Quà *Turres Albas*, veterum penetralia Regum
WOLSEL fabricata manu, HENRICIQUE Labores,
Cernere erat) juvenile caput Phœnicis ad instar
Regia sublimis tollat, melioribus, oro,
Auspiciis; & quæ fuerit minùs obvia flammis.
Alta, Augusta, ingens, Dominoque simillima magno,
Pandat se veneranda Domus: Captiva Columnæ
Arma ferant sacra, belli monumenta cruenti,
Spiculaque clypeosque atque horrida sanguine Signa:
Stabunt & Parii lapides, mediusque WILHELMUS
En spirans: Humerusque recens à vulnere vivis
Rorabit guttis: metuens pro Vindice mundi
A tergo apparet GENIUS, capitique minacem
Avertit Mortem: jacet illa innoxia, inermis
(Nam sic consuluit JOVIS indulgentia terris)
Intrepidi ante pedes Heroïs. Tu quoque magnam
Partem opere in tanto, viridi BOFINDA reclinans
Lecto, habeas, imo Senior de gurgite visus
Lauriferum quassare Caput: Saxum evomit undas;
Æternique cadunt cæso de marmore Rivi.

Tuque O! quæ Famæ servas monumenta BRITANNÆ,

Regis opus, Regumque decus; cape dona Tuorum,
Inclyta WINSORIÆ turris. Tu, Stellifer æther,
Signa geris, quibus Ipse suum & delecta suorum
Pectora distinguit, Divisque accedere jussit.
NASSOVIUS, proprioque Pater decoravit honore.

Tu circum ORMONDI robustum mystica nectens
Vinc'la genu, potuisti Equitem socium addere Regi:
Redditus his Victor terris, Spoliisque potitus,
Supplicitèr venerans Divi sub MILITIS Aram
Vota facit; veterum juxta decora alta Parentum,
BOTLEROS inter, victriciaque arma BOHUNI
Ipse suum clypeum, suaque æmula signa superbis
Postibus aptavit, tanti non immemor Hæres
Nominis, aut Proavûm dubitans extendere famam;
Utcunque Illa novi secum grave pondus honoris
Attulit OSSORIDÆ mater NASSOVIA Genti.

SACVILLI Tu, Diva, latus, Tu lumine pectus
Sanctum ornas, ubi dulcis Honos, ubi mille placendi
Conjurant Artes; labor unus & una voluptas,
Tollere depressos, & sustentare jacentes.
Hos brevis informet fragiles dum Spiritus artus,
Indictus nunquam nostris SACVILLUS abibit
Carminibus; nunquam labetur pectore chari
Officium capitis: Munus quia maximus Ille
Confert; collatique olim meminisse recusat.

Jura fidemque Patrum, libertatemque CAVENDOS
Asserere audentes, Tuus amplo vestit honore

Diva,

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Diva, favor: Stabit longum fortuna per ævum
Alta Domûs; patrioque nitebunt sidere nati.

Per Te SANCTMAURI, per Te TALBOTIA proles,
Felices Ambo, vestigia magna Parentum
Ambo lustrantes, saxum hoc immobile dum Tu
Servas, Nomina erunt. Tuque, O pars maxima Musæ,
O Decus, O Nostrum, cui pulchro in corpore Virtus
Emicat, & sincera Fides, & Gratia morum,
Has, JERSÆE, (preces valeant si vatis amici,
Si Deus hoc Carmen, Deus hoc inspiret APOLLO)
Has tanges aras; hinc cingula sacra decoro
Aptabis lateri, veterisque insignia famæ
VILLERIIS sueta, & Tibi non indebita, sumes.

Artibus intentum melior tum cura vocabit
Heroa ANGLIACUM, mirantem Annalibus Orbem
Exornare suis, seroque docere Nepotes
Imperii Arcana, & magna exemplaria Belli.
Hinc, ut Virtutem dociles, verumque Laborem
Cognoscant, Laudisque animi accendantur amore;
Regis ad Exemplum portis se Prima Juventus
Effundens, dum mane novum, dum gramina canent;
Per saltus, gelidumque Nemus, præruptaque saxa,
Nunc Cervos turbabit agens; nunc ardua in armis,
Et vigil ad vocem, quâ fictum Buccina signum
Bellica dat, grave Martis opus, sub imagine lusûs,
Paulatim ex tanto assuescat tolerare Magistro:
Et nunc altus Eques spatiis magna atria circum
Curvatis fertur; luctantia nunc premit ora

Bellatoris

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Bellatoris Equi; nunc torto verbere pronus
Dat lora, & medio fervens in pulvere, fictum
Aut enſem quatit, aut certam jacit impiger haſtam.

Pacis amans, ſtudiſque favens, ſocia agmina jungant
Sancta Corona ſenum, exemplis monitura minores,
Qui Virtutis honos, & quid Sapientia poſſit.
Hos rerum juvet obſcuros penetrare receſſus,
Et varias cauſſas, Naturæ arcana modeſtæ,
Indiciis aperire novis clariſque repertis.
Illos degeneri audentes ſuccurrere ſeclo,
Cura gravis maneat Morum, & labor Hercule dignus,
Exonerare repletum immunda ſorde Theatrum.
Sermones Ami patrios, incertaque verba
Ad leges fixas revocent, Venereſque decoras;
Ut latè ANGLIACIS inſtructa Annalibus Orbis
Gaudeat, & Noſtram reſonet gens ſingula linguam,
Vindicis ante pedes Quæcunque effuſa BRITANNI,
Miſerat aut oppreſſa Preces, aut libera Grates.

Neglectum in primis Carmen, MUSAMQUE jacentem
Tollat amica manus: nam reſpondere labori
MUSA pio novit, Regiſque rependere Amores.
Illa Patrum cineres ſanctos, venerandaque Buſta
Vulgari ſecernit humo, famamque ſilenti
Vindicat à tumulo: per MUSAM notus ULYSSES
Spirat adhuc; coramque Virum jam cernere fas eſt:
MUSÆ AGAMEMNONIAS palmas, ſemperque recentes
Conſervare datur Lauros: Eadem Illa WILHELMI
(Cùm ſtatuæ, ſolidoque Arcus de marmore ficti
Deficient)

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Deficient) longo Nomen ſacrum aſſeret ævo.
Haud verò par officium, parteſque premamus
Ingrati alternas; cùm nil ſine CÆSARE pulchrum,
Nil altum MUSÆ labor inchoat: altera junctam
Alterius ſic poſcit opem, & conjurat amicè.
Igneus hinc numeris Vigor, & cœleſtis Origo;
Hinc effulgentes æternâ luce CAMÆNÆ,
Informi cedente ſitu, tenebriſque fugatis,
Invida ſqualentis vincent oblivia Noctis.

Securos BRITONUM Commercia libera portus
Omni ex parte petent; totum demiſſa per Orbem
Pulchrior hinc ARGO, meliori & vellere dives
Annua dona feret; Spoliiſque redibit onuſta,
INDIAM in EUROPAM portans, gazamque nitentem,
Quæ diffuſa jacet, quà Sol utrumque recurrens
Aſpicit Oceanum. Quaſcunque BRITANNICA Pinus
Ingreditur ſublimis aquas, ſubmittat Honores
Navita quiſque ſuos; puppeſque Inſigne ſuperbum
Inclinent, faſſæ, quem TETHYS omnibus undis
Elegit, Dominum; quem vaſto Immobile Fatum
Deſtinat Imperio, Terrâque Marique potentem.

Audivere preces Divi; jamque ANGLICA claſſis,
Quà dabit aura viam, tutum per aperta profundi
Curret iter, nova Regna petens, nova Littora viſens,
Ignotumque ſuis mittens ſub legibus Orbem.
Alter tum GANGES, atque altera quæ feret aurum
INDIA NASSOVIO cedet: Populique feroces
Arma, Artes, Moreſque ſcient, Nomenque WILHELMI.

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Suppliciter venerans, demisso lumine stabit
Agmen agreste Virûm; miramque loquentis ab ore
Historiam eripiens, nunc Famam & Fata WILHELMI,
Vulnera, Sudorem, Palmasque, Periclaque discet,
Quæ quibus anteferat dubitans; nunc Quantus in armis,
Qualis in Hoste fuit, quos Bello & Pace Triumphos
Erexit: Matres, ut cœlo decidit Heros,
Tum natis referent: & vox, quam proferet Infans
Prima WILHELMUS erit: tenebris inhonesta Tyranni
Indecores Capita abscondent, tum dira suorum
Supplicia, indignos gemitus, justasque querelas
Ferre indignantes; cùm conscia Fama, Pudorque
Provocat ad meliora Animos; cùm bella WILHELMI,
Bella quaterdenos læsis pro gentibus Annos
Confecta Audierint, tandemque silentibus armis,
(Majus opus) partos felici Pace triumphos.

Non dehinc hos miseros Mysteria dira docebit
Barbara Religio: nulla horrida Numina finget
Vana Superstitio, Divûmque immania Monstra;
NASSOVII Virtus cùm se mirantibus offert,
Præsentem confessa Deum; Cùm signa decoris
Divini, Æternæque patent vestigia Mentis
Herõis descripta Animis, & vindice Dextrâ.

Scilicet horrendi justâ sine lege Cometæ
Incertam lucem quatiunt, & Crine minaces
Sanguineo lugubrè rubent, tristesque trementi
Indicunt iras Orbi; nisi publica vota

Avertant

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Avertant lævum miseris Mortalibus Omen.
At verò justis Mundum qui temperat horis,
Vera JOVIS proles, Cœlo purissimus Ignis,
Non errore vago, cæcâque libidine fertur;
Certus iter fixum peragit: cursusque Diurnos
Observant homines, & sanctum Sydus adorant.

O JANE, O! Divûm si flectere Fata liceret;
Si Parcæ ANGLORUM precibus mitescere scirent;
Sol iste ante suum cessaret currere Cœlum,
Quàm REX NASSOVIUS terræ se subtrahet orbæ
Addendus Superis: sed inexorabile Numen
Omne premit mortale; aderit, volventibus Annis,
Dira futura Dies, & ineluctabile tempus,
Cùm pars Semidei mœsto Materna Sepulchro
Condetur; Dominusque suis gloriabitur Absens.
At Vos, O Divi, si quid pia vota valebunt,
Vos precor, Æterni, quorum hæc sub numine Tellus,
Tuque, O Sancte, Tuis, Bifrons, Cœlestia firma
Pectora consiliis; Sociique per Æthera Divi,
Dic, in amicitiam coeant, Tecumque BRITANNAM
Conjurent servare Domum: Communibus omnium
Orati precibus, magno procul Omine tristem,
Dii, removete Diem; multosque benigniùs Annos
Accumulate sacro Capiti: da, JANE, senectam
Immunem Curis, placidâque quiete potitam:
Sat Bello, EUROPÆQUE datum est: satìs arma Juventus
Sensit: & ingentes testatur terra Triumphos.
Canitiem novus ornet Honos; dum tempora circum
Victrices inter Lauros assurgat Oliva.

En!

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En! Hujus, JANE, auſpiciis naſcentſia longum
Sec'la habeant omen Pacis; lætique Nepotes
Seros jucundis agitent ſub Legibus annos;
Ante ferat quàm Cœlo animam Jovis Armiger alto,
Nobile onus, Patrioque Heros poſcatur Olympo;
Ambo ubi LEDÆI, ceu qui Pedes ibat in hoſtem,
Ceu luctantis Equi ſpumantia qui regit ora;
Magnus ubi ALCIDES Fato, & JUNONIS iniquæ
Sævis ereptus juſſis; ubi grande MARONIS
Argumentum, Auctor LATII, Regnique BRITANNI,
Otia agunt: ubi tot radiantia Nomina toto
Æthere nota ſatìs, quos omnes æquus amavit
JUPITER, & meritis Homines donavimus aris:
Serò, JANE Pater, cœlo decus adde patenti
NASSOVIUM Sydus, quod amicâ luce coruſcum
Fulgeat, & dubiis oſtendat littora Nautis.

An

An ODE.

Inscribed to the Memory of the

Honble Col. *George Villiers*,

Drowned in the River *Piava*, in the Country of *Friuli*. 1703.

In Imitation of *Horace*, Ode 28. Lib. 1.

Te Maris & Terræ numeroque carentis arenæ
Mensorem cohibent, Archyta, &c.

SAY, dearest VILLIERS, poor departed Friend,
(Since fleeting Life thus suddenly must end)
Say, what did all thy busie Hopes avail,
That anxious Thou from Pole to Pole didst sail;
E'er on thy Chin the springing Beard began
To spread a doubtful Down, and promise Man?
What profited thy Thoughts, and Toils, and Cares,
In Vigour more confirm'd, and riper Years?
To wake e'er Morning-dawn to loud Alarms,
And march 'till close of Night in heavy Arms?
To scorn the Summer Suns and Winter Snows,
And search thro' ev'ry Clime thy Country's Foes?
That Thou might'st Fortune to thy Side ingage;
That gentle Peace might quell BELLONA's Rage;
And ANNA's Bounty crown Her Soldier's hoary Age?

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In vain We think that free-will'd Man has Pow'r
To haſten or protract th'appointed Hour.
Our Term of Life depends not on our Deed:
Before our Birth our Funeral was decreed.
Nor aw'd by Foreſight, nor miſ-led by Chance,
Imperious Death directs His Ebon Lance;
Peoples great HENRY's Tombs, and leads up HOLBEN's [Dance.

Alike muſt ev'ry State, and ev'ry Age
Suſtain the univerſal Tyrant's Rage:
For neither WILLIAM's Pow'r, nor MARY's Charms
Could or repel, or pacifie his Arms:
Young CHURCHILL fell, as Life began to bloom:
And BRADFORD's trembling Age expects the Tomb.
Wiſdom and Eloquence in vain would plead
One Moment's Reſpite for the learned Head:
Judges of Writings and of Men have dy'd;
MECÆNAS, SACKVILLE, SOCRATES, and HYDE:
And in their various Turns the Sons muſt tread
Thoſe gloomy Journeys, which their Sires have led.

The ancient Sage, who did ſo long maintain,
That Bodies die, but Souls return again,
With all the Births and Deaths He had in Store,
Went out PYTHAGORAS, and came no more.
And modern A s——L, whoſe capricious Thought
Is yet with Stores of wilder Notion fraught,
Too ſoon convinc'd, ſhall yield that fleeting Breath,
Which play'd ſo idly with the Darts of Death.

Some

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Some from the ſtranded Veſſel force their Way;
Fearful of Fate, they meet it in the Sea:
Some who eſcape the Fury of the Wave,
Sicken on Earth, and ſink into a Grave:
In Journeys or at home, in War or Peace,
By Hardſhips Many, Many fall by Eaſe.
Each changing Seaſon does it's Poiſon bring;
Rheums chill the Winter, Agues blaſt the Spring:
Wet, Dry, Cold, Hot, at the appointed Hour,
All act ſubſervient to the Tyrant's Pow'r:
And when obedient Nature knows His Will,
A Fly, a Grape-ſtone, or a Hair can kill.

For reſtleſs PROSERPINE for ever treads
In Paths unſeen, o'er our devoted Heads;
And on the ſpacious Land, and liquid Main
Spreads ſlow Diſeaſe, or darts afflictive Pain:
Variety of Deaths confirms her endleſs Reign.

On curſt PIAVA's Banks the Goddeſs ſtood,
Show'd her dire Warrant to the riſing Flood;
When What I long muſt love, and long muſt mourn,
With fatal Speed was urging his Return;
In his dear Country to diſperſe his Care,
And arm himſelf by Reſt for future War;
To chide his anxious Friends officious Fears,
And promiſe to their Joys his elder Years.

Oh! deſtin'd Head; and oh! ſevere Decree;
Nor native Country Thou, nor Friend ſhalt ſee;

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Nor

Nor War haſt thou to wage, nor Year to come:
Impending Death is thine, and inſtant Doom.

Hark! the imperious Goddeſs is obey'd:
Winds murmur; Snows deſcend; and Waters ſpread:
Oh! Kinſman, Friend,——Oh! vain are all the Cries
Of human Voice; ſtrong Deſtiny replies:
Weep You on Earth; for He ſhall ſleep below:
Thence None return; and thither All muſt go.

Whoe'er Thou art, whom Choice or Buſineſs leads
To this ſad River, or the neighb'ring Meads;
If Thou may'ſt happen on the dreary Shoars
To find the Object which This Verſe deplores;
Cleanſe the pale Corps with a religious Hand
From the polluting Weed and common Sand;
Lay the dead Hero graceful in a Grave;
(The only Honour He can now receive)
And fragrant Mould upon his Body throw;
And plant the Warrior Lawrel o'er his Brow:
Light lye the Earth; and flouriſh green the Bough.

So may juſt Heav'n ſecure thy future Life
From foreign Dangers, and domeſtic Strife:
And when th' Infernal Judges diſmal Pow'r
From the dark Urn ſhall throw Thy deſtin'd Hour;
When yielding to the Sentence, breathleſs Thou
And pale ſhalt lye, as what Thou burieſt now;
May ſome kind Friend the piteous Object ſee,
And equal Rites perform, to That which once was Thee.

PRO-

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PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN AT

COURT before the QUEEN,

On Her Majeſty's Birth-Day, 1704.

SHINE forth, Ye Planets, with diſtinguiſh'd Light,
As when Ye hallow'd firſt this Happy Night:
Again tranſmit your Friendly Beams to Earth,
As when BRITANNIA joy'd for ANNA's Birth:
And Thou, propitious Star, whoſe ſacred Pow'r
Preſided o'er the Monarch's Natal Hour,
Thy Radiant Voyages for ever run,
Yielding to none but CYNTHIA, and the Sun:
With Thy fair Aſpect ſtill illuſtrate Heav'n:
Kindly preſerve what Thou haſt greatly giv'n:
Thy Influence for thy ANNA We implore:
Prolong One Life; and BRITAIN asks no more.
For Virtue can no ampler Power expreſs,
Than to be Great in War, and Good in Peace:
For Thought no higher Wiſh of Bliſs can frame,
Than to enjoy that Virtue STILL THE SAME.
Entire and ſure the Monarch's Rule muſt prove,
Who founds Her Greatneſs on Her Subjects Love;

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Who does our Homage for our Good require;
And Orders that which We ſhould firſt Deſire:
Our vanquiſh'd Wills that pleaſing Force obey:
Her Goodneſs takes our Liberty away:
And haughty BRITAIN yields to Arbitrary Sway.

Let the young AUSTRIAN then Her Terrors bear,
Great as He is, Her Delegate in War:
Let Him in Thunder ſpeak to both his SPAINS,
That in theſe Dreadful Iſles a Woman Reigns.
While the Bright Queen does on Her Subjects ſhow'r
The gentle Bleſſings of Her ſofter Pow'r;
Gives ſacred Morals to a vicious Age,
To Temples Zeal, and Manners to the Stage;
Bids the chaſte Muſe without a Bluſh appear,
And Wit be that which Heav'n and She may hear.

MINERVA thus to PERSEUS lent Her Shield;
Secure of Conqueſt, ſent Him to the Field:
The Hero acted what the Queen ordain'd:
So was His Fame compleat, and ANDROMEDE unchain'd.

Mean time amidſt Her Native Temples ſate
The Goddeſs, ſtudious of Her GRECIAN'S Fate;
Taught 'em in Laws and Letters to excell,
In Acting juſtly, and in Writing well.
Thus whilſt She did Her various Pow'r diſpoſe,
The World was freed from Tyrants, Wars, and Woes:
Virtue was taught in Verſe, and ATHENS' Glory roſe.

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A

LETTER

TO

Monſieur *Boileau Deſpreaux*;

Occaſion'd by the

VICTORY at *BLENHEIM*, 1704.

——*Cupidum, Pater optime, vires*
Deficiunt: neque enim Quivis horrentia Pilis
Agmina, nec Fractâ pereuntes cuſpide Gallos——
Hor. Sat. 1. L. 2.

INCE hir'd for Life, thy Servile Muſe muſt ſing
Succeſſive Conqueſts, and a glorious King;
Muſt of a Man Immortal vainly boaſt;
And bring him Lawrels, whatſoe'er they coſt:
What Turn wilt Thou employ, what Colours lay
On the Event of that Superior Day,
In which one ENGLISH Subject's proſp'rous Hand
(So JOVE did will; ſo ANNA did command:)

Broke

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Broke the proud Column of thy Maſter's Praiſe,
Which ſixty Winters had conſpir'd to raiſe?

From the loſt Field a hundred Standards brought
Muſt be the Work of Chance, and Fortune's Fault:
BAVARIA's Stars muſt be accus'd, which ſhone,
That fatal Day the mighty Work was done,
With Rays oblique upon the GALLIC Sun.
Some DÆMON envying FRANCE miſ-led the Fight:
And MARS miſtook, tho' LOUIS order'd right.

When thy * young Muſe invok'd the tuneful Nine,
To ſay how LOUIS did not paſs the RHINE,
What Work had We with WAGENINGHEN, ARNHEIM,
Places that could not be reduc'd to Rhime?
And tho' the Poet made his laſt Efforts,
WURTS—— who could mention in Heroic——WURTS?
But, tell me, haſt thou reaſon to complain
Of the rough Triumphs of the laſt Campaign?
The DANUBE reſcu'd, and the Empire ſav'd,
Say, is the Majeſty of Verſe retriev'd?
And would it prejudice thy ſofter vein,
To ſing the Princes, LOUIS and EUGENE?
Is it too hard in happy Verſe to place
The VANS and VANDERS of the RHINE and MAES?
Her Warriors ANNA ſends from TWEED and THAMES,
That FRANCE may fall by more harmonious Names.
Can'ſt thou not HAMILTON or LUMLY bear?
Would INGOLDSBY or PALMES offend thy Ear?

And

* Epiſtre 4. du Sr. Boileau Dépreaux au Roy.
En vain, pour Te Loüer, &c.

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And is there not a Sound in MARLBRO's Name,
Which Thou and all thy Brethren ought to claim,
Sacred to Verſe, and ſure of endleſs Fame?

CUTTS is in Meeter ſomething harſh to read:
Place me the Valiant GOURAM in his ſtead:
Let the Intention make the Number good:
Let generous SYLVIUS ſpeak for honeſt WOOD,
And tho' rough CHURCHILL ſcarce in Verſe will ſtand,
So as to have one Rhime at his Command;
With Eaſe the Bard reciting BLENHEIM's Plain,
May cloſe the Verſe, rememb'ring but the DANE.

I grant, old Friend, old Foe (for ſuch We are,
Alternate, as the Chance of Peace and War)
That we Poetic Folks, who muſt reſtrain
Our meaſur'd Sayings in an equal Chain,
Have Troubles utterly unknown to Thoſe,
Who let their Fancy looſe in rambling Proſe.

For Inſtance now, how hard it is for Me
To make my Matter and my Verſe agree?
In one great Day on HOCHSTET's *fatal Plain*
FRENCH *and* BAVARIANS *twenty thouſand ſlain;*
Puſh'd thro' the DANUBE *to the Shoars of* STYX
Squadrons eighteen, Battalions twenty ſix:
Officers Captive made and private Men,
Of theſe twelve hundred, of thoſe thouſands ten.
Tents, Ammunition, Colours, Carriages,
Cannons, and Kettle-Drums —— ſweet Numbers theſe.

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But is it thus You ENGLISH Bards compoſe?
With RUNICK Lays thus tag inſipid Proſe?
And when you ſhould your Heroes Deeds rehearſe,
Give us a Commiſſary's Liſt in Verſe?

Why Faith, DEPREAUX, there's Senſe in what You ſay:
I told You where my Difficulty lay:
So vaſt, ſo numerous were great BLENHEIM's Spoils,
They ſcorn the Bounds of Verſe, and mock the Muſe's Toils.
To make the rough Recital aptly chime,
Or bring the Sum of GALLIA's Loſs to Rhime,
'Tis mighty hard: What Poet would eſſay
To count the Streamers of my Lord Mayor's Day?
To number all the ſeveral Diſhes dreſt
By honeſt LAMB, laſt Coronation Feaſt?
Or make Arithmetic and Epic meet;
And NEWTON's Thoughts in DRYDEN's Stile repeat?

O Poet, had it been APOLLO's Will,
That I had ſhar'd a Portion of thy Skill;
Had this poor Breaſt receiv'd the Heav'nly Beam;
Or could I hope my Verſe might reach my Theam;
Yet, BOILEAU, yet the lab'ring Muſe ſhould ſtrive,
Beneath the Shades of MARLBRO's Wreaths to live:
Should call aſpiring Gods to bleſs her Choice;
And to their Fav'rites Strain exalt her Voice,
Arms and a Queen to Sing; Who, Great and Good,
From peaceful THAMES to DANUBE's wond'ring Flood
Sent forth the Terror of her high Commands,
To ſave the Nations from invading Hands,

To

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To prop fair Liberty's declining Cauſe,
And fix the jarring World with equal Laws.

The Queen ſhould ſit in WINDSOR's ſacred Grove,
Attended by the Gods of War and Love:
Both ſhould with equal Zeal Her Smiles implore,
To fix Her Joys, or to extend Her Pow'r.

Sudden, the NYMPHS and TRITONS ſhould appear;
And as great ANNA's Smiles diſpel their Fear,
With active Dance ſhould Her Obſervance claim;
With Vocal Shell ſhould ſound Her happy Name.
Their Maſter THAMES ſhould leave the neighb'ring Shoar,
By his ſtrong Anchor known, and Silver Oar;
Should lay his Enſigns at his Sov'raign's Feet,
And Audience mild with humble Grace intreat.

To Her his dear Defence he ſhould complain,
That whilſt He bleſſes Her indulgent Reign;
Whilſt furtheſt Seas are by his Fleets ſurvey'd,
And on his happy Banks each INDIA laid;
His Breth'ren MAES, and WAAL, and RHINE, and SAAR
Feel the hard Burthen of oppreſſive War:
That DANUBE ſcarce retains his rightful Courſe
Againſt two Rebel Armies neighb'ring Force:
And All muſt weep ſad Captives to the SEIN,
Unleſs unchain'd and freed by BRITAIN's Queen.

The valiant Sov'reign calls Her Gen'ral forth;
Neither recites Her Bounty, nor His Worth:

She

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She tells Him, He must EUROPE's Fate redeem,
And by That Labour merit Her Esteem:
She bids Him wait Her to the Sacred Hall;
Shows Him Prince EDWARD, and the conquer'd GAUL;
Fixing the bloody Cross upon His Breast,
Says, He must Dye, or succour the Distress'd:
Placing the Saint an Emblem by His Side,
She tells Him, Virtue arm'd must conquer lawless Pride.

The Hero bows obedient, and retires:
The Queen's Commands exalt the Warrior's Fires.
His Steps are to the silent Woods inclin'd,
The great Design revolving in his Mind:
When to his Sight a Heav'nly Form appears:
Her Hand a Palm, her Head a Lawrel wears.

Me, She begins, the fairest Child of JOVE,
Below for ever sought, and bless'd above;
Me, the bright Source of Wealth, and Power, and Fame;
(Nor need I say, VICTORIA is my Name!)
Me the great Father down to Thee has sent:
He bids Me wait at Thy distinguish'd Tent,
To execute what ANNA's Wish would have:
Her Subject Thou, I only am Her Slave.

Dare then; Thou much belov'd by smiling Fate!
For ANNA's Sake, and in Her Name, be Great:
Go forth, and be to distant Nations known,
My future Favrite, and My darling Son.

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At SCHELLENBERG I'll manifest sustain
Thy glorious Cause; and spread my Wings again.
Conspicuous o'er Thy Helm, in BLENHEIM'S Plain.

The Goddess said, nor would admit Reply;
But cut the liquid Air, and gain'd the Sky.

His high Commission is thro' BRITAIN known:
And thronging Armies to His Standard run.
He marches thoughtful; and He speedy sails:
(Bless Him, ye Seas! and prosper Him, ye Gales!)
BELGIA receives Him welcome to her Shores;
And WILLIAM'S Death with lessen'd Grief deplores.
His Presence only must retrieve That Loss:
MARLBRO to Her must be what WILLIAM was.
So when great ATLAS, from these low Abodes
Recall'd, was gather'd to his Kindred-Gods;
ALCIDES respited by prudent Fate,
Sustain'd the Ball, nor droop'd beneath the Weight.

Secret and Swift behold the Chief advance;
Sees half the Empire join'd, and Friend to FRANCE:
The BRITISH General dooms the Fight; His Sword
Dreadful He draws: The Captains wait the Word.
ANNE and St. GEORGE, the charging Hero cries:
Shrill Echo from the neighb'ring Wood replies
ANNE and St. GEORGE. — At That auspicious Sign
The Standards move; the adverse Armies join.
Of Eight great Hours, Time measures out the Sands;
And EUROPE'S Fate in doubtful Balance stands:

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The Ninth, VICTORIA comes:—o'er MARLBRO's Head
Confeſs'd She ſits; the Hoſtile Troops recede:——
Triumphs the GODDESS, from her Promiſe freed.

The Eagle, by the BRITISH Lion's Might
Unchain'd and Free, directs her upward Flight:
Nor did She e'er with ſtronger Pinions ſoar
From TYBER's Banks, than now from DANUBE's Shoar.

Fir'd with the Thoughts which theſe Ideas raiſe,
And great Ambition of my Country's Praiſe;
The ENGLISH Muſe ſhould like the MANTUAN riſe,
Scornful of Earth and Clouds, ſhould reach the Skies,
With Wonder (tho' with Envy ſtill) purſu'd by human Eyes.

But We muſt change the Style,——Juſt now I ſaid,
I ne'er was Maſter of the tuneful Trade.
Or the ſmall Genius which my Youth could boaſt,
In Proſe and Buſineſs lies extinct and loſt.
Bleſs'd, if I may ſome younger Muſe excite;
Point out the Game, and animate the Flight.
That from *Marſeilles* to *Calais* FRANCE may know,
As We have Conqu'rors, We have Poets too;
And either Laurel does in BRITAIN grow.
That, tho' amongſt our ſelves, with too much Heat,
We ſometimes wrangle, when We ſhould debate;
(A conſequential Ill which Freedom draws;
A bad Effect, but from a Noble Cauſe:)
We can with univerſal Zeal advance,
To curb the faithleſs Arrogance of FRANCE.

Nor

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Nor ever ſhall BRITANNIA's Sons refuſe
To anſwer to thy Maſter, or thy Muſe;
Nor want juſt Subject for victorious Strains,
While MARLBRÔ's Arm Eternal Laurel gains;
And where old SPENCER ſung, a new ELISA reigns.

FOR

The PLAN of a FOUNTAIN,

On which is

The Effigies of the QUEEN *on a Triumphal Arch,*

The Figure of the DUKE of MARLBOROUGH beneath,

and

The Chief Rivers of the World round the whole Work.

YE active Streams, where-e'er your Waters flow,
Let diſtant Climes and furtheſt Nations know,
What Ye from THAMES and DANUBE have been taught,
How ANNE Commanded, and how MARLBRÔ Fought.

Quacunque æterno properatis, Flumina, lapſu,
Diviſis latè Terris, Populiſque remotis
Dicite, nam vobis TAMISIS *narravit &* ISTER,
ANNA *quid Imperiis potuit, quid* MARLBURUS *Armis.*

THE

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THE CHAMELEON.

AS the Chameleon, who is known
To have no Colors of his own;
But borrows from his Neighbour's Hue
His White or Black, his Green or Blew;
And ſtruts as much in ready Light,
Which Credit gives Him upon Sight;
As if the Rain-bow were in Tail
Settl'd on Him, and his Heirs Male:
So the young 'Squire, when firſt He comes
From Country Schole, to WILL's or TOM's;
And equally, in Truth, is fit
To be a Stateſman, or a Wit;
Without one Notion of his own,
He Santers wildly up and down;
'Till ſome Acquaintance, good or bad,
Takes notice of a ſtaring Lad;
Admits Him in among the Gang:
They jeſt, reply, diſpute, harangue:
He acts and talks, as They befriend Him,
Smear'd with the Colors, which They lend Him.

Thus merely, as his Fortune chances,
His Merit or his Vice advances.

If

If happly He the Sect purſues,
That read and comment upon News;
He takes up Their myſterious Face:
He drinks his Coffee without Lace.
This Week his mimic-Tongue runs o'er
What They have ſaid the Week before.
His Wiſdom ſets all EUROPE right;
And teaches MARLBRO' when to Fight.

Or if it be his Fate to meet
With Folks who have more Wealth than Wit;
He loves cheap *Port*, and double Bub;
And ſettles in the *Hum-Drum* Club.
He learns how Stocks will Fall or Riſe;
Holds Poverty the greateſt Vice.
Thinks Wit the Bane of Converſation;
And ſays, that Learning ſpoils a Nation.

But if, at firſt, He minds his Hits,
And drinks *Champaine* among the Wits;
Five deep, He Toaſts the tow'ring Laſſes;
Repeats you Verſes wrote on Glaſſes;
Is in the Chair; preſcribes the Law;
And Lies with Thoſe he never ſaw.

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MERRY ANDREW.

SLY MERRY ANDREW, the laſt *Southwark* Fair
(At *Bartholmew* He did not much appear;
So peeviſh was the Edict of the May'r.)
At *Southwark*, therefore, as his Tricks He ſhow'd,
To pleaſe our Maſters, and his Friends, the Croud;
A huge Neats-Tongue He in his Right Hand held:
His Left was with a good Black-Pudding fill'd.
With a grave Look, in this odd Equipage,
The clowniſh Mimic traverſes the Stage:
Why how now, ANDREW! cries his Brother Droll,
To Day's Conceit, methinks, is ſomething dull:
Come on, Sir, to our worthy Friends explain,
What does Your Emblematic Worſhip mean?
Quoth ANDREW; Honeſt Engliſh let Us ſpeak:
Your Emble--- (what d'ye call't?) is Heathen Greek.
To Tongue or Pudding, Thou haſt no Pretence:
Learning Thy Talent is; but Mine is Senſe.
That buſie Fool I was, which Thou art now;
Deſirous to Correct, not knowing how;
With very good Deſign, but little Wit,
Blaming or Praiſing Things, as I thought fit.
I for this Conduct had what I deſerv'd;
And dealing honeſtly, was almoſt ſtarv'd.
But Thanks to my indulgent Stars, I Eat;
Since I have found the Secret to be Great.
O deareſt ANDREW, ſays the humble Droll,
Henceforth may I Obey, and Thou Controll;

Provided

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Provided Thou impart Thy uſeful Skill.
Bow then, ſays ANDREW; and, for once, I will.
Be of your Patron's Mind, whate'er He ſays;
Sleep very much; Think little; and Talk leſs:
Mind neither Good nor Bad, nor Right nor Wrong;
But Eat your Pudding, Slave; and Hold your Tongue.

A Rev'rend Prelate ſtopt his Coach and Six,
To laugh a little at our ANDREW's Tricks.
But when He heard him give this Golden Rule;
Drive on; (He cry'd,) This Fellow is no Fool.

A SIMILE.

DEAR THOMAS, didſt Thou never pop
Thy Head into a Tin-man's Shop?
There, THOMAS, didſt Thou never ſee
('Tis but by way of Simile;)
A SQUIRREL ſpend his little Rage,
In jumping round a rowling Cage?
The Cage, as either Side turn'd up,
Striking a Ring of Bells a-top——?

Mov'd in the Orb; pleas'd with the Chimes;
The fooliſh Creature thinks he climbs:
But here or there, turn Wood or Wire,
He never gets two Inches higher.

So

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So fares it with those merry Blades,
That frisk it under PINDUS' Shades.
In noble Songs, and lofty Odes,
They tread on Stars, and talk with Gods.
Still Dancing in an airy Round:
Still pleas'd with their own Verses Sound.
Brought back, how fast soe'er they go:
Always aspiring; always low.

The *FLIES.*

SAY, Sire of Insects, mighty SOL,
(A Fly upon the Chariot-Pole
Cries out:) what Blew-Bottle alive
Did ever with such Fury drive?
Tell, BELZEBUB, Great Father, tell,
(Says t'other, perch'd upon the Wheel:)
Did ever any Mortal Fly
Raise such a Cloud of Dust, as I?

My Judgement Turn'd the whole Debate:
My Valor Sav'd the sinking State.
So talk two Idle buzzing Things;
Toss up their Heads, and stretch their Wings.
But let the Truth to Light be brought:
This neither Spoke, nor t'other Fought:
No Merit in their own Behav'or:
Both rais'd, but by their Party's Favor.

EPI-

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From the Greek.

GREAT BACCHUS, born in Thunder and in Fire,
By Native Heat asserts His dreadful Sire.
Nourish'd near shady Rills and cooling Streams,
He to the Nymphs avows his Am'rous Flames.
To all the Breth'ren at the *Bell* and *Vine*,
The Moral says; Mix Water with your Wine.

EPIGRAM.

FRANK Carves very ill, yet will palm all the Meats:
He Eats more than Six; and Drinks more than he Eats.
Four Pipes after Dinner he constantly smokes;
And seasons his Whifs with impertinent Jokes.
Yet sighing, he says, We must certainly break;
And my cruel Unkindness compells him to speak:
For of late I invite Him—but Four Times a Week.

ANOTHER.

TO JOHN I owe great Obligation;
But JOHN, unhappily, thought fit
To publish it to all the Nation:
Sure JOHN and I are more than Quit.

ANOTHER.

YES, every Poet is a Fool:
By Demonstration NED can shew it:
Happy, could NED's inverted Rule
Prove every Fool to be a Poet.

ANOTHER.

THY Naggs (the leaneſt Things alive)
So very hard Thou lov'ſt to drive;
I heard thy anxious Coachman ſay,
It coſts Thee more in Whips, than Hay.

To a Perſon who wrote Ill, and ſpake Worſe againſt Me.

LYE, PHILO, untouch'd on my peaceable Shelf:
Nor take it amiſs, that ſo little I heed Thee;
I've no Envy to Thee, and ſome Love to my Self:
Then why ſhould I anſwer, ſince firſt I muſt read Thee?

Drunk with HELICON's Waters and double-brewd Bub,
Be a Linguiſt, a Poet, a Critic, a Wag;
To the ſolid Delight of thy Well-judging Club,
To the Damage alone of thy Bookſeller BRAG.

Purſue

Purſue me with Satyr: what Harm is there in't?
But from all *vivâ voce* Reflection forbear:
There can be no Danger from what Thou ſhalt Print:
There may be a little from what Thou may'ſt ſwear.

On the Same Perſon.

WHILE faſter than his coſtive Brain indites,
PHILO's quick Hand in flowing Letters writes;
His Caſe appears to Me like honeſt TEAGUE's,
When he was run away with, by his Legs.
PHOEBUS, give PHILO o'er Himſelf Command;
Quicken his Senſes, or reſtrain His Hand.
Let Him be kept from Paper, Pen, and Ink:
So may He ceaſe to Write, and learn to Think.

Quid ſit futurum Cras fuge quærere.

FOR what To-morrow ſhall diſcloſe,
May ſpoil what You To-night propoſe:
ENGLAND may change; or Chloe ſtray
Love and Life are for To-day.

The

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The Nut-brown Maid.

A POEM,

Written Three Hundred Years Since.

E it right or wrong, theſe Men among
On Women do complayne;
Affyrmynge this, how that it is
A Labour ſpent in vaine,
To love Them wele; for never a dele
They love a Man againe.

For lete a Man do what He can,
Ther Favour to attayne;
Yet yf a new do Them purſue,
Ther furſt trew Lover than
Laboureth for nought; for from her Thought
He is a baniſhyd Man.

I ſay not nay, but that all day
It is bothe writt and ſayde,
That Woman's Fayth is, as who ſaythe,
All utterly decayed.

But

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But nevertheleſs right good Witneſs
I'this caſe might be layde,
That They love trewe, and contynew,
Record *the Nut-brown Mayde*:
Which from her Love (whan Her to prove,
He came to make his mone)
Wold not depart; for in her Herte
She lovyd but Him alone.

Than betwene Us, lettens diſcuſſe,
What was all the maner
Between them too: We wyll alſo
Telle all the peyne and fere
That She was in. Now I begynne,
So that ye me anſwere.
Wherefore all Ye, that preſent be,
I pray Ye give an Eare.

M A N.

I am the Knyght: I come by Nyght,
As ſecret as I can;
Saying, alas! thus ſtandeth the Caſe,
I am a baniſhyd Man.

W O M A N.

And I your Wylle for to fulfylle
In this wyl not refuſe;
Truſting to ſhew, in Wordis fewe,
That Men have an ille uſe,
(To ther own ſhame) Women to blame,
And cauſeleſe them accuſe.

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Therefore to You I anſwere now,
Alle Wymen to excuſe:
M'yn own Herte dere, with You what chere,
I pray You telle anone;
For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
I love but You alone.

MAN.

It ſtondeth ſo: a dede is do,
Wherefore moche harm ſhall growe:
My Deſteny is for to dey
A ſhamfull Deth, I trowe:
Or ellis to flee: the one muſt be:
None other way I knowe,
But to withdrawe, as an Outlaw,
And take me to my Bowe.
Wherefore adew, my owne Herte trewe:
None other red I can;
For I muſt to the grene Wode goe,
Alone, a baniſhyd Man.

WOMAN.

O Lord! what is this worldis blyſſe,
That chaungeth as the Mone?
My Somers day, in luſty May,
Is derked before the None.
I here You ſaye, Farwell! nay, nay;
We departe not ſoo ſone:
Why ſay Ye ſo? whider wyl Ye goe?
Alas! what have Ye done?

Alle

Alle my welfare to ſorrow and care
Shulde chaunge, yf Ye were gon;
For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
I love but You alone.

MAN.

I can beleve, it ſhall you greeve,
And ſhomwhat you diſtrayne;
But aftyrwarde your paynes harde,
Within a day or tweyne,
Shal ſone aſlake; and Ye ſhal take
Comfort to you agayne.
Why ſhould Ye nought? for to make thought,
Your labur were in vayne.
And thus I do, and pray you too,
As hertely as I can;
For I muſte to the grene Wode goe,
Alone, a baniſhyd Man.

WOMAN.

Now ſythe that Ye have ſhewed to Me
The Secret of your mynde;
I ſhal be playne to you againe,
Lyke as Ye ſhal Me fynde.
Syth it is ſo, that Ye wyll goe,
I wol not leve behynde:
Shal never be ſayd, *the Nut-brown Mayde*
Was to her Love unkynd.
Make You redy; for ſo am I,
Allthough it were anone:

For

For in my mynd, of al Mankynde,
I love but You alone.

MAN.

Yet I You rede, to take good hede,
What Men wyl think and ſey;
Of Yonge and Olde it ſhal be tolde,
That Ye be gone away:
Your wanton wylle, for to fulfylle,
In grene Wode you to play;
And that Ye myght from your delyte
Noo lenger make delay.
Rather than Ye ſhould thus for me,
Be called an ylle Woman;
Yet wold I to the grene Wode goe,
Alone, a baniſhyd Man.

WOMAN.

Though it be ſonge, of Olde and Yonge,
That I ſhuld be to blame;
Their's be the charge, that ſpeke ſo Large,
In hurting of my Name.
For I wyl prove, that feythful Love
It is devoyd of Shame;
In your Diſtreſs, and Hevyneſs,
To parte wyth You the ſame.
And ſure all thoo that doo not ſo,
Trewe Lovers ar they none:
But in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
I love but You alone.

MAN.

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MAN.

I counſel you, remember how,
It is noo Mayden's lawe,
Nothing to dought, but to renne out
To Wode with an Outlawe.
For Ye muſt there, in your hand bere
A Bowe redy to drawe:
And as a Theef, thus muſt Ye lyve,
Ever in Drede and Awe.
Whereby to You gret harme myght grow;
Yet I had lever than,
That I had to the grene Wode goe,
Alone, a baniſhyd Man.

WOMAN.

I think not nay; but as Ye ſayd,
It is noo Mayden's lore;
But Love may make Me for your ſake,
As I have ſaid before,
To com on fote, to Hunte and Shote,
To gete us Mete in Store.
For ſo that I your Compayny
May have, I ask noo more:
From whiche to parte, it makith myn Herte
As colde as ony Ston.
For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
I love but You alone.

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MAN.

For an Outlawe, this is the Lawe,
That Men hym Take and Binde,
Wythout pytee Hanged to bee,
And waver with the Wynde.
Yf I had neede, as God forbede,
What reſons coude Ye finde?
For ſothe I trowe, Ye and your Bowe
Shuld draw for fere behynde.
And noo Merveyle; for lytel avayle
Were in your Council than:
Wherefore I to the Wode wyl goe,
Alone, a baniſhyd Man.

WOMAN.

Full well knowe Ye, that Wymen be
But febyl for to Fyght:
Noo Womanhede it is in deede,
To bee bold as a Knyght.
Yet in ſuche fere yf that Ye were,
With Enemys day and nyght;
I wolde withſtonde, wyth bowe in honde,
To greve them as I myght;
And You to ſave, as Wymen have
From dethe many one:
For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
I love but You alone.

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MAN.

Yet take good hede! for ever I drede,
That Ye coude not ſuſtein
The thorney Weyes, the depe Valeis,
The Snowe, the Froſt, the Reyn,
The Cold, the Hete. For Drye or Wete,
We muſt lodge on the Playn;
And us above, noon other Roſe,
But a Brake, Buſh, or twayne;
Whiche ſone ſhulde greve you, I beleve;
And Ye wolde gladly than,
That I had to the grene Wode goe,
Alone, a baniſhyd Man.

WOMAN.

Syth I have here been partynere
With You of Joy and Blyſſe;
I muſt alſo, parte of your woo
Endure, as Reſon is.
Yet am I ſure of one pleſure;
And, ſhortly, it is this:
That where Ye bee, mee ſeemeth, par-dy,
I could not fare amyſs.
Without more Speche, I you beſeche,
That We were ſoon a-gone:
For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
I love but You alone.

MAN.

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MAN.

Yf Ye goo thedyr, Ye muſt conſider,
Whan Ye have luſt to dyne,
Ther ſhall no Mete be for to gete,
Nor Drink, Bere, Ale, ne Wine;
Ne Shetis clene, to lye betwene,
Made of Thred and Twyne;
Noon other Houſe, but Levys and Bowes,
To kever your Head and myn.
O myn Herte ſwete, this ylle Dyet
Shuld make you Pale and Wan:
Wherefore I to the Wode wyl goe,
Alone, a baniſhyd Man.

WOMAN.

Among the wylde Dere, ſuch an Archier,
As Men ſay that Ye bee,
We may not fayle of good Vitayle,
Where is ſo grete plente.
And Watir cleere of the Ryvere
Shall be full ſwete to Me;
With whiche in hele, I ſhal right wele
Endure, as Ye ſhall ſee.
And er We goe, a Bed or two
I can provide anone;
For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
I love but You alone.

MAN.

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MAN.

Loo! yet before, Ye muſt do more,
Yf Ye wyl go with Me:
As cutte your Here, up by your Ere,
Your Kurtel by the Knee.
Wyth Bowe in Honde, for to wythſtonde
Your Enemys, yf nede be:
And this ſame Nyght, before Day-lyght,
To Wode-ward wyl I Flee.
And yf Ye wille al this fulfylle,
Do it ſhortly as Ye can:
Ellis wil I to the grene Wode goe,
Alone, a baniſhyd Man.

WOMAN.

I ſhall as now do more for You,
Than longeth to Womanhede,
To ſhort my Here, a Bow to bere,
To Shote in tyme of nede.
O my ſweet Moder, before all other,
For You have I moſt Drede:
But now Adiew! I muſt enſue,
Where Fortune duth Me lede.
All this make Ye, and lete Us Flee:
The day run faſt upon:
For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
I love but You alone.

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MAN.

Nay, nay, not ſo: Ye ſhal not go;
And I ſhal telle Ye why:
Your Appetyte is to be light
Of Love, I wele eſpie.
For right as Ye have ſayde to Me,
In lykewyſe hardely
Ye wolde anſwere, whoſoever it were,
In way of Company.
It is ſayd of Olde; ſone Hote, ſone Colde;
And ſo is a Woman:
Wherefore I to the Wode wyl go,
Alone, a baniſhyd Man.

WOMAN.

Yf Ye take hede, yt is nõõ nede
Such wordis to ſay bee Me:
For ofte Ye preyd, and longe aſſayed,
Er I you lovid, par-dy.
And though that I of Aunceſtry
A Baron's Daughter bee;
Yet have You proved, how I You Loved,
A Squyer of low Degree:
And ever ſhal, what ſo befalle,
To dey therefore anone;
For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
I love but You alone.

MAN.

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MAN.

A Baron's Childe to be begyled,
It were a curſed Dede:
To be Felawe with an Outlawe,
Almighty God forbede!
Yt bettyr were, the pore Squyer
Alone to Foreſt Spede;
Than Ye ſhal ſaye, another Daye,
That by that wycked Dede
Ye were betrayed. Wherefore, good Maide,
The beſt rede that I can,
Is that I to the grene Wode go,
Alone, a baniſhyd Man.

WOMAN.

Whatſoever befalle, I never ſhale
Of this thing You upbraid:
But yf Ye go, and leve Me ſo,
Then have Ye Me betraid.
Remember Ye wele, how that Ye dele;
For yf Ye, as Ye ſayde,
Be ſo unkynde, to leve behynde
Your Love, *the Nut-brown Maide*:
Truſt Me truely, that I ſhall dey
Sone after Ye be gone;
For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
I love but You alone.

MAN.

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MAN.

Yf that Ye went, Ye ſhulde repent;
For in the Forreſt now
I have purveid mè of a Maide,
Whom I Love more than You.
Another fayrer than e'er Ye were;
I dare it well avowe:
And of You bothe, Eche ſhulde be wrothe
Wyth other, as I trowe.
It were myn Eſe, to lyve in Peſe:
So wyl I, yf I can:
Wherefore I to the Wode wyl go,
Alone, a baniſhyd Man.

WOMAN.

Though in the Wode, I undirſtode,
Ye had a Paramour;
All this may nought remove my Thought,
But that I will be Your.
And She ſhall fynde Me ſoft and kynde,
And curteis every hour;
Glad to fulfylle all that She wylle
Commaunde Me to my Pow'r.
For had Ye loo, an hundred moo;
Yet wolde I be that One:
For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
I love but You alone.

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MAN.

Myn owne dere Love, I ſee the Prove,
That Ye be kynde and trewe;
Of Mayde and Wyf, in al my Lyf,
The beſt that ever I knew.
Be merey and glad; be no more ſad;
The caſe is chaunged newe;
For it were Ruthe, that for your Trouth,
Ye ſhuld have cauſe to rewe.
Be not diſmayed; whatſoever I ſayd
To you whan I began:
I wyl not to the grene Wode go;
I am no baniſhyd Man.

WOMAN.

Theis tidingis be more glad to me,
Than to be made a Quene;
Yf I were ſure, they ſhould endure:
But it is often ſeen,
When Men wyl breke Promyſe, they ſpeke
The wordis on the Splene.
Ye ſhape ſome Wyle, Me to begyle,
And ſtele fro me, I wene.
Then were the caſe wurs than it was;
And I more woo begon;
For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
I love but You alone.

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MAN.

Ye ſhall not nede further to drede:
I wyl not diſparage
You. God defende; ſyth you deſcende
Of ſo grete a Lynage.
Now underſtande, to *Weſtmerlande*,
Whiche is my Herytage,
I wyl you bringe; and wyth a Rynge,
By wey of Maryage
I wyl you take, and Lady make,
As ſhortly as I can.
Thus have ye wone an Erlie's Son,
And not a baniſhyd Man.

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HENRY and EMMA,

A POEM,

Upon the Model of

The NUT-BROWN MAID.

To CLOE.

THOU, to whoſe Eyes I bend; at whoſe Command,
(Tho' low my Voice, tho' artleſs be my Hand)
I take the ſprightly Reed, and ſing, and play;
Careleſs of what the cens'ring World may ſay:
Bright CLOE, Object of my conſtant Vow,
Wilt thou awhile unbend thy ſerious Brow?
Wilt thou with Pleaſure hear Thy Lover's Strains,
And with one Heav'nly Smile o'erpay His Pains?
No longer ſhall *the Nut-brown Maid* be old;
Tho' ſince her Youth three hundred Years have roll'd.
At Thy Deſire, She ſhall again be rais'd;
And her reviving Charms in laſting Verſe be prais'd.

No

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No longer Man of Woman ſhall complain,
That He may Love, and not be Lov'd again:
That We in vain the fickle Sex purſue,
Who change the Conſtant Lover for the New.
Whatever has been writ, whatever ſaid
Of Female Paſſion feign'd, or Faith decay'd;
Henceforth ſhall in my Verſe refuted ſtand,
Be ſaid to Winds, or writ upon the Sand.
And while my Notes to future Times proclaim
Unconquer'd Love, and ever-during Flame;
O faireſt of the Sex! be Thou my Muſe:
Deign on my Work thy Influence to diffuſe.
Let me partake the Bleſſings I rehearſe;
And grant me Love, the juſt Reward of Verſe.

As Beauty's Potent Queen, with ev'ry Grace
That once was EMMA's, has adorn'd Thy Face;
And as Her Son has to My Boſom dealt
That conſtant Flame, which faithful HENRY felt:
O let the Story with Thy Life agree;
Let Men once more the bright Example ſee;
What EMMA was to Him, be Thou to Me.
Nor ſend Me by thy Frown from Her I love,
Diſtant and ſad, a baniſh'd Man to rove.
But oh! with Pity long intreated Crown
My Pains and Hopes; and when thou ſay'ſt that One
Of all Mankind thou lov'ſt; Oh! think on Me alone.

WHERE

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WHERE beauteous ISIS and her Husband TAME
With mingl'd Waves, for ever, flow the Same:
In Times of Yore, an antient Baron liv'd;
Great Gifts beſtow'd, and great Reſpect receiv'd.

When dreadful EDWARD, with ſucceſsful Care,
Led his free BRITONS to the GALLIC War;
This Lord had Headed his appointed Bands,
In firm Allegiance to his King's Commands.
And (all due Honors faithfully diſcharg'd)
Had brought back his Paternal Coat, inlarg'd
With a new Mark, the Witneſs of his Toil;
And no inglorious part of Foreign Spoil.

From the loud Camp retir'd, and noiſy Court,
In Honorable Eaſe and Rural Sport,
The Remnant of his Days, He ſafely paſt;
Nor found they Lagg'd too ſlow, nor Flew too faſt.
He made his Wiſh with his Eſtate comply;
Joyful to Live, yet not afraid to Dye.

One Child He had, a Daughter chaſt and fair;
His Age's Comfort, and his Fortune's Heir.
They call'd her EMMA; for the beauteous Dame
Who gave the Virgin Birth, had born the Name.
The Name th' indulgent Father doubly lov'd;
For in the Child the Mother's Charms improv'd.
Yet, as when little, round his Knees She plaid;
He call'd her oft, in Sport, His *Nut-brown Maid*:

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The Friends and Tenants took the fondling Word;
(As ſtill they pleaſe, who imitate their Lord)
Uſage confirm'd what Fancy had begun:
The mutual Terms around the Lands were known;
And EMMA and *the Nut-brown Maid* were One.

As with her Stature, ſtill her Charms encreas'd;
Thro' all the Iſle her Beauty was confeſs'd.
Oh! what Perfections muſt that Virgin ſhare,
Who Faireſt is eſteem'd, where all are Fair?
From diſtant Shires repair the noble Youth,
And find, Report, for once, had leſſen'd Truth.
By Wonder firſt, and then by Paſſion mov'd,
They came; they ſaw; they marvell'd; and they lov'd.
By public Praiſes, and by ſecret Sighs,
Each own'd the gen'ral Pow'r of EMMA's Eyes.
In Tilts and Turnaments the Valiant ſtrove,
By glorious Deeds, to purchaſe EMMA's Love.
In gentle Verſe, the Witty told their Flame,
And grac'd their choiceſt Songs with EMMA's Name.
In vain they Combated, in vain they Writ:
Uſeleſs their Strength, and impotent their Wit.
Great VENUS only muſt direct the Dart,
Which elſe will never reach the Fair one's Heart;
Spight of th' Attempts of Force, and ſoft Effects of Art.
Great VENUS muſt prefer the happy One:
In HENRY's Cauſe Her Favour muſt be ſhown:
And EMMA, of Mankind, muſt Love but Him alone.

While

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While Theſe, in Public, to the Caſtle came,
And by their Grandeur juſtify'd their Flame:
More ſecret Ways the careful HENRY takes;
His Squires, his Arms, and Equipage forſakes.
In borrow'd Name, and falſe Attire, array'd,
Oft He finds Means to ſee the beauteous Maid.

When EMMA hunts, in Huntſman's Habit dreſt,
HENRY on Foot purſues the bounding Beaſt.
In his right Hand his beachen Pole he bears:
And graceful at his Side his Horn he wears.
Still to the Glade, where She has bent her Way,
With knowing Skill he drives the future Prey.
Bids her decline the Hill, and ſhun the Brake;
And ſhews the Path her Steed may ſafeſt take.
Directs her Spear to fix the glorious Wound;
Pleas'd, in his Toils, to have her Triumph Crown'd:
And blows her Praiſes in no common Sound.

A Falc'ner HENRY is, when EMMA Hawks:
With her of Tarſels, and of Lures he talks.
Upon his Wriſt the tow'ring Merlin ſtands;
Practis'd to riſe, and ſtoop, at her Commands.
And when Superior now the Bird has flown,
And headlong brought the tumbling Quarry down:
With humble Rev'rence he accoſts the Fair;
And with the honor'd Feather decks her Hair.
Yet ſtill, as from the ſportive Field She goes,
His down-caſt Eye reveals his inward Woes.

And

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And by his Look and Sorrow is expreſt,
A nobler Game purſu'd, than Bird or Beaſt.

A Shepherd now along the Plain he roves;
And, with his jolly Pipe, delights the Groves.
The neighb'ring Swains around the Stranger throng,
Or to admire, or emulate his Song:
While, with ſoft Sorrow, he renews his Lays,
Nor heedful of their Envy, nor their Praiſe.
But ſoon as EMMA's Eyes adorn the Plain,
His Notes he raiſes to a nobler Strain;
With dutiful Reſpect, and ſtudious Fear,
Leſt any careleſs Sound offend her Ear.

A frantick Gipſey, now the Houſe He haunts,
And in wild Phraſes, ſpeaks diſſembled Wants.
With the fond Maids in Palmiſtry he deals:
They Tell the Secret firſt, which he Reveals:
Says who ſhall Wed, and who ſhall be Beguil'd;
What Groom ſhall Get, and Squire maintain the Child.
But when bright EMMA wou'd her Fortune know;
A ſofter Look unbends his op'ning Brow.
With trembling Awe, he gazes on her Eye;
And in ſoft Accents, forms the kind Reply;
That She ſhall prove as Fortunate as Fair,
And HYMEN's choiceſt Gifts are All reſerv'd for Her.

Now oft had HENRY chang'd his ſly Diſguiſe;
Unmark'd by all, but beauteous EMMA's Eyes.

Oft

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Oft had found Means alone to ſee the Dame,
And at her Feet to breath his am'rous Flame;
And oft, the Pangs of Abſence to remove
By Letters, ſoft Interpreters of Love:
'Till Time and Induſtry (the mighty Two
That bring our Wiſhes nearer to our View)
Made him perceive, that the inclining Fair
Receiv'd his Vows with no reluctant Ear;
That VENUS had confirm'd her equal Reign,
And dealt to EMMA's Heart a ſhare of HENRY's Pain.

While CUPID ſmil'd, by kind Occaſion bleſs'd,
And, with the Secret kept, the Love increas'd;
The am'rous Youth frequents the ſilent Groves;
And much He meditates; for much He loves.
He loves: 'tis true; and is belov'd again:
Great are his Joys: but will they long remain?
EMMA with Smiles receives his preſent Flame;
But ſmiling, will She ever be the ſame?
Beautiful Looks are rul'd by fickle Minds;
And Summer Seas are turn'd by ſudden Winds.
Another Love may gain her eaſie Youth:
Time changes Thought; and Flatt'ry conquers Truth.

O impotent Eſtate of human Life!
Where Hope and Fear maintain eternal Strife:
Where fleeting Joy does laſting Doubt inſpire;
And moſt We Queſtion, what We moſt Deſire.
Amongſt thy various Gifts, great Heav'n, beſtow
Our Cup of Love unmix'd; forbear to throw

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Bitter Ingredients in; nor pall the Draught
With nauſeous Grief: for our ill-judging Thought
Hardly injoys the pleaſurable Taſte;
Or deems it not ſincere; or fears it cannot laſt.

With Wiſhes rais'd, with Jealouſies oppreſt
(Alternate Tyrants of the Human Breaſt)
By one great Tryal He reſolves to prove
The Faith of Woman, and the Force of Love.
If ſcanning EMMA's Virtues, He may find
That beauteous Frame incloſe a ſteady Mind;
He'll fix his Hope, of futute Joy ſecure;
And live a Slave to HYMEN's happy Pow'r.
But if the Fair one, as he fears, is frail;
If pois'd aright in Reaſon's equal Scale,
Light fly her Merits, and her Faults prevail;
His Mind He vows to free from am'rous Care,
The latent Miſchief from his Heart to tear,
Reſume his Azure Arms, and ſhine again in War.

South of the Caſtle, in a verdant Glade,
A ſpreading Beath extends her friendly Shade:
Here oft the Nymph His breathing Vows had heard:
Here oft Her Silence had Her Heart declar'd.
As active Spring awak'd her Infant Buds;
And genial Life inform'd the verdant Woods;
HENRY, in Knots involving EMMA's Name,
Had half expreſs'd, and half conceal'd his Flame
Upon This Tree; and as the tender Mark
Grew with the Year, and widen'd with the Bark:

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VENUS had heard the Virgin's soft Address,
That, as the Wound, the Passion might increase.
As potent Nature shed her kindly Show'rs,
And deck'd the various Mead with op'ning Flow'rs;
Upon This Tree the Nymph's obliging Care
Had left a frequent Wreath for HENRY's Hair:
Which as with gay Delight the Lover found;
Pleas'd with his Conquest, with her Present crown'd,
Glorious thro' all the Plains He oft had gone,
And to each Swain the Mystic Honor shown;
The Gift still prais'd, the Giver still unknown.

His secret Note the troubled HENRY writes,
To the known Tree the Lovely Maid invites:
Imperfect Words and dubious Terms express,
That unforeseen Mischance disturb'd his Peace;
That He must something to Her Ear commend,
On which Her Conduct, and His Life depend.

Soon as the Fair one had the Note receiv'd;
The remnant of the Day alone She griev'd:
For diff'rent This from ev'ry former Note,
Which VENUS dictated, and HENRY wrote;
Which told her all his future Hopes were laid
On the dear Bosom of *his Nut-brown Maid*;
Which always bless'd her Eyes, and own'd her Pow'r;
And bid her oft Adieu, yet added more.

Now Night advanc'd. The House in Sleep were laid,
The Nurse experienc'd, and the prying Maid;

And

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And laſt That Sprite, which does inceſſant haunt
The Lover's Steps, the ancient Maiden Aunt.
To her dear HENRY EMMA wings her Way,
With quicken'd Pace repairing forc'd Delay.
For Love, fantaſtic Pow'r, that is afraid
To ſtir abroad 'till Watchfulneſs be laid;
Undaunted then, o'er Cliffs and Valleys ſtrays;
And leads his Vot'ries ſafe thro' pathleſs Ways.
Not ARGUS with his hundred Eyes ſhall find,
Where CUPID goes; tho' He poor Guide is blind.

The Maiden firſt arriving, ſent her Eye,
To ask, if yet it's Chief Delight were nigh:
With Fear, and with Deſire, with Joy, and Pain
She ſees, and runs to meet Him on the Plain.
But oh! his Steps proclaim no Lover's Haſte:
On the low Ground his fix'd Regards are caſt:
His artful Boſom heaves diſſembl'd Sighs;
And Tears ſuborn'd fall copious from his Eyes.

With Eaſe, alas! we Credit what we Love:
His painted Grief does real Sorrow move
In the afflicted Fair; Adown her Cheek
Trickling the genuine Tears their Current break.
Attentive ſtood the mournful Nymph: the Man
Broke Silence firſt: the Tale alternate ran.

HENRY.

SINCERE O tell me, haſt thou felt a Pain,
EMMA, beyond what Woman knows to feign?

Has

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Has Thy uncertain Boſom ever ſtrove
With the firſt Tumults of a real Love?
Haſt Thou now dreaded, and now bleſt his Sway;
By turns averſe, and joyful to obey?
Thy Virgin Softneſs haſt Thou e'er bewail'd,
As Reaſon yielded, and as Love prevail'd?
And wept the potent God's reſiſtleſs Dart,
His killing Pleaſure, his Ecſtatic Smart,
And heav'nly Poiſon thrilling thro' thy Heart?
If ſo, with Pity view my wretched State;
At leaſt deplore, and then forget my Fate:
To ſome more happy Knight reſerve thy Charms,
By Fortune favor'd, and ſucceſsful Arms:
And only, as the Sun's revolving Ray
Brings back each Year this melancholy Day;
Permit one Sigh, and ſet apart one Tear,
To an abandon'd Exile's endleſs Care.
For Me, alas! Out-caſt of Human Race,
Love's Anger only waits, and dire Diſgrace:
For lo! theſe Hands in Murther are imbru'd;
Theſe trembling Feet by Juſtice are purſu'd:
Fate calls aloud, and haſtens me away;
A ſhameful Death attends my longer Stay;
And I this Night muſt fly from Thee and Love,
Condemn'd in lonely Woods a baniſh'd Man to rove.

E M M A.

What is our Bliſs, that changeth with the Moon;
And Day of Life, that darkens e'er 'tis Noon?

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What is true Paſſion, if unbleſt it dies?
And where is EMMA's Joy, if HENRY flies?
If Love, alas! be Pain; the Pain I bear,
No Thought can figure, and no Tongue declare.
Ne'er faithful Woman felt, nor falſe one feign'd
The Flames, which long have in my Boſom reign'd:
The God of Love himſelf inhabits there,
With all his Rage, and Dread, and Grief, and Care,
His Complement of Stores, and total War.

O! ceaſe then coldly to ſuſpect my Love;
And let my Deed, at leaſt, my Faith approve.
Alas! no Youth ſhall my Endearments ſhare;
Nor Day nor Night ſhall interrupt my Care:
No future Story ſhall with Truth upbraid
The cold Indiff'rence of *the Nut-brown Maid:*
Nor to hard Baniſhment ſhall HENRY run;
While careleſs EMMA ſleeps on Beds of Down.
View Me reſolv'd, where-e'er Thou lead'ſt, to go,
Friend to thy Pain, and Partner of thy Woe:
For I atteſt fair VENUS, and her Son,
That I, of all Mankind, will love but Thee alone.

HENRY.

Let Prudence yet obſtruct Thy vent'rous Way;
And take good heed, what Men will think and ſay;
That Beauteous EMMA vagrant Courſes took;
Her Father's Houſe and civil Life forſook;
That full of youthful Blood, and fond of Man,
She to the Wood-land with an Exile ran.

Reflect,

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Reflect, that leſſen'd Fame is ne'er regain'd;
And Virgin Honor once, is always ſtain'd:
Timely adviſ'd, the coming Evil ſhun:
Better not do the Deed, than weep it done.
No Penance can abſolve our guilty Fame;
Nor Tears, that waſh out Sin, can waſh out Shame.
Then fly the ſad Effects of deſp'rate Love;
And leave a baniſh'd Man thro' lonely Woods to rove.

EMMA.

Let EMMA's hapleſs Caſe be falſely told
By the raſh Young, or the ill-natur'd Old:
Let ev'ry Tongue it's various Cenſures chuſe,
Abſolve with Coldneſs, or with Spight accuſe:
Fair Truth, at laſt, her radiant Beams will raiſe;
And Malice vanquiſh'd heightens Virtue's Praiſe.
Let then thy Favour but indulge my Flight;
O! let my Preſence make thy Travels light;
And potent VENUS ſhall exalt my Name
Above the Rumors of cenſorious Fame:
Nor from that buſie Demon's reſtleſs Pow'r
Will ever EMMA other Grace implore,
Than that this Truth ſhould to the World be known,
That I, of all Mankind, have lov'd but Thee alone.

HENRY.

But canſt Thou wield the Sword, and bend the Bow?
With active Force repel the ſturdy Foe?
When the loud Tumult ſpeaks the Battel nigh,
And winged Deaths in whiſtling Arrows fly;

Wilt

Wilt Thou, tho' wounded, yet undaunted ſtay,
Perform thy Part, and ſhare the dangerous Day?
Then, as thy Strength decays, thy Heart will fail;
Thy Limbs all trembling, and thy Cheeks all pale:
With fruitleſs Sorrow Thou, inglorious Maid,
Wilt weep thy Safety by thy Love betray'd:
Then to thy Friend, by Foes o'er-charg'd, deny
Thy little uſeleſs Aid, and Coward fly:
Then wilt thou curſe the Chance that made Thee love
A baniſh'd Man, condemn'd in lonely Woods to rove.

E M M A.

With fatal Certainty THALESTRIS knew
To ſend the Arrow from the twanging Yew:
And great in Arms, and foremoſt in the War,
BONDUCA brandiſh'd high the BRITISH Spear.
Could Thirſt of Vengeance, and Deſire of Fame
Excite the Female Breaſt with Martial Flame?
And ſhall not Love's diviner Pow'r inſpire
More hardy Virtue, and more gen'rous Fire?

Near Thee, miſtruſt not, conſtant I'll abide,
And fall, or vanquiſh, fighting by thy Side.
Tho' my Inferior Strength may not allow,
That I ſhould bear, or draw the Warrior Bow;
With ready Hand I will the Shaft ſupply,
And joy to ſee thy Victor Arrows fly.
Touch'd in the Battel by the Hoſtile Reed,
Should'ſt Thou (but Heav'n avert it!) ſhould'ſt Thou bleed;

To

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To ſtop the Wounds my fineſt Lawn I'd tear;
Waſh them with Tears, and wipe them with my Hair:
Bleſt, when my Dangers and my Toils have ſhown,
That I, of all Mankind, could love but Thee alone.

HENRY.

But canſt Thou, tender Maid, canſt Thou ſuſtain
Afflictive Want, or Hunger's preſſing Pain?
Thoſe Limbs, in Lawn and ſofteſt Silk array'd,
From Sun-beams guarded, and of Winds afraid;
Can they bear angry JOVE? Can they reſiſt
The parching Dog-ſtar, and the bleak North-Eaſt?
When chill'd by adverſe Snows, and beating Rain,
We tread with weary Steps the longſome Plain;
When with hard Toil We ſeek our Ev'ning Food,
Berries and Acorns, from the neighb'ring Wood;
And find among the Cliffs no other Houſe,
But the thin Covert of ſome gather'd Boughs;
Wilt Thou not then reluctant ſend thine Eye
Around the dreary Waſte; and weeping try
(Tho' then, alas! that Tryal be too late)
To find thy Father's Hoſpitable Gate,
And Seats, where Eaſe and Plenty brooding ſate?
Thoſe Seats, whence long excluded Thou muſt mourn:
That Gate, for ever barr'd to thy Return:
Wilt Thou not then bewail ill-fated Love,
And hate a baniſh'd Man, condemn'd in Woods to rove?

EMMA.

Thy Riſe of Fortune did I only wed,
From it's Decline determin'd to recede?

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Did I but purpoſe to embark with Thee,
On the ſmooth Surface of a Summer's Sea;
While gentle ZEPHYRS play in proſp'rous Gales;
And Fortune's Favour fills the ſwelling Sails:
But would forſake the Ship, and make the Shoar,
When the Winds whiſtle, and the Tempeſts roar?
No, HENRY, no: One Sacred Oath has ty'd
Our Loves; One Deſtiny our Life ſhall guide;
Nor Wild, nor Deep our common Way divide.

When from the Cave Thou riſeſt with the Day,
To beat the Woods, and rouſe the bounding Prey;
The Cave with Moſs and Branches I'll adorn,
And chearful ſit, to wait my Lord's Return.
And when Thou frequent bring'ſt the ſmitten Deer;
(For ſeldom, Archers ſay, Thy Arrows err)
I'll fetch quick Fewel from the neighb'ring Wood,
And ſtrike the ſparkling Flint, and dreſs the Food:
With humble Duty and officious Haſte,
I'll cull the furtheſt Mead for Thy Repaſt:
The choiceſt Herbs I to Thy Board will bring;
And draw Thy Water from the freſheſt Spring:
And when at Night with weary Toil oppreſt,
Soft Slumbers Thou injoy'ſt, and wholeſome Reſt;
Watchful I'll guard Thee, and with Midnight Pray'r
Weary the Gods to keep Thee in their Care;
And joyous ask, at Morn's returning Ray,
If Thou haſt Health, and I may bleſs the Day.
My Thought ſhall fix, my lateſt Wiſh depend
On Thee, Guide, Guardian, Kinſman, Father, Friend:

By

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By all theſe ſacred Names be HENRY known
To EMMA's Heart: and grateful let Him own,
That She, of all Mankind, could love but Him alone.

HENRY.

Vainly thou tell'ſt Me, what the Woman's Care
Shall in the Wildneſs of the Wood prepare:
Thou, e'er thou goeſt, unhapp'yeſt of thy Kind,
Muſt leave the Habit, and the Sex behind.
No longer ſhall thy comely Treſſes break
In flowing Ringlets on thy ſnowy Neck;
Or ſit behind thy Head, an ample Round,
In graceful Breeds with various Ribbon bound:
No longer ſhall the Boddice, aptly lac'd,
From thy full Boſome to thy ſlender Waſte,
That Air and Harmony of Shape expreſs,
Fine by Degrees, and beautifully leſs:
Nor ſhall thy lower Garments artful Pleat,
From thy fair Side dependent to thy Feet,
Arm their chaſte Beauties with a modeſt Pride,
And double ev'ry Charm they ſeek to hide.
Th'Ambroſial Plenty of Thy ſhining Hair
Cropt off and loſt, ſcarce lower than Thy Ear
Shall ſtand uncouth: a Horſe-man's Coat ſhall hide
Thy taper Shape, and Comelineſs of Side:
The ſhort Trunk-Hoſe ſhall ſhow Thy Foot and Knee
Licentious, and to common Eye-ſight free:
And with a bolder Stride, and looſer Air,
Mingl'd with Men, a Man Thou muſt appear.

Nor

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Nor Solitude, nor gentle Peace of Mind,
Miſtaken Maid, ſhalt Thou in Foreſts find:
'Tis long, ſince CYNTHIA and her Train were there;
Or Guardian Gods made Innocence their Care.
Vagrants and Out-laws ſhall offend Thy View;
For ſuch muſt be my Friends; a hideous Crew,
By adverſe Fortune mix'd in Social Ill,
Train'd to aſſault, and diſciplin'd to kill:
Their common Loves, a lewd abandon'd Pack,
The Beadle's Laſh ſtill flagrant on their Back;
By Sloth corrupted, by Diſorder fed,
Made bold by Want, and proſtitute for Bread:
With ſuch muſt EMMA hunt the tedious Day,
Aſſiſt their Violence, and divide their Prey:
With ſuch She muſt return at ſetting Light,
Tho' not Partaker, Witneſs of their Night.
Thy Ear, inur'd to charitable Sounds,
And pitying Love, muſt feel the hateful Wounds
Of Jeſt obſcene, and vulgar Ribaldry,
The ill-bred Queſtion, and the lewd Reply;
Brought by long Habitude from Bad to Worſe,
Muſt hear the frequent Oath, the direful Curſe,
That lateſt Weapon of the Wretches War,
And Blaſphemy, ſad Comrade of Deſpair.

Now, EMMA, now the laſt Reflection make,
What Thou would'ſt follow, what Thou muſt forſake:
By our ill-omen'd Stars, and adverſe Heav'n,
No middle Object to thy Choice is given.

Or

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Or yield thy Virtue, to attain thy Love;
Or leave a baniſh'd Man, condemn'd in Woods to rove.

EMMA.

O Grief of Heart! that our unhappy Fates
Force Thee to ſuffer what thy Honor hates:
Mix Thee amongſt the Bad; or make Thee run
Too near the Paths, which Virtue bids Thee ſhun.
Yet with her HENRY ſtill let EMMA go;
With Him abhor the Vice, but ſhare the Woe:
And ſure My little Heart can never err
Amidſt the worſt; if HENRY ſtill be there.

Our outward Act is prompted from within;
And from the Sinner's Mind proceeds the Sin:
By her own Choice free Virtue is approv'd;
Nor by the Force of outward Objects mov'd.
Who has aſſay'd no Danger, gains no Praiſe.
In a ſmall Iſle, amidſt the wideſt Seas,
Triumphant Conſtancy has fix'd her Seat:
In vain the Syrens ſing, the Tempeſts beat:
Their Flatt'ry She rejects, nor fears their Threat.

For Thee alone theſe little Charms I dreſt;
Condemn'd them, or abſolv'd them by thy Teſt.
In comely Figure rang'd, my Jewels ſhone,
Or negligently plac'd, for Thee alone:
For Thee again they ſhall be laid aſide:
The Woman, HENRY, ſhall put off her Pride

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For Thee: my Cloaths, my Sex exchang'd for Thee,
I'll mingle with the People's wretched Lee;
O Line extream of human Infamy!
Wanting the Sciſſors, with theſe Hands I'll tear
(If that obſtructs my Flight) this load of Hair.
Black Soot, or yellow Walnut ſhall diſgrace
This little Red and White of EMMA's Face.
Theſe Nails with Scratches ſhall deform my Breaſt,
Leſt by my Look, or Color be expreſs'd
The Mark of ought High-born, or ever better dreſs'd.
Yet in this Commerce, under this Diſguiſe,
Let Me be grateful ſtill to HENRY's Eyes.
Loſt to the World, let Me to Him be known:
My Fate I can abſolve; if He ſhall own,
That leaving all Mankind, I love but Him alone.

HENRY.

O wildeſt Thought of an abandon'd Mind!
Name, Habit, Parents, Woman left behind,
Ev'n Honor dubious, Thou preferr'ſt to go
Wild to the Woods with Me: Said EMMA ſo?
Or did I dream what EMMA never ſaid?
O guilty Error! and O wretched Maid!
Whoſe roving Fancy would reſolve the ſame
With Him, who next ſhould tempt her eaſie Fame;
And blow with empty Words the ſuſceptible Flame.
Now why ſhould doubtful Terms thy Mind perplex?
Confeſs thy Frailty, and avow the Sex:
No longer looſe Deſire for conſtant Love
Miſtake; but ſay, 'tis Man, with whom Thou long'ſt to rove.

EMMA.

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EMMA.

Are there not Poiſons, Racks, and Flames, and Swords;
That EMMA thus muſt die by HENRY's Words?
Yet what could Swords or Poiſon, Racks or Flame,
But mangle and diſjoint this brittle Frame?
More fatal HENRY's Words; they murder EMMA's Fame.

And fall theſe Sayings from that gentle Tongue,
Where civil Speech, and ſoft Perſuaſion hung;
Whoſe artful Sweetneſs and harmonious Strain,
Courting my Grace, yet courting it in vain,
Call'd Sighs, and Tears, and Wiſhes to it's Aid;
And, whilſt it HENRY's glowing Flame convey'd,
Still blam'd the Coldneſs of *the Nut-brown Maid?*

Let envious Jealouſie, and canker'd Spight
Produce my Action to ſevereſt Light,
And tax my open Day, or ſecret Night.
Did e'er my Tongue ſpeak my unguarded Heart
The leaſt inclin'd to play the Wanton's Part?
Did e'er my Eye One inward Thought reveal,
Which Angels might not hear, and Virgins tell?
And haſt Thou, HENRY, in my Conduct known
One Fault, but That which I muſt ever own,
That I, of all Mankind, have lov'd but Thee alone?

HENRY.

Vainly thou talk'ſt of loving Me alone:
Each Man is Man; and all Our Sex is One.

False

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Yet let me go with Thee; and going prove,
From what I will endure, how much I love.

This potent Beauty, this Triumphant Fair,
This happy Object of our diff'rent Care,
Her let me follow; Her let me attend,
A Servant: (She may ſcorn the Name of Friend.)
What She demands, inceſſant I'll prepare:
I'll weave Her Garlands; and I'll pleat Her Hair:
My buſie Diligence ſhall deck Her Board;
(For there, at leaſt, I may approach my Lord.)
And when Her HENRY's ſofter Hours adviſe
His Servant's Abſence; with dejected Eyes
Far I'll recede, and Sighs forbid to riſe.

Yet when encreaſing Grief brings ſlow Diſeaſe;
And ebbing Life, on Terms ſevere as theſe,
Will have it's little Lamp no longer fed;
When HENRY's Miſtreſs ſhows him EMMA dead;
Reſcue my poor Remains from vile Neglect:
With Virgin Honors let my Herſe be deckt,
And decent Emblem; and at leaſt perſuade
This happy Nymph, that EMMA may be laid,
Where Thou, dear Author of my Death, where She
With frequent Eye my Sepulchre may ſee.
The Nymph amidſt her Joys may haply breath
One pious Sigh, reflecting on my Death,
And the ſad Fate which She may one Day prove,
Who hopes from HENRY's Vows Eternal Love.

And

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And Thou forſworn, Thou cruel, as Thou art,
If EMMA's Image ever touch'd thy Heart;
Thou ſure muſt give one Thought, and drop one Tear
To Her, whom Love abandon'd to Deſpair;
To Her, who dying, on the wounded Stone
Bid it in laſting Characters be known,
That, of Mankind, She lov'd but Thee alone.

HENRY.

Hear, ſolemn JOVE; and, conſcious VENUS, hear;
And Thou, bright Maid, believe Me, whilſt I ſwear;
No Time, no Change, no future Flame ſhall move
The well-plac'd Baſis of my laſting Love.
O Powerful Virtue! O Victorious Fair!
At leaſt excuſe a Tryal too ſevere:
Receive the Triumph, and forget the War.

No baniſh'd Man, condemn'd in Woods to rove,
Intreats thy Pardon, and implores thy Love:
No perjur'd Knight deſires to quit thy Arms,
Faireſt Collection of thy Sexe's Charms,
Crown of my Love, and Honor of my Youth:
HENRY, thy HENRY with Eternal Truth,
As Thou may'ſt wiſh, ſhall all his Life imploy,
And found his Glory in his EMMA's Joy.

In Me behold the Potent EDGAR's Heir,
Illuſtrious Earl: Him terrible in War
Let LOYRE confeſs; for She has felt His Sword,
And trembling fled before the BRITISH Lord.

Him

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Him great in Peace and Wealth fair DEVA knows;
For ſhe amidſt his ſpacious Meadows flows;
Inclines her Urn upon his fatten'd Lands;
And ſees his num'rous Herd imprint her Sands.

And Thou, my Fair, my Dove, ſhalt raiſe thy Thought
To Greatneſs next to Empire; ſhalt be brought
With ſolemn Pomp to my Paternal Seat;
Where Peace and Plenty on Thy Word ſhall wait.
Muſic and Song ſhall wake the Marriage-Day:
And while the Prieſts accuſe the Bride's Delay;
Myrtles and Roſes ſhall obſtruct Her Way.

Friendſhip ſhall ſtill Thy Evening Feaſts adorn;
And blooming Peace ſhall ever bleſs Thy Morn.
Succeeding Years their happy Race ſhall run;
And Age unheeded by Delight come on;
While yet Superior Love ſhall mock his Pow'r:
And when old Time ſhall turn the fated Hour,
Which only can our well-ty'd Knot unfold,
What reſts of Both, One Sepulchre ſhall hold.

Hence then, for ever, from my EMMA's Breaſt
(That Heav'n of Softneſs, and that Seat of Reſt)
Ye Doubts and Fears, and All that know to move
Tormenting Grief, and All that trouble Love,
Scatter'd by Winds recede, and wild in Foreſts rove.

EMMA.

O Day the faireſt ſure that ever roſe!
Period and End of anxious EMMA's Woes!

Sire

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Sire of her Joy, and Source of her Delight;
O! wing'd with Pleasure take thy happy Flight,
And give each future Morn a Tincture of thy White.
Yet tell thy Votary, potent Queen of Love,
HENRY, my HENRY, will He never rove?
Will He be ever Kind, and Just, and Good?
And is there yet no Mistress in the Wood?
None, none there is: The Thought was rash and vain;
A false Idea, and a fancy'd Pain.
Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd Heart,
And anxious Jealousie's corroding Smart;
Nor other Inmate shall inhabit there,
But soft Belief, young Joy, and pleasing Care.

Hence let the Tides of Plenty ebb and flow,
And FORTUNE's various Gale unheeded blow.
If at my Feet the Suppliant Goddess stands,
And sheds her Treasure with unweary'd Hands;
Her present Favour cautious I'll embrace,
And not unthankful use the proffer'd Grace:
If She reclaims the Temporary Boon,
And tries her Pinions, flutt'ring to be gone;
Secure of Mind I'll obviate her Intent,
And unconcern'd return the Goods she lent.
Nor Happiness can I, nor Misery feel,
From any Turn of her Fantastic Wheel:
Friendship's great Laws, and Love's superior Powers
Must mark the Colour of my future Hours.
From the Events which Thy Commands create
I must my Blessings or my Sorrows date;
And HENRY's Will must dictate EMMA's Fate.

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Yet while with close Delight and inward Pride
(Which from the World my careful Soul shall hide)
I see Thee, Lord and End of my Desire,
Exalted high as Virtue can require;
With Pow'r invested, and with Pleasure chear'd;
Sought by the Good, by the Oppressor fear'd;
Loaded and blest with all the affluent Store,
Which human Vows at smoaking Shrines implore;
Grateful and humble grant Me to employ
My Life, subservient only to thy Joy;
And at my Death to bless thy Kindness shown
To Her, who of Mankind could love but Thee alone.

WHILE thus the constant Pair alternate said,
Joyful above them and around them play'd
Angels and sportive Loves, a numerous Crowd;
Smiling They clapt their Wings, and low They bow'd:
They tumbled all their little Quivers o'er,
To chuse propitious Shafts, a precious Store:
That when their God should take his future Darts,
To strike (however rarely) constant Hearts,
His happy Skill might proper Arms employ,
All tipt with Pleasure, and all wing'd with Joy:
And Those, They vow'd, whose Lives should imitate
These Lovers Constancy, should share their Fate.

The Queen of Beauty stop'd her bridled Doves;
Approv'd the little Labour of the LOVES;

O Was

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Was proud and pleas'd the mutual Vow to hear;
And to the Triumph call'd the God of War:
Soon as She calls, the God is always near.

Now MARS, she said, let FAME exalt her Voice;
Nor let thy Conquests only be her Choice:
But when She sings great EDWARD from the Field
Return'd, the Hostile Spear and Captive Shield
In CONCORD'S Temple hung, and GALLIA taught to yield.
And when, as prudent SATURN shall compleat
The Years design'd to perfect BRITAIN'S State,
The swift-wing'd Power shall take her Trump again,
To sing Her Favrite ANNA'S wondrous Reign;
To recollect unwearied MARLBRO'S Toils,
Old RUFUS Hall unequal to his Spoils;
The BRITISH Soldier from his high Command
Glorious, and GAUL thrice Vanquish'd by his Hand:
Let Her at least perform what I desire;
With second Breath the Vocal Brass inspire;
And tell the Nations in no Vulgar Strain,
What Wars I manage, and what Wreaths I gain.

And when Thy Tumults and Thy Fights are past,
And when Thy Lawrels at my Feet are cast;
Faithful may'st Thou like *British* HENRY prove,
And EMMA-like let me return Thy Love.

Renown'd for Truth let all Thy Sons appear;
And constant Beauty shall reward their Care.

MARS

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MARS ſmil'd, and bow'd; the CYPRIAN Deity
Turn'd to the glorious Ruler of the Sky:
And Thou, She ſmiling ſaid, Great God of Days
And Verſe, behold my Deed; and ſing my Praiſe.
As on the *Britiſh* Earth, my Fav'rite Iſle,
Thy gentle Rays and kindeſt Influence ſmile,
Thro' all her laughing Fields and verdant Groves,
Proclaim with Joy theſe memorable Loves.
From ev'ry annual Courſe let One great Day,
To celebrated Sports and Floral Play
Be ſet aſide; and, in the ſofteſt Lays
Of Thy Poetic Sons, be ſolemn Praiſe,
And everlaſting Marks of Honour paid,
To *the true Lover*, and *the Nut-brown Maid*.

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AN

ODE,

Humbly Inſcrib'd to the

QUEEN.

ON THE

Glorious Succeſs

OF

Her MAJESTY's Arms,

1706.

Written in Imitation of SPENSER's Stile.

Te non paventis funera Galliæ,
Duræque tellus audit Iberiæ:
Te cæde gaudentes Sicambri
Compoſitis venerantur Armis. Hor.

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THE PREFACE.

WHEN I first thought of Writing upon this Occasion, I found the Ideas *so great and numerous, that I judg'd them more proper for the Warmth of an* Ode, *than for any other sort of Poetry: I therefore set* HORACE *before Me for a Pattern, and particularly his famous Ode, the Fourth of the Fourth Book,*

Qualem ministrum fulminis Alitem, *&c.*

which He wrote in Praise of DRUSUS *after his Expedition into* GERMANY, *and of* AUGUSTUS *upon his happy Choice of That General. And in the following Poem, tho' I have endeavor'd to Imitate all the great Strokes of that* Ode, *I have taken the Liberty to go off from it, and to add variously, as the Subject and my own Imagination carry'd Me. As to the Style, the Choice I made of following the* Ode *in* Latin, *determin'd Me in* English *to the* Stanza; *and herein it was impossible not to have a Mind to follow Our great Countryman* SPENSER; *which I have done (as well at least as I could) in the Manner of my Expression, and the Turn of my Number: Having only added one Verse to his Stanza, which I thought made the Number more Harmonious; and avoided such of his Words, as I found too obsolete. I have however retain'd some few of them, to make the Colouring look more like* SPENSER's. Behest, *Command*; Band, *Army*; Prowess, *Strength*;

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Strength; I weet, *I know*; I ween, *I think*; whilom, *heretofore*; *and Two or Three more of that Kind, which I hope the* Ladies *will pardon me, and not judge my* MUSE *leſs handſome, though for once ſhe appears in a Farthingal. I have alſo, in* SPENSER'S *Manner, uſed* Cæſar *for the Emperor,* Boya *for* Bavaria, Bavar *for that Prince,* Iſter *for* Danube, Iberia *for* Spain, *&c.*

That Noble Part of the Ode *which I juſt now mention'd,*

Gens, quæ cremato Fortis ab *Ilio*
Jactata *Tuſcis* æquoribus, *&c.*

where HORACE *praiſes the* Romans, *as being Deſcended from* ÆNEAS, *I have turn'd to the Honor of the* BRITISH *Nation, deſcended from* BRUTE, *likewiſe a* TROJAN. *That this* BRUTE, *Fourth or Fifth from* ÆNEAS, *ſettled in* ENGLAND, *and built* LONDON, *which he call'd* Troja Nova, *or* Troynovante, *is a Story which (I think) owes it's Original if not to* GEOFFRY *of* Monmouth, *at leaſt to the* Monkiſh *Writers; yet is not rejected by Our great* CAMDEN, *and is told by* MILTON, *as if (at leaſt) He was pleas'd with it; though poſſibly He does not believe it: However it carries a Poetical Authority, which is ſufficient for our Purpoſe. It is as certain that* BRUTE *came into* ENGLAND, *as that* ÆNEAS *went into* ITALY; *and upon the Suppoſition of theſe Facts,* VIRGIL *wrote the beſt Poem that the World ever read, and* SPENSER *paid Queen* ELIZABETH *the greateſt Compliment.*

I need not obviate one piece of Criticiſm, that I bring my Hero

From burning *Troy,* and *Xanthus* red with Blood:

whereas He was not born, when That City was deſtroy'd.

VIRGIL,

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VIRGIL, *in the Caſe of His own* ÆNEAS *relating to* DIDO, *will ſtand as a ſufficient Proof, that a Man in his Poetical Capacity is not accountable for a little Fault in Chronology.*

My Two Great Examples, HORACE *and* SPENSER, *in many Things reſemble each other: Both have a Height of Imagination, and a Majeſty of Expreſſion in deſcribing the* Sublime; *and Both know to temper thoſe Talents, and ſweeten the Deſcription, ſo as to make it Lovely as well as Pompous: Both have equally That agreeable Manner of mixing Morality with their Story, and That* Curioſa Felicitas *in the Choice of their Diction, which every Writer aims at, and ſo very few have reach'd: Both are particularly Fine in their Images, and Knowing in their Numbers. Leaving therefore our Two Maſters to the Conſideration and Study of Thoſe, who deſign to Excel in Poetry, I only beg Leave to add, That it is long ſince I have (or at leaſt ought to have) quitted* PARNASSUS, *and all the flow'ry Roads on that Side the Country; tho' I thought my ſelf indiſpenſably obliged, upon the preſent Occaſion, to take a little Journey into Thoſe Parts.*

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AN

ODE,

Humbly Inſcrib'd to the

QUEEN.

I.

WHEN Great AUGUSTUS govern'd Antient ROME,
And ſent his Conqu'ring Bands to Foreign Wars;
Abroad when Dreaded, and Belov'd at Home,
He ſaw his Fame encreaſing with his Years;
HORACE, Great Bard (ſo Fate ordain'd) aroſe;
And Bold, as were his Countrymen in Fight,
Snatch'd their fair Actions from degrading Proſe,
And ſet their Battels in Eternal Light:
High as their Trumpets Tune His Lyre he ſtrung;
And with his Prince's Arms He moraliz'd his Song.

II. When

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II.

When bright ELIZA rul'd BRITANNIA's State,
Widely diſtributing Her high Commands;
And boldly Wiſe, and fortunately Great,
Freed the glad Nations from Tyrannick Bands;
An equal Genius was in SPENSER found:
To the high Theme He match'd his Noble Lays:
He travell'd ENGLAND o'er on Fairy Ground,
In Myſtic Notes to Sing his Monarch's Praiſe:
Reciting wond'rous Truths in pleaſing Dreams,
He deck'd ELIZA's Head with GLORIANA's Beams.

III.

But, Greateſt ANNA! while Thy Arms purſue
Paths of Renown, and climb Aſcents of Fame,
Which nor AUGUSTUS, nor ELIZA knew;
What Poet ſhall be found to ſing Thy Name?
What Numbers ſhall record, what Tongue ſhall ſay
Thy Wars on Land, Thy Triumphs on the Main?
O Faireſt Model of Imperial Sway!
What Equal Pen ſhall write Thy wond'rous Reign?
Who ſhall Attempts and Feats of Arms rehearſe,
Not yet by Story told, nor parallel'd by Verſe?

IV.

Me all too mean for ſuch a Task I weet:
Yet if the Sovereign Lady deigns to Smile,
I'll follow HORACE with impetuous Heat,
And cloath the Verſe in SPENSER's Native Style.

By

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By theſe Examples rightly taught to ſing,
And ſmit with Pleaſure of my Country's Praiſe,
Stretching the Plumes of an uncommon Wing,
High as OLYMPUS I my Flight will raiſe:
And lateſt Times ſhall in my Numbers read
ANNA's Immortal Fame, and MARLBRÔ's hardy Deed.

V.

As the ſtrong Eagle in the ſilent Wood,
Mindleſs of warlike Rage, and hoſtile Care,
Plays round the rocky Cliff, or cryſtal Flood;
'Till by JOVE's high Beheſts call'd out to War,
And charg'd with Thunder of his angry King,
His Boſom with the vengeful Meſſage glows:
Upward the Noble Bird directs his Wing;
And tow'ring round his Maſter's Earth-born Foes,
Swift He collects his fatal Stock of Ire;
Lifts his fierce Talon high, and darts the forked Fire.

VI.

Sedate and calm thus Victor MARLBRÔ ſate,
Shaded with Laurels, in his Native Land;
'Till ANNA calls Him from his ſoft Retreat,
And gives Her Second Thunder to his Hand.
Then leaving ſweet Repoſe, and gentle Eaſe,
With ardent Speed He ſeeks the diſtant Foe:
Marching o'er Hills and Vales, o'er Rocks and Seas,
He meditates, and ſtrikes the wond'rous Blow.
Our Thought flies ſlower than Our General's Fame:
GraſpsHe the Bolt? (We ask) when He has hurl'd the Flame.

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VII.

When fierce BAVAR on JUDOIGN's ſpacious Plain
Did from afar the BRITISH Chief behold;
Betwixt Deſpair, and Rage, and Hope, and Pain,
Something within his warring Boſom roll'd:
He views that Fav'rite of Indulgent Fame,
Whom whilom He had met on ISTER's Shoar:
Too well, alas! the Man He knows the ſame,
Whoſe Proweſs there repell'd the BOYAN Pow'r;
And ſent Them trembling thro' the frighted Lands,
Swift as the Whirlwind drives ARABIA's ſcatter'd Sands.

VIII.

His former Loſſes He forgets to grieve;
Abſolves his Fate, if with a kinder Ray
It now would ſhine, and only give Him leave
To Balance the Account of BLENHEIM's Day.
So the fell Lion in the lonely Glade,
His Side ſtill ſmarting with the Hunter's Spear,
Tho' deeply wounded, no way yet diſmay'd,
Roars terrible, and meditates new War;
In ſullen Fury traverſes the Plain,
To find the vent'rous Foe, and Battel Him again.

IX.

Miſguided Prince! no longer urge Thy Fate,
Nor tempt the Hero to unequal War;
Fam'd in Misfortune, and in Ruin Great,
Confeſs the Force of MARLBRÔ's ſtronger Star.

Thoſe

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Thoſe Laurel Groves (the Merits of thy Youth)
Which Thou from MAHOMET didſt greatly gain,
While bold Aſſertor of reſiſtleſs Truth,
Thy Sword did Godlike Liberty maintain,
Muſt from thy Brow their falling Honors ſhed;
And their tranſplanted Wreaths muſt deck a worthier [Head.

X.

Yet ceaſe the Ways of Providence to blame,
And Human Faults with Human Grief confeſs:
'Tis Thou art chang'd; while Heav'n is ſtill the ſame:
From Thy ill Councils date Thy ill Succeſs.
Impartial Juſtice holds Her equal Scales;
'Till ſtronger Virtue does the Weight incline:
If over Thee thy glorious Foe prevails;
He now Defends the Cauſe, that once was Thine.
Righteous the War, the Champion ſhall ſubdue;
For JOVE's great Handmaid POWER, muſt JOVE's De- [crees purſue.

XI.

Hark! the dire Trumpets ſound their ſhrill Alarms:
AUVERQUERQUE, branch'd from the renown'd NASSAWS,
Hoary in War, and bent beneath his Arms,
His Glorious Sword with Dauntleſs Courage draws.
When anxious BRITAIN mourn'd her parting Lord,
And all of WILLIAM that was Mortal Dy'd;
The faithful Hero had receiv'd This Sword
From His expiring Maſter's much-lov'd Side.
Oft from it's fatal Ire has LOUIS flown, [BRE run.
Where-e'er Great WILLIAM led, or MARSE and SAM-

XII. But

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XII.

But brandiſh'd high, in an ill-omen'd Hour
To Thee, proud GAUL, behold thy juſteſt Fear,
The Maſter Sword, Diſpoſer of thy Power:
'Tis That which CÆSAR gave the BRITISH Peer.
He took the Gift: Nor ever will I ſheath
This Steel, (ſo ANNA's high Beheſts ordain)
The General ſaid, unleſs by Glorious Death
Abſolv'd, 'till Conqueſt has confirm'd Your Reign.
Returns like theſe Our Miſtreſs bids us make,
When from a Foreign Prince a Gift Her BRITONS take.

XIII.

And now fierce GALLIA ruſhes on her Foes,
Her Force augmented by the BOYAN Bands:
So VOLGA's Stream, increas'd by Mountain Snows,
Rolls with new Fury down thro' RUSSIA's Lands.
Like two great Rocks againſt the raging Tide,
(If Virtue's Force with Nature's We compare)
Unmov'd the Two united Chiefs abide,
Suſtain the Impulſe, and receive the War.
Round their firm Sides in vain the Tempeſt beats;
And ſtill the foaming Wave with leſſen'd Pow'r retreats.

XIV.

The Rage diſpers'd, the Glorious Pair advance,
With mingl'd Anger, and collected Might,
To turn the War, and tell aggreſſing FRANCE,
How BRITAIN's Sons and BRITAIN's Friends can fight.

On

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On Conqueſt fix'd, and covetous of Fame,
Behold Them ruſhing thro' the GALLIC Hoſt.
Thro' ſtanding Corn ſo runs the ſudden Flame,
Or Eaſtern Winds along SICILIA's Coaſt.
They deal their Terrors to the adverſe Nation:
Pale Death attends their Arms, and ghaſtly Deſolation.

XV.

But while with fierceſt Ire BELLONA glows,
And EUROPE rather Hopes than Fears Her Fate;
While BRITAIN preſſes Her afflicted Foes;
What Horror damps the Strong, and quells the Great?
Whence look the Soldiers Cheeks diſmay'd and pale?
Erſt ever dreadful, know They now to dread?
The Hoſtile Troops, I ween, almoſt prevail;
And the Purſuers only not recede.
Alas! their leſſen'd Rage proclaims their Grief!
For anxious, lo! They croud around their falling Chief!

XVI.

I thank Thee, Fate, exclaims the fierce BAVAR;
Let BOYA's Trumpet grateful Io's ſound:
I ſaw Him fall, their Thunderbolt of War:——
Ever to Vengeance ſacred be the Ground——
Vain Wiſh! ſhort Joy! the Hero mounts again
In greater Glory, and with fuller Light:
The Ev'ning Star ſo falls into the Main,
To riſe at Morn more prevalently bright.
He riſes ſafe: but near, too near his Side,
A good Man's grievous Loſs, a faithful Servant dy'd.

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XVII.

Propitious MARS! the Battel is regain'd:
The Foe with leſſen'd Wrath diſputes the Field:
The BRITON fights, by fav'ring Gods ſuſtain'd:
Freedom muſt live; and lawleſs Power muſt yield.
Vain now the Tales which fab'ling Poets tell,
That wav'ring CONQUEST ſtill deſires to rove!
In MARLBRÔ's Camp the Goddeſs knows to dwell:
Long as the Hero's Life remains her Love.
Again FRANCE flies: again the Duke purſues:
And on RAMILLIA's Plains He BLENHEIM's Fame renews.

XVIII.

Great Thanks, O Captain great in Arms! receive
From thy Triumphant Country's public Voice:
Thy Country greater Thanks can only give
To ANNE, to Her who made thoſe Arms Her Choice.
Recording SCHELLENBERG's, and BLENHEIM's Toils,
We dreaded leſt Thou ſhould'ſt thoſe Toils repeat:
We view'd the Palace charg'd with GALLIC Spoils;
And in thoſe Spoils We thought thy Praiſe compleat:
For never GREEK, We deem'd, nor ROMAN Knight,
In Characters like theſe did e'er his Acts indite.

XIX.

Yet mindleſs ſtill of Eaſe, Thy Virtue flies
A Pitch to Old and Modern Times unknown:
Thoſe goodly Deeds which We ſo highly prize,
Imperfect ſeem, great Chief, to Thee alone.

Thoſe

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Thoſe Heights, where WILLIAM's Virtue might have ſtaid,
And on the Subject World look'd ſafely down,
By MARLBRO' paſs'd, the Props and Steps were made,
Sublimer yet to raiſe his Queen's Renown:
Still gaining more, ſtill ſlighting what He gain'd,
Nought done the Hero deem'd, while ought undone re-
[main'd.

XX.

When ſwift-wing'd RUMOR told the mighty GAUL,
How leſſen'd from the Field BAVAR was fled;
He wept the Swiftneſs of the Champion's Fall;
And thus the Royal Treaty-Breaker ſaid:
And lives He yet, the Great, the Loſt BAVAR,
Ruin to GALLIA, in the Name of Friend?
Tell Me, how far has Fortune been ſevere?
Has the Foe's Glory, or our Grief an End?
Remains there, of the Fifty Thouſand loſt,
To ſave our threaten'd Realm, or guard our ſhatter'd Coaſt?

XXI.

To the cloſe Rock the frighted Raven flies,
Soon as the riſing Eagle cuts the Air:
The ſhaggy Wolf unſeen and trembling lyes,
When the hoarſe Roar proclaims the Lion near.
Ill-ſtarr'd did We our Forts and Lines forſake,
To dare our BRITISH Foes to open Fight:
Our Conqueſt We by Stratagem ſhould make:
Our Triumph had been founded in our Flight.
'Tis Our's, by Craft and by Surprize to gain:
'Tis Their's, to meet in Arms, and Battel in the Plain.

XXII. The

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XXII.

The ancient Father of this Hostile Brood,
Their boasted BRUTE, undaunted snatch'd his Gods
From burning TROY, and XANTHUS red with Blood,
And fix'd on Silver THAMES his dire Abodes;
And this be TROYNOVANTE, He said, the Seat
By Heav'n ordain'd, My Sons, Your lasting Place:
Superior here to all the Bolts of Fate
Live, mindful of the Author of your Race,
Whom neither GREECE, nor War, nor Want, nor Flame,
Nor Great PELEIDES' Arm, nor JUNO's Rage could tame.

XXIII.

Their TUDOR's hence, and STUART's Off-spring flow:
Hence EDWARD, dreadful with his Sable Shield,
TALBOT, to GALLIA's Pow'r Eternal Foe,
And SEYMOUR, fam'd in Council, or in Field:
Hence NEVIL, Great to Settle or Dethrone,
And DRAKE, and CA'NDISH, Terrors of the Sea:
Hence BUTLER's Sons, o'er Land and Ocean known,
HERBERT's, and CHURCHILL's Warring Progeny:
Hence the long Roll which GALLIA should conceal:
For, oh! Who vanquish'd, loves the Victor's Fame to tell?

XXIV.

Envy'd BRITANNIA, sturdy as the Oak,
Which on her Mountain-Top She proudly bears,
Eludes the Ax, and sprouts against the Stroke;
Strong from her Wounds, and greater by her Wars.

And

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And as Thoſe Teeth, which CADMUS ſow'd in Earth,
Produc'd new Youth, and furniſh'd freſh Supplies:
So with young Vigor, and ſucceeding Birth,
Her Loſſes more than recompens'd ariſe;
And ev'ry Age She with a Race is Crown'd,
For Letters more Polite, in Battels more Renown'd.

XXV.

Obſtinate Pow'r, whom Nothing can repel;
Not the fierce SAXON, nor the cruel DANE,
Nor deep Impreſſion of the NORMAN Steel,
Nor EUROPE's Force amaſs'd by envious SPAIN,
Nor FRANCE on univerſal Sway intent,
Oft breaking Leagues, and oft renewing Wars,
Nor (frequent Bane of weaken'd Government)
Their own inteſtine Feuds, and mutual Jars;
Thoſe Feuds and Jars, in which I truſted more,
Than in My Troops, and Fleets, and all the GALLIC
[Pow'r.

XXVI.

To fruitful RHEIMS, or fair LUTETIA's Gate
What Tidings ſhall the Meſſenger convey?
Shall the loud Herald our Succeſs relate,
Or mitred Prieſt appoint the Solemn Day?
Alas! my Praiſes They no more muſt Sing;
They to my Statue now muſt Bow no more:
Broken, repuls'd is their Immortal King:
Fall'n, fall'n for ever is the GALLIC Pow'r——
The *Woman Chief* is Maſter of the War:
[by Pray'r.
Earth She has freed by Arms, and vanquiſh'd Heav'n

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XXVII.

While thus the ruin'd Foe's Despair commends
Thy Council and Thy Deed, Victorious Queen,
What shall Thy Subjects say, and what Thy Friends?
How shall Thy Triumphs in Our Joy be seen?
Oh! daign to let the Eldest of the NINE
Recite BRITANNIA Great, and GALLIA Free:
Oh! with her Sister SCULPTURE let her join
To raise, Great ANNE, the Monument to Thee;
To Thee, of all our Good the Sacred Spring;
To Thee, our dearest Dread; to Thee, our softer KING.

XXVIII.

Let EUROPE sav'd the Column high erect,
Than TRAJAN's higher, or than ANTONINE's;
Where sembling Art may carve the fair Effect,
And full Atchievement of Thy great Designs.
In a calm Heav'n, and a serener Air,
Sublime the QUEEN shall on the Summit stand,
From Danger far, as far remov'd from Fear,
And pointing down to Earth Her dread Command.
All Winds, all Storms that threaten Human Woe,
Shall sink beneath Her Feet, and spread their Rage below.

XXIX.

There Fleets shall strive by Winds and Waters toss't;
'Till the young AUSTRIAN on IBERIA's Strand,
Great as ÆNEAS on the LATIAN Coast,
Shall fix his Foot: and This, be This the Land,

Great

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Great JOVE, where I for ever will remain
(The Empire's other Hope ſhall ſay) and here
Vanquiſh'd, Intomb'd I'll lye, or Crown'd I'll Reign.—
O Virtue, to thy BRITISH Mother dear!
Like the fam'd TROJAN ſuffer and abide;
For ANNE is Thine, I ween, as VENUS was His Guide.

XXX.

There, in Eternal Characters engrav'd,
VIGO, and GIBRALTAR, and BARCELONE,
Their Force deſtroy'd, their Privileges ſav'd,
Shall ANNA's Terrors, and Her Mercies own:
SPAIN, from th' Uſurper BOURBON's Arms retriev'd,
Shall with new Life and grateful Joy appear,
Numb'ring the Wonders which That Youth atchiev'd,
Whom ANNA clad in Arms, and ſent to War;
Whom ANNA ſent to claim IBERIA's Throne;
And made Him more than King, in calling Him Her
[Son.

XXXI.

There ISTER pleas'd, by BLENHEIM's glorious Field
Rolling, ſhall bid his Eaſtern Waves declare
GERMANIA ſav'd by BRITAIN's ample Shield,
And bleeding GAUL afflicted by her Spear:
Shall bid Them mention MARLBRÔ, on that Shore
Leading his Iſlanders, renown'd in Arms,
Thro' Climes, where never BRITISH Chief before
Or pitch'd his Camp, or ſounded his Alarms:
Shall bid Them bleſs the QUEEN, who made his Streams
Glorious as thoſe of BOYN, and ſafe as thoſe of THAMES.

XXXII. BRA-

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XXXII.

BRABANTIA, clad with Fields, and crown'd with Tow'rs,
With decent Joy ſhall her Deliv'rer meet;
Shall own Thy Arms, Great QUEEN, and bleſs Thy Pow'rs,
Laying the Keys beneath Thy Subject's Feet.
FLANDRIA, by Plenty made the Home of War,
Shall weep her Crime, and bow to CHARLES reſtor'd;
With double Vows ſhall bleſs Thy happy Care,
In having drawn, and having ſheath'd the Sword.
From theſe their Siſter Provinces ſhall know
How ANNE ſupports a Friend, and how forgives a Foe.

XXXIII.

Bright Swords, and creſted Helms, and pointed Spears
In artful Piles around the Work ſhall lye;
And Shields indented deep in ancient Wars,
Blazon'd with Signs of GALLIC Heraldry;
And Standards with diſtinguiſh'd Honors bright,
Marks of high Pow'r and National Command,
Which VALOIS' Sons, and BOURBON's bore in Fight,
Or gave to FOIX', or MONTMORANCY's Hand:
Great Spoils, which GALLIA muſt to BRITAIN yield,
From CRESSY's Battel ſav'd, to grace RAMILLIA's Field.

XXXIV.

And as fine Art the Spaces may diſpoſe,
The knowing Thought and curious Eye ſhall ſee
Thy Emblem, Gracious QUEEN, the BRITISH Roſe,
Type of ſweet Rule, and gentle Majeſty:

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The NORTHERN Thiſtle, whom no Hoſtile Hand
Unhurt too rudely may provoke, I ween;
HIBERNIA's Harp, Device of Her Command,
And Parent of Her Mirth, ſhall there be ſeen:
Thy vanquiſh'd Lillies, FRANCE, decay'd and torn,
Shall with diſorder'd Pomp the laſting Work adorn.

XXXV.

Beneath, Great QUEEN, oh! very far beneath,
Near to the Ground, and on the humble Baſe,
To ſave Her ſelf from Darkneſs, and from Death,
That MUSE deſires the laſt, the loweſt Place;
Who tho' unmeet, yet touch'd the trembling String;
For the fair Fame of ANNE and ALBION's Land,
Who durſt of War and Martial Fury Sing:
And when Thy Will, and when Thy Subject's Hand
Had quell'd thoſe Wars, and bid that Fury ceaſe;
Hangs up her grateful Harp to Conqueſt, and to Peace.

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CANTATA.

Set by Monsieur GALLIARD.

RECIT.

BENEATH a verdant Lawrel's ample Shade,
His Lyre to mournful Numbers strung,
HORACE, immortal Bard, supinely laid,
To VENUS thus address'd the Song:
Ten thousand little Loves around
List'ning, dwelt on ev'ry Sound.

ARIET.

Potent VENUS, bid Thy Son
Sound no more His dire Alarms.
Youth on silent Wings is flown:
Graver Years come rolling on.
Spare my Age, unfit for Arms:
Safe and Humble let Me rest,
From all Am'rous Care releas'd.
Potent VENUS, bid Thy Son
Sound no more His dire Alarms.

RECIT.

Yet, VENUS, why do I each Morn prepare
The fragrant Wreath for CLOE's Hair?
Why, why do I all Day lament, and sigh,
Unless the beauteous Maid be nigh?

And

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And why all Night purſue Her in my Dreams,
Thro' Flow'ry Meads, and Cryſtal Streams?

RECIT.

Thus ſung the Bard; and thus the Goddeſs ſpoke:
Submiſſive bow to LOVE's imperious Yoke.
Ev'ry State, and ev'ry Age
Shall own My Rule, and fear My Rage:
Compell'd by Me Thy Muſe ſhall prove,
That all the World was born to love.

ARIET.

Bid Thy deſtin'd Lyre diſcover
Soft Deſire, and gentle Pain:
Often praiſe, and always love Her:
Thro' her Ear her Heart obtain.
Verſe ſhall pleaſe, and Sighs ſhall move Her:
CUPID does with PHOEBUS reign.

Her Right Name.

AS NANCY at Her Toylet ſat,
Admiring This, and blaming That;
Tell Me, She ſaid; but tell Me true;
The Nymph who cou'd your Heart ſubdue,
What Sort of Charms does She poſſeſs?
Abſolve Me Fair One: I'll confeſs;
With Pleaſure I reply'd. Her Hair,
In Ringlets rather dark than fair,

Does

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Does down her Iv'ry Boſom roll,
And hiding Half, adorns the Whole.
In her high Forehead's fair half-round
LOVE ſits in open Triumph crown'd:
He in the Dimple of her Chin,
In private State by Friends is ſeen.
Her Eyes are neither black, nor grey;
Nor fierce, nor feeble is their Ray:
Their dubious Luſtre ſeems to ſhow
Something that ſpeaks nor Yes, nor No.
Her Lips no living Bard, I weet,
May ſay, how Red, how Round, how Sweet:
Old HOMER only cou'd indite
Their vagrant Grace, and ſoft Delight:
They ſtand Recorded in his Book,
When HELEN ſmil'd, and HEBE ſpoke——
The Gipſy turning to her Glaſs,
Too plainly ſhow'd, She knew the Face:
And which am I moſt like, She ſaid,
Your CLOE, or Your *Nut-brown Maid?*

Written in an OVID.

OVID is the ſureſt Guide,
You can name, to ſhow the Way
To any Woman, Maid, or Bride,
Who reſolves to go aſtray.

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A TRUE MAID.

NO, no; for my Virginity,
When I lose that, says ROSE, I'll dye:
Behind the Elmes, last Night, cry'd DICK,
ROSE, were You not extreamly Sick?

ANOTHER.

TEN Months after FLORIMEL happen'd to wed,
And was brought in a laudable Manner to Bed;
She warbl'd Her Groans with so charming a Voice,
That one half of the Parish was stun'd with the Noise.
But when FLORIMEL deign'd to lie privately in,
Ten Months before She and her Spouse were a-kin;
She chose with such Prudence her Pangs to conceal,
That her Nurse, nay her Midwife, scarce heard her once squeal.
Learn, Husbands, from hence, for the Peace of your Lives,
That Maids make not half such a Tumult, as Wives.

A REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

ON His Death-Bed poor LUBIN lies:
His Spouse is in Despair:
With frequent Sobs, and mutual Cries,
They Both express their Care.

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A diff'rent Cauſe, ſays Parſon SLY,
The ſame Effect may give:
Poor LUBIN fears, that He ſhall Die;
His Wife, that He may Live.

Another REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

FROM her own Native FRANCE as old ALISON paſt,
She reproach'd *Engliſh* NELL with Neglect or with Malice,
That the Slattern had left, in the Hurry and Haſt,
Her Lady's Complexion, and Eye-brows at CALAIS.

ANOTHER.

HER Eye-brow-Box one Morning loſt,
(The beſt of Folks are oft'neſt croſt)
Said HELEN thus to JENNY ſaid,
Her careleſs but afflicted Maid;
Put me to Bed then, wretched JANE:
Alas! when ſhall I riſe again?
I can behold no Mortal now:
For what's an Eye without a Brow?

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On the same Subject.

IN a dark Corner of the Houſe,
Poor HELEN ſits, and ſobs and cries:
She will not ſee her Loving Spouſe,
Nor her more dear *Picquet*-Allies:
Unleſs She finds her Eye-brows,
She'll e'en weep out her Eyes.

On the Same.

HELEN was juſt ſlipt into Bed:
Her Eye-brows on the Toilet lay:
Away the Kitten with them fled,
As Fees belonging to her Prey.

For this Misfortune careleſs JANE,
Aſſure your ſelf, was loudly rated:
And Madam getting up again,
With her own Hand the Mouſe-Trap baited.

On little Things, as Sages write,
Depends our Human Joy, or Sorrow:
If We don't catch a Mouſe To-night,
Alas! no Eye-brows for To-morrow.

PHILLIS's

PHYLLIS's AGE.

HOW old may PHYLLIS be, You ask,
Whoſe Beauty thus all Hearts engages?
To Anſwer is no eaſie Task;
For She has really two Ages.

Stiff in Brocard, and pinch'd in Stays,
Her Patches, Paint, and Jewels on;
All Day let Envy view her Face;
And PHYLLIS is but Twenty-one.

Paint, Patches, Jewels laid aſide,
At Night Aſtronomers agree,
The Evening has the Day bely'd;
And PHYLLIS is ſome Forty-three.

Forma Bonum Fragile.

WHAT a frail Thing is Beauty, ſays Baron LE CRAS,
Perceiving his Miſtreſs had one Eye of Glaſs:
And ſcarcely had He ſpoke it;
When She more confus'd, as more angry She grew,
By a negligent Rage prov'd the Maxim too true:
She dropt the Eye, and broke it.

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A Critical Moment.

HOW capricious were Nature and Art to poor NELL?
She was painting her Cheeks at the time her Noſe fell.

An EPIGRAM.

Written to the Duke de NOAILLES.

VAIN the Concern which You expreſs,
That uncall'd ALARD will poſſeſs
Your Houſe and Coach, both Day and Night:
And that MACKBETH was haunted leſs
By BANQUO's reſtleſs Spright.

With Fifteen-Thouſand Pound a Year,
Do You complain, You cannot bear
An Ill, You may ſo ſoon retrieve?
Good ALARD, faith, is modeſter
By much, than You believe.

Lend Him but fifty *Louis d'or*;
And You ſhall never ſee Him more:
Take the Advice; *Probatum eſt*.
Why do the Gods indulge our Store,
But to ſecure our Reſt?

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EPILOGUE
TO
PHÆDRA.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD, *who acted* ISMENA.

LADIES, to Night your Pity I implore
For One, who never troubled You before:
An OXFORD-Man, extreamly read in GREEK,
Who from EURIPIDES makes PHÆDRA ſpeak;
And comes to Town, to let Us Moderns know,
How Women lov'd two thouſand Years ago.

If that be all, ſaid I, e'en burn your Play:
I' gad! We know all that, as well as They:
Show Us the youthful, handſome Charioteer,
Firm in his Seat, and running his Career;
Our Souls would kindle with as gen'rous Flames,
As e'er inſpir'd the antient GRECIAN Dames:
Ev'ry ISMENA would reſign her Breaſt;
And ev'ry dear HIPPOLYTUS be bleſt.

But, as it is, Six flouncing FLANDERS Mares
Are e'en as good, as any Two of Theirs;
And if HIPPOLYTUS can but contrive
To buy the gilded Chariot; JOHN can drive.

Now

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Now of the Buſtle You have ſeen to Day,
And PHÆDRA's Morals in this Scholar's Play,
Something at leaſt in Juſtice ſhould be ſaid:
But this HIPPOLYTUS ſo fills One's Head——
Well! PHÆDRA liv'd as chaſtly as She cou'd,
For ſhe was Father JOVE's own Fleſh and Blood.
Her aukward Love indeed was odly fated:
She and her POLY were too near related:
And yet that Scruple had been laid aſide,
If honeſt THESEUS had but fairly dy'd:
But when He came, what needed He to know,
But that all Matters ſtood in *Statu quo*?
There was no harm, You ſee; or grant there were:
She might want Conduct; but He wanted Care.
'Twas in a Husband little leſs than rude,
Upon his Wife's Retirement to intrude——
He ſhould have ſent a Night or two before,
That He would come exact at ſuch an Hour:
Then He had turn'd all Tragedy to Jeſt;
Found ev'ry Thing contribute to his Reſt;
The *Picquet*-Friend diſmiſs'd, the Coaſt all clear,
And Spouſe alone impatient for her Dear.

But if theſe gay Reflections come too late,
To keep the guilty PHÆDRA from her Fate;
If your more ſerious Judgment muſt condemn
The dire Effects of her unhappy Flame:
Yet, Ye chaſte Matrons, and Ye tender Fair,
Let Love and Innocence engage your Care:

My

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My ſpotleſs Flames to your Protection take;
And ſpare poor PHÆDRA, for ISMENA's ſake.

EPILOGUE
TO
LUCIUS.

Spoken by Mrs. HORTON.

THE Female Author who recites to Day,
Truſts to her Sex the Merit of her Play.
Like Father BAYES ſecurely She ſits down:
Pitt, Box and Gallery, Gad! All's our Own.
In antient GREECE, She ſays, when SAPPHO writ,
By their Applauſe the Critics ſhow'd their Wit.
They tun'd their Voices to her LYRIC String;
Tho' they cou'd All do ſomething more, than Sing.
But one Exception to this Fact we find;
That Booby PHAON only was unkind,
An ill-bred Boat-man, rough as Waves and Wind.
From SAPPHO down thro' all ſucceeding Ages,
And now on FRENCH, or on ITALIAN Stages,
Rough Satyrs, ſly Remarks, ill-natur'd Speeches,
Are always aim'd at Poets, that wear Breeches.
Arm'd with LONGINUS, or with RAPIN, No Man
Drew a ſharp Pen upon a Naked Woman.
The bluſt'ring Bully in our neighb'ring Streets,
Scorns to attack the Female that He meets:
Fearleſs the Petticoat contemns his Frowns:
The Hoop ſecures, whatever it ſurrounds.

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The

The many-color'd Gentry there above,
By turns are rul'd by Tumult, and by Love:
And while their Sweet-hearts their Attention fix,
Suſpend the Din of their damn'd clatt'ring Sticks.
Now Sirs——
To You our Author makes Her ſoft Requeſt,
Who ſpeak the kindeſt, and who write the beſt.
Your *Sympathetic* Hearts She hopes to move,
From tender Friendſhip, and endearing Love.
If PETRARCH's Muſe did LAURA's Wit rehearſe,
And COWLEY flatter'd dear ORINDA's Verſe;
She hopes from You——Pox take her Hopes and Fears;
I plead her Sexe's Claim: what matters Hers?
By Our full Pow'r of Beauty We think fit,
To damn this *Salique* Law impos'd on Wit:
We'll try the Empire You ſo long have boaſted;
And if We are not Prais'd, We'll not be Toaſted.
Approve what One of us preſents to Night;
Or ev'ry Mortal Woman here ſhall write:
Rural, Pathetic, Narrative, Sublime,
We'll write to You, and make You write in Rhime:
Female Remarks ſhall take up all Your Time.
Your Time, poor Souls! we'll take your very Money;
Female Third Days ſhall come ſo thick upon Ye.
As long as We have Eyes, or Hands, or Breath,
We'll Look, or Write, or Talk You All to Death.
Unleſs Ye yield for Better and for Worſe:
Then the She-PEGASUS ſhall gain the Courſe;
And the Grey Mare will prove the better Horſe.

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The THIEF AND THE CORDELIER,

A BALLAD.

To the Tune of

King JOHN, *and the* ABBOT *of* CANTERBURY.

WHO has e'er been at PARIS, muſt needs know the *Greve*,
The fatal Retreat of th' unfortunate Brave;
Where Honor and Juſtice moſt odly contribute,
To eaſe Hero's Pains by a Halter and Gibbet.
Derry down, down, bey derry down.

There Death breaks the Shackles, which Force had put [on;
And the Hangman compleats, what the Judge but begun:
There the 'Squire of the Pad, and the Knight of the Poſt,
Find their Pains no more balk'd, and their Hopes no [more croſt.
Derry down, &c.

Great Claims are there made, and great Secrets are known;
And the King, and the Law, and the Thief has His own:
But my Hearers cry out; What a duce doſt Thou ayl?
Cut off thy Reflections; and give Us thy Tale.
Derry down, &c.

'Twas

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'Twas there, then, in civil Reſpect to harſh Laws,
And for want of falſe Witneſs, to back a bad Cauſe,
A NORMAN, tho' late, was oblig'd to appear:
And Who to aſſiſt, but a grave CORDELIER?
Derry down, &c.

The 'Squire, whoſe good Grace was to open the Scene,
Seem'd not in great Haſte, that the Show ſhou'd begin:
Now fitted the Halter, now travers'd the Cart;
And often took Leave; but was loath to Depart.
Derry down, &c.

What frightens You thus, my good Son? ſays the Prieſt:
You Murther'd, are Sorry, and have been Confeſt.
O Father! My Sorrow will ſcarce ſave my Bacon:
For 'twas not that I Murther'd, but that I was Taken.
Derry down, &c.

Pough! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy Head with ſuch Fancies:
Rely on the Aid You ſhall have from Saint FRANCIS:
If the Money You promis'd be brought to the Cheſt;
You have only to Dye: let the Church do the reſt.
Derry down, &c.

And what will Folks ſay, if they ſee You afraid?
It reflects upon Me; as I knew not my Trade:
Courage, Friend; To-day is your Period of Sorrow;
And Things will go better, believe Me, To-morrow.
Derry down, &c.

To-

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To-morrow? our Hero reply'd in a Fright:
He that's hang'd before Noon, ought to think of To-night.
Tell your Beads, quoth the Prieſt, and be fairly truſs'd up:
For You ſurely To-night ſhall in PARADISE Sup.
Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the 'Squire, howe'er ſumptuous the Treat,
Parblew, I ſhall have little Stomach to Eat:
I ſhould therefore eſteem it great Favor, and Grace;
Wou'd You be ſo kind, as to go in my Place.
Derry down, &c.

That I wou'd, quoth the Father, and thank you to [boot;
But our Actions, You know, with our Duty muſt ſuit.
The Feaſt, I propos'd to You, I cannot taſte:
For this Night, by our Order, is mark'd for a Faſt.
Derry down, &c.

Then turning about to the Hangman, He ſaid;
Diſpatch me, I pr'ythee, this troubleſome Blade:
For Thy Cord, and My Cord both equally tie;
And We Live by the Gold, for which other Men Dye.
Derry down, &c.

EPI

An EPITAPH.

Stet quicunque volet potens
Aulæ culmine lubrico, &c. Senec.

INTERR'D beneath this Marble Stone,
Lie Saunt'ring JACK, and Idle JOAN.
While rolling Threeſcore Years and One
Did round this Globe their Courſes run;
If Human Things went Ill or Well;
If changing Empires roſe or fell;
The Morning paſt, the Evening came,
And found this Couple ſtill the ſame.
They Walk'd and Eat, good Folks: What then?
Why then They Walk'd and Eat again:
They ſoundly ſlept the Night away:
They did juſt Nothing all the Day:
And having bury'd Children Four,
Wou'd not take Pains to try for more.
Nor Siſter either had, nor Brother:
They ſeem'd juſt Tally'd for each other.

Their Moral and Oeconomy
Moſt perfectly They made agree:
Each Virtue kept it's proper Bound,
Nor Treſpaſs'd on the other's Ground.
Nor Fame, nor Cenſure They regarded:
They neither Puniſh'd, nor Rewarded.

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He car'd not what the Footmen did:
Her Maids She neither prais'd, nor chid:
So ev'ry Servant took his Courſe;
And bad at Firſt, They all grew worſe.
Slothful Diſorder fill'd His Stable;
And ſluttiſh Plenty deck'd Her Table.
Their Beer was ſtrong; Their Wine was *Port*;
Their Meal was large; Their Grace was ſhort.
They gave the Poor the Remnant-meat,
Juſt when it grew not fit to eat.

They paid the Church and Pariſh-Rate;
And took, but read not the Receit:
For which They claim'd their *Sunday*'s Due,
Of ſlumb'ring in an upper Pew.

No Man's Defects ſought They to know;
So never made Themſelves a Foe.
No Man's good Deeds did They commend;
So never rais'd Themſelves a Friend.
Nor cheriſh'd They Relations poor:
That might decreaſe Their preſent Store:
Nor Barn nor Houſe did they repair:
That might oblige Their future Heir.

They neither Added, nor Confounded:
They neither Wanted, nor Abounded.
Each *Chriſtmas* They Accompts did clear;
And wound their Bottom round the Year.

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Nor Tear, nor Smile did They imploy
At News of Public Grief, or Joy.
When Bells were Rung, and Bonfires made;
If ask'd, They ne'er deny'd their Aid:
Their Jugg was to the Ringers carry'd;
Who ever either Dy'd, or Marry'd.
Their Billet at the Fire was found;
Who ever was Depos'd, or Crown'd.

Nor Good, nor Bad, nor Fools, nor Wise;
They wou'd not learn, nor cou'd advise:
Without Love, Hatred, Joy, or Fear,
They led——a kind of——as it were:
Nor Wish'd, nor Car'd, nor Laugh'd, nor Cry'd:
And so They liv'd; and so They dy'd.

Horace Lib. I. Epist. IX.

Septimius, Claudi, nimirum intelligit unus,
Quanti me facias: &c.

Imitated.

To the RIGHT HONORABLE

Mr. *HARLEY.*

DEAR DICK, how e'er it comes into his Head,
Believes, as firmly as He does his Creed,
That You and I, SIR, are extremely great;
Tho' I plain MAT, You *Minister of State.*

One

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One Word from Me, without all doubt, He ſays,
Wou'd fix his Fortune in ſome little Place.
Thus better than My ſelf, it ſeems, He knows,
How far my Intereſt with my Patron goes;
And anſwering all Objections I can make,
Still plunges deeper in his dear Miſtake.

From this wild Fancy, SIR, there may proceed
One wilder yet, which I foreſee, and dread;
That I, in Fact, a real Intereſt have,
Which to my own Advantage I wou'd ſave,
And, with the uſual Courtier's Trick, intend
To ſerve My ſelf, forgetful of my Friend.

To ſhun this Cenſure, I all Shame lay by;
And make my Reaſon with his Will comply;
Hoping, for my Excuſe, 'twill be confeſt,
That of two Evils I have choſe the leaſt.
So, SIR, with this Epiſtolary Scroll,
Receive the Partner of my inmoſt Soul:
Him you will find in Letters, and in Laws
Not unexpert, firm to his Country's Cauſe,
Warm in the Glorious Intereſt You purſue,
And, in one Word, a Good Man and a True.

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TO Mr. *HARLEY.*

Wounded by GUISCARD. 1711.

——ab ipſo
Ducit opes animumque ferro. Hor.

I.

IN one great *Now*, Superior to an Age,
The full Extremes of Nature's Force We find:
How Heav'nly Virtue can exalt; or Rage
Infernal, how degrade the Human Mind.

II.

While the fierce Monk does at his Tryal ſtand;
He chews Revenge, abjuring his Offence:
Guile in his Tongue, and Murther in his Hand,
He ſtabs his Judge, to prove his Innocence.

III.

The guilty Stroke and Torture of the Steel
Infix'd, our dauntleſs BRITON ſcarce perceives:
The Wounds His Countrey from His Death muſt feel,
The PATRIOT views; for thoſe alone He grieves.

IV.

The barb'rous Rage that durſt attempt Thy Life,
HARLEY, great Counſellor, extends Thy Fame:
And the ſharp Point of cruel GUISCARD's Knife,
In Braſs and Marble carves Thy deathleſs Name.

V.

Faithful Aſſertor of Thy Country's Cauſe,
BRITAIN with Tears ſhall bath Thy glorious Wound:
She for thy Safety ſhall enlarge Her Laws;
And in Her Statutes ſhall Thy Worth be found.

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VI.

Yet 'midst Her Sighs She Triumphs, on the Hand
Reflecting, that diffus'd the Publick Woe;
A Stranger to her Altars, and her Land:
No Son of Her's could meditate this Blow.

VII.

Mean Time Thy Pain is gracious ANNA's Care:
Our Queen, our Saint, with sacrificing Breath
Softens Thy Anguish: In Her pow'rful Pray'r
She pleads Thy Service, and forbids Thy Death.

VIII.

Great as Thou art, Thou canst demand no more,
O Breast bewail'd by Earth, preserv'd by Heav'n!
No higher can aspiring Virtue soar:
Enough to Thee of Grief, and Fame is giv'n.

An *Extempore* INVITATION TO THE EARL of *OXFORD*, Lord High Treasurer. 1712.

My LORD,

OUR Weekly Friends To-morrow meet
At MATTHEW's Palace, in *Duke-street*;
To try for once, if They can Dine
On Bacon-Ham, and Mutton-chine:

If

If weary'd with the great Affairs,
Which BRITAIN truſts to HARLEY's Cares,
Thou, humble Stateſman, may'ſt deſcend,
Thy Mind one Moment to unbend;
To ſee Thy Servant from his Soul
Crown with Thy Health the ſprightly Bowl:
Among the Gueſts, which e'er my Houſe
Receiv'd, it never can produce
Of Honor a more glorious Proof——
Tho' DORSET us'd to bleſs the Roof.

Erle ROBERT'S

MICE.

In CHAUCER's *Stile.*

TWAY Mice, full Blythe and Amicable,
Batten beſide Erle ROBERT's Table.
Lies there ne Trap their Necks to catch,
Ne old black Cat their Steps to watch.
Their Fill they eat of Fowl and Fiſh;
Feaſt-lyche as Heart of Mouſe, mote wiſh.

As Gueſts ſat Jovial at the Boarde,
Forth leap'd our Mice, Eftſoons the Lord
Of BOLING, whilome JOHN the SAINT;
Who maketh oft Propos full quaint,

Laugh'd

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Laugh'd jocund, and aloud He cry'd,
To MATTHEW ſeated on t'oth' ſide:
To Thee, lean Bard, it doth partain
To underſtand theſe Creatures Tweine.
Come frame Us now ſome clean Device,
Or playſant Rhime on yonder Mice:
They ſeem, God ſhield Me, MAT. and CHARLES.

Bad as Sir TOPAZ, or 'Squire QUARLES
(MATTHEW did for the nonce reply)
At Emblem, or Device am I:
But could I Chaunt, or Rhyme, pardie,
Clear as *Dan* CHAUCER, or as Thee;
Ne Verſe from Me (ſo God me ſhrive)
On Mouſe, or other Beaſt alive.
Certes, I have theſe many Days
Sent myne Poetic Herd to graze.
Ne Armed Knight ydrad in War
With Lyon fierce will I compare:
Ne Judge unjuſt, with furred Fox,
Harming in Secret Guiſe the Flocks:
Ne Prieſt unworth of Goddeſs Coat,
To Swine ydrunk, or filthy Stoat.
Elk Similè farwell for aye,
From Elephant, I trow, to Flea.

Reply'd the friendlike Peer, I weene,
MATTHEW is angred on the Spleen.
Ne ſo, quoth MAT. ne ſhall be e'er,
With Wit that falleth all ſo fair:

Eftſoons,

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Eftſoons, well weet Ye, mine Intent
Boweth to your Commaundement.
If by theſe Creatures Ye have ſeen,
Pourtrayed CHARLES and MATTHEW been;
Behoveth neet to wreck my Brain,
The reſt in Order to explain.

That Cup-board, where the Mice diſport,
I liken to St. * STEPHEN's Court: * Exchequer.
Therein is Space enough, I trow,
For elke Comrade to come and goe:
And therein eke may Both be fed
With Shiver of the Wheaten Bread.
And when, as theſe mine Eyen ſurvey,
They ceaſe to skip, and ſqueak, and play;
Return they may to different Cells,
AUDITING One, whilſt t'other TELLS.

Dear ROBERT, quoth the SAINT, whoſe Mind
In Bounteous Deed no Mean can bind;
Now as I hope to grow devout,
I deem this Matter well made out.
Laugh I, whilſt thus I ſerious Pray?
Let that be wrought which MAT. doth ſay:
Yea, quoth the ERLE; but not to Day.

In the ſame Style.

FULL oft doth MAT. with TOPAZ dine,
Eateth bak'd Meats, drinketh Greek Wine:

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But TOPAZ his own Werke rehearſeth;
And MAT. mote praiſe what TOPAZ verſeth.
Now ſure as Prieſt did e'er ſhrive Sinner,
Full hardly earneth MAT. his Dinner.

In the ſame Style.

FAIR SUSAN did her Wif-hede well menteine,
Algates aſſaulted ſore by Letchours tweine:
Now, and I read aright that Auncient Song,
Olde were the Paramours, the Dame full yong.

Had thilke ſame Tale in other Guiſe been tolde;
Had They been Yong (pardie) and She been Olde;
That, by S^t KIT, had wrought much ſorer Tryal;
Full merveillous, I wote, were ſwilk Denyal.

A FLOWER,

Painted by

SIMON VARELST.

WHEN fam'd VARELST this little Wonder drew;
FLORA vouchſaf'd the growing Work to view:
Finding the Painter's Science at a Stand,
The Goddeſs ſnatch'd the Pencil from his Hand;
And finiſhing the Piece, She ſmiling ſaid;
Behold One Work of Mine, that ne'er ſhall fade.

TO

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TO THE

Lady ELIZABETH HARLEY,

Since Marchioness of CARMARTHEN,

On a Column of Her Drawing.

WHEN future Ages shall with Wonder view
These glorious Lines, which HARLEY's Daughter drew;
They shall confess, that BRITAIN could not raise
A fairer Column to the Father's Praise.

PROTOGENES *and* APELLES.

WHEN Poets wrote, and Painters drew,
As Nature pointed out the View:
E'er GOTHIC Forms were known in GREECE,
To spoil the well-proportion'd Piece:
And in our Verse e'er Monkish Rhimes
Had jangl'd their fantastic Chimes:
E'er on the flow'ry Lands of RHODES
Those Knights had fix'd their dull Abodes,
Who knew not much to paint or write,
Nor car'd to pray, nor dar'd to fight:
PROTOGENES, Historians note,
Liv'd there, a Burgess Scot and Lot;

And,

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And, as old PLINY's Writings ſhow,
APELLES did the ſame at Co:
Agreed theſe Points of Time, and Place,
Proceed We in the preſent Caſe.

Picqu'd by PROTOGENES's Fame,
From CO to RHODES, APELLES came;
To ſee a Rival and a Friend,
Prepar'd to Cenſure, or Commend,
Here to abſolve, and there object,
As Art with Candor might direct.
He ſails, He lands, He comes, He rings:
His Servants follow with the Things:
Appears the Governante of th' Houſe:
(For ſuch in GREECE were much in uſe.)
If Young or Handſom, Yea or No,
Concerns not Me, or Thee to know.

Does 'Squire PROTOGENES live here?
Yes, Sir, ſays She with gracious Air,
And Curt'ſey low; but juſt call'd out
By Lords peculiarly devout;
Who came on purpoſe, Sir, to borrow
Our VENUS, for the Feaſt To-morrow,
To grace the Church: 'tis VENUS' Day:
I hope, Sir, You intend to ſtay,
To ſee our VENUS: 'tis the Piece
The moſt renown'd throughout all GREECE,
So like th' Original, they ſay:
But I have no great Skill that Way.

But,

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But, Sir, at Six ('tis now paſt Three)
DROMO muſt make my Maſter's Tea:
At Six, Sir, if You pleaſe to come,
You'll find my Maſter, Sir, at Home.

Tea, ſays a Critic big with Laughter,
Was found ſome twenty Ages after;
Authors, before they write, ſhou'd read;
'Tis very true; but We'll proceed.

And, Sir, at preſent wou'd you pleaſe
To leave your Name——Fair Maiden, yes:
Reach me that Board. No ſooner ſpoke,
But done. With one judicious Stroke,
On the plain Ground APELLES drew
A Circle regularly true:
And will you pleaſe, Sweet-heart, ſaid He,
To ſhew your Maſter this from Me?
By it He preſently will know,
How Painters write their Names at Co.

He gave the Pannel to the Maid.
Smiling and Curt'ſing, Sir, She ſaid,
I ſhall not fail to tell my Maſter:
And, Sir, for fear of all Diſaſter,
I'll keep it my own ſelf; Safe bind,
Says the old Proverb, and Safe find.
So, Sir, as ſure as Key or Lock——
Your Servant Sir——at Six a Clock.

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Again at Six APELLES came;
Found the ſame prating civil Dame.
Sir, that my Maſter has been here,
Will by the Board it ſelf appear.
If from the perfect Line He found,
He has preſum'd to ſwell the Round,
Or Colors on the Draught to lay;
'Tis thus (He order'd me to ſay)
Thus write the Painters of this Iſle:
Let thoſe of Co remark the Style.

She ſaid; and to his Hand reſtor'd
The rival Pledge, the Miſſive Board.
Upon the happy Line were laid
Such obvious Light, and eaſie Shade;
That PARIS' Apple ſtood confeſt,
Or LEDA's Egg, or CLOE's Breaſt.

APELLES view'd the finiſh'd Piece;
And Live, ſaid He, the Arts of GREECE!
Howe'er PROTOGENES and I
May in our Rival Talents vie;
Howe'er our Works may have expreſs'd,
Who trueſt drew, or color'd beſt;
When He beheld my flowing Line;
He found at leaſt I cou'd deſign:
And from his artful Round, I grant,
That He with perfect Skill can paint.

The

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The dulleſt GENIUS cannot fail
To find the Moral of my Tale:
That the diſtinguiſh'd Part of Men,
With Compaſs, Pencil, Sword, or Pen,
Shou'd in Life's Viſit leave their Name,
In Characters, which may proclaim
That They with Ardor ſtrove to raiſe
At once their Arts, and Countrey's Praiſe:
And in their Working took great Care,
That all was Full, and Round, and Fair.

DEMOCRITUS *and* HERACLITUS.

DEMOCRITUS, dear Droll, reviſit Earth,
And with our Follies glut Thy heighten'd Mirth:
Sad HERACLITUS, ſerious Wretch, return,
In louder Grief our greater Crimes to mourn.
Between You both I unconcern'd ſtand by:
Hurt, can I laugh? and Honeſt, need I cry?

For my own Tomb-ſtone.

TO Me 'twas giv'n to die! to Thee 'tis giv'n
To live! Alas! one Moment ſees us ev'n.
Mark! how impartial is the Will of Heav'n!

GUAL-

GUALTERUS DANISTONUS

Ad Amicos.

DUM Studeo fungi fallentis munere vitæ,
Adfectoque viam ſedibus Elyſiis,
ARCTOA florens Sophiâ, SAMIISQUE ſuperbus
Diſcipulis, Animas morte carere cano.
Has ego corporibus profugas ad ſidera mitto;
Sideraque ingreſſis otia blanda dico;
Qualia conveniunt Divis, queis fata volebant
Vitäi faciles mollitèr ire vias:
Vinaque Cœlicolis media inter gaudia libo;
Et me quid majus ſuſpicor eſſe viro.
Sed fuerint nulli forſan, quos ſpondeo, cœli;
Nullaque ſint DITIS Numina, nulla JOVIS:
Fabula ſit terris agitur quæ vita relictis;
Quique ſuperſtes, Homo; qui nihil, eſto Deus.
Attamen eſſe hilares, & inanes mittere curas
Proderit, ac vitæ commoditate frui,
Et feſtos agitâſſe dies, ævique fugacis
Tempora perpetuis detinuiſſe jocis.
His me parentem præceptis occupet Orcus,
Et Mors; ſeu Divum, ſeu nihil eſſe velit:
Nam Sophia Ars illa eſt, quæ fallere ſuavitèr horas
Admonet, atque Orci non timuiſſe minas.

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IMITATED.

STUDIOUS the buſie Moments to deceive,
That fleet between the Cradle and the Grave,
I credit what the GREECIAN Dictates ſay,
And SAMIAN Sounds o'er SCOTIA's Hills convey.
When mortal Man reſigns his tranſient Breath;
The Body only I give o'er to Death.
The Parts diſſolv'd, and broken Frame I mourn:
What came from Earth, I ſee to Earth return.
The Immaterial Part, th' Æthereal Soul,
Nor can Change vanquiſh, nor can Death controul.
Glad I releaſe it from it's Partner's Cares;
And bid good Angels waft it to the Stars.
Then in the flowing Bowl I drown thoſe Sighs,
Which, Spight of Wiſdom, from our Weakneſs riſe.
The Draught to the Dead's Mem'ry I commend,
And offer to the now immortal Friend.
But if oppos'd to what my Thoughts approve,
Nor PLUTO's Rage there be, nor Pow'r of JOVE;
On it's dark Side if Thou the Proſpect take;
Grant all forgot beyond black LETHE's Lake:
In total Death ſuppoſe the Mortal lye,
No new Hereafter, nor a future Sky:
Yet bear thy Lot content; yet ceaſe to grieve:
Why, e'er Death comes, doſt Thou forbear to live?
The little Time Thou haſt, 'twixt Inſtant Now
And Fate's Approach, is All the Gods allow:

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And of this little haſt Thou ought to ſpare
To ſad Reflection, and corroding Care?
The Moments paſt, if Thou art wiſe, retrieve
With pleaſant Mem'ry of the Bliſs they gave.
The preſent Hours in preſent Mirth imploy;
And bribe the Future with the Hopes of Joy.
The Future (few or more, how e'er they be)
Were deſtin'd e'rſt; nor can by Fate's Decree
Be now cut off, betwixt the Grave and Thee.

THE FIRST
HYMN
OF
CALLIMACHUS
TO
JUPITER.

WHILE we to JOVE ſelect the holy Victim;
Whom aptet ſhall we ſing, than JOVE himſelf,
The God for ever Great, for ever King;
Who ſlew the Earth-born Race, and meaſures Right
To Heav'n's great Habitants? DICTÆAN hear'ſt Thou
More joyful, or LYCÆAN, long Diſpute
And various Thought has trac'd. On IDA's Mount,

Or

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Or DICTE, studious of his Country's Praise,
The CRETAN boasts Thy Natal Place: but oft
He meets Reproof deserv'd: for He presumptuous
Has built a Tomb for Thee, who never knew'st
To die, but liv'st the same To-day and Ever.
ARCADIAN therefore be Thy Birth: Great RHEA
Pregnant to high PARRHASIA's Cliffs retir'd,
And wild LYCÆUS, black with shading Pines:
Holy Retreat! Sithence no Female hither,
Conscious of Social Love and Nature's Rites,
Must dare approach, from the Inferior Reptile
To Woman, Form Divine. There the blest Parent
Ungirt her spacious Bosom, and discharg'd
The pond'rous Birth: She sought a neighb'ring Spring,
To wash the recent Babe: In vain: ARCADIA,
(However streamy now) adust and dry,
Deny'd the Goddess Water: where deep MELAS,
And rocky CRATIS flow, the Chariot smok'd,
Obscure with rising Dust: the thirsty Trav'ler
In vain requir'd the Current, then imprison'd
In subterranean Cavens: Forests grew
Upon the barren Hollows, high o'ershading
The Haunts of Savage Beasts, where now IAON,
And ERIMANTH incline their friendly Urns.

Thou too, O Earth, great RHEA said, bring forth:
And short shall be thy Pangs: She said; and high
She rear'd her Arm, and with her Sceptre struck
The yawning Cliff: from it's disparted Height
Adown the Mount the gushing Torrent ran,

And

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And chear'd the Vallies: There the Heav'nly Mother
Bath'd, mighty King, Thy tender Limbs: She wrapt them
In purple Bands: She gave the precious Pledge
To prudent NEDA, charging her to guard Thee,
Careful and ſecret: NEDA of the Nymphs
That tended the great Birth, next PHILYRE
And STYX, the eldeſt. Smiling She receiv'd Thee,
And conſcious of the Grace, abſolv'd her Truſt:
Not unrewarded; ſince the River bore
The Fav'rite Virgin's Name: fair NEDA rowls
By LEPRION's ancient Walls, a fruitful Stream.
Faſt by her flow'ry Bank the Sons of ARCAS,
Fav'rites of Heav'n, with happy Care protect
Their fleecy Charge; and joyous drink her Wave.

Thee, God, to CNOSSUS NEDA brought: the Nymphs
And CORYBANTES Thee their ſacred Charge
Receiv'd: ADRASTE rock'd Thy golden Cradle:
The Goat, now bright amidſt her fellow-Stars,
Kind AMALTHEA, reach'd her Tett diſtent
With Milk, Thy early Food: the ſedulous Bee
Diſtill'd her Honey on Thy purple Lips.

Around, the fierce CURETES (Order ſolemn
To thy foreknowing Mother!) trod tumultuous
Their Myſtic Dance, and clang'd their ſounding Arms;
Induſtrious with the warlike Din to quell
Thy Infant-Cries, and mock the Ear of SATURN.

Swift

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Swift Growth and wond'rous Grace, O heav'nly JOVE,
Waited Thy blooming Years: Inventive Wit,
And perfect Judgment crown'd Thy youthful Act.
That SATURN's Sons receiv'd the three-fold Empire
Of Heav'n, of Ocean, and deep Hell beneath,
As the dark Urn and Chance of Lot determin'd,
Old Poets mention, fabling. Things of Moment
Well nigh equivalent and neighb'ring Value
By Lot are parted: But high Heav'n, Thy Share,
In equal Balance laid 'gainſt Sea or Hell,
Flings up the adverſe Scale, and ſhuns Proportion.
Wherefore not Chance, but Pow'r, above Thy Brethren
Exalted Thee, their King. When Thy great Will
Commands Thy Chariot forth; impetuous Strength,
And fiery Swiftneſs wing the rapid Wheels,
Inceſſant; high the Eagle flies before Thee.
And oh! as I and mine conſult Thy Augur,
Grant the glad Omen; let Thy Fav'rite riſe
Propitious, ever ſoaring from the Right.

Thou to the leſſer Gods haſt well aſſign'd
Their proper Shares of Pow'r; Thy own, great JOVE,
Boundleſs and univerſal. Thoſe who labor
The ſweaty Forge, who edge the crooked Scythe,
Bend ſtubborn Steel, and harden gleening Armor,
Acknowledge VULCAN's Aid. The early Hunter
Bleſſes DIANA's Hand, who leads Him ſafe
O'er hanging Cliffs; who ſpreads his Net ſucceſsful,
And guides the Arrow through the Panther's Heart.

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The Soldier from ſucceſsful Camps returning,
With Laurel wreath'd, and rich with hoſtile Spoil,
Severs the Bull to MARS. The skilful Bard,
Striking the THRACIAN Harp, invokes APOLLO,
To make his Hero and Himſelf Immortal.
Thoſe, mighty JOVE, mean time, Thy glorious Care,
Who model Nations, publiſh Laws, anounce
Or Life or Death, and found or change the Empire.
Man owns the Pow'r of Kings; and Kings of JOVE.

And as their Actions tend ſubordinate
To what Thy Will deſigns, Thou giv'ſt the Means
Proportion'd to the Work; Thou ſee'ſt impartial,
How They thoſe Means imploy. Each Monarch rules
His different Realm, accountable to Thee,
Great Ruler of the World: Theſe only have
To ſpeak and be obey'd; to Thoſe are giv'n
Aſſiſtant Days to ripen the Deſign;
To ſome whole Months; revolving Years to ſome:
Others, ill fated, are condemn'd to toil
Their tedious Life, and mourn their Purpoſe blaſted
With fruitleſs Act, and Impotence of Council.

Hail! greateſt Son of SATURN, wiſe Diſpoſer
Of ev'ry Good: Thy Praiſe what Man yet born
Has ſung? or who that may be born ſhall ſing?
Again, and often hail! indulge our Prayer,
Great Father! grant us Virtue, grant us Wealth:
For without Virtue, Wealth to Man avails not;
And Virtue without Wealth exerts leſs Pow'r,

And

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And less diffuses Good. Then grant us, Gracious,
Virtue, and Wealth; for both are of Thy Gift.

THE SECOND
HYMN
OF
CALLIMACHUS.
TO
APOLLO.

HAH! how the Laurel, great APOLLO's Tree,
And all the Cavern shakes! far off, far off,
The Man that is unhallow'd: for the God,
The God approaches. Hark! He knocks: the Gates
Feel the glad Impulse: and the sever'd Bars
Submissive clink against their brazen Portals.
Why do the DELIAN Palms incline their Boughs,
Self-mov'd: and hov'ring Swans, their Throats releas'd
From native Silence, carol Sounds harmonious?

Begin, young Men, the Hymn: let all your Harps
Break their inglorious Silence; and the Dance,
In mystic Numbers trod, explain the Music.
But first by ardent Pray'r, and clear Lustration
Purge the contagious Spots of Human Weakness:

Impure

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Impure no Mortal can behold APOLLO.
So may Ye flouriſh, favor'd by the God,
In Youth with happy Nuptials, and in Age
With ſilver Hairs, and fair Deſcent of Children;
So lay Foundations for aſpiring Cities,
And bleſs your ſpreading Colonies Encreaſe.

Pay ſacred Rev'rence to APOLLO's Song;
Leſt wrathful the far-ſhooting God emitt
His fatal Arrows. Silent Nature ſtands;
And Seas ſubſide, obedient to the Sound
Of Io, Io PEAN! nor dares THETIS
Longer bewail Her lov'd ACHILLES' Death:
For PHOEBUS was his Foe. Nor muſt ſad NIOBE
In fruitleſs Sorrow perſevere, or weep
Ev'n thro' the PHRYGIAN Marble. Hapleſs Mother!
Whoſe Fondneſs cou'd compare her Mortal Off-ſpring
To thoſe which fair LATONA bore to JOVE.
Io! again repeat Ye, Io PEAN!

Againſt the Deity 'tis hard to ſtrive.
He that reſiſts the Power of PTOLEMY,
Reſiſts the Pow'r of Heav'n: for Pow'r from Heav'n
Derives; and Monarchs rule by Gods appointed.

Recite APOLLO's Praiſe, 'till Night draws on,
The Ditty ſtill unfiniſh'd; and the Day
Unequal to the Godhead's Attributes
Various, and Matter copious of your Songs.

Sublime

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Sublime at JOVE's right Hand APOLLO ſits,
And thence diſtributes Honor, gracious King,
And Theme of Verſe perpetual. From his Robe
Flows Light ineffable: his Harp, his Quiver,
And LICTIAN Bow are Gold: with golden Sandals
His Feet are ſhod; how rich! how beautiful!
Beneath his Steps the yellow Min'ral riſes;
And Earth reveals her Treaſures. Youth and Beauty
Eternal deck his Cheek: from his fair Head
Perfumes diſtill their Sweets; and chearful HEALTH,
His dutious Handmaid, thro' the Air improv'd,
With laviſh Hand diffuſes Scents Ambroſial.

The Spear-man's Arm by Thee, great God, directed,
Sends forth a certain Wound. The Laurel'd Bard,
Inſpir'd by Thee, compoſes Verſe Immortal.
Taught by thy Art Divine, the ſage Phyſician
Eludes the Urn; and chains, or exiles Death.

Thee NOMIAN We adore; for that from Heav'n
Deſcending, Thou on fair AMPHRYSUS' Banks
Did'ſt guard ADMETUS' Herds. Sithence the Cow
Produc'd an ampler Store of Milk; the She-Goat
Not without Pain dragg'd her diſtended Udder;
And Ewes, that erſt brought forth but ſingle Lambs,
Now drop'd their Two-fold Burdens. Bleſt the Cattle,
On which APOLLO caſt his fav'ring Eye!

But, PHOEBUS, Thou to Man beneficent,
Delight'ſt in building Cities. Bright DIANA,

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Kind Siſter to thy infant-Deity
New-wean'd, and juſt ariſing from the Cradle,
Brought hunted wild Goats-Heads, and branching Antlers
Of Stags, The Fruit and Honor of her Toil.
Theſe with diſcerning Hand Thou knew'ſt to range,
(Young as Thou waſt) and in the well-fram'd Models,
With Emblematic Skill, and myſtic Order,
Thou ſhew'dſt, where Towers, or Battlements ſhould riſe;
Where Gates ſhould open; or where Walls ſhould compaſs:
While from thy childiſh Paſtime Man receiv'd
The future Strength, and Ornament of Nations.

BATTUS, our great Progenitor, now touch'd
The LYBIAN Strand; when the fore-boding Crow
Flew on the Right before the People, marking
The Country deſtin'd the auſpicious Seat
Of future Kings, and Favor of the God,
Whoſe Oath is ſure, and Promiſe ſtands Eternal.

Or BOEDROMIAN hear'ſt Thou pleas'd, or CLARIAN,
PHOEBUS, great King? for diff'rent are Thy Names,
As Thy kind Hand has founded many Cities,
Or dealt benign Thy various Gifts to Man.
CARNEAN let Me call Thee; for my Country
Calls Thee CARNEAN: the fair Colony
Thrice by Thy gracious Guidance was tranſported,
E'er ſettl'd in CYRENE; there W'appointed
Thy annual Feaſts, kind God, and bleſs thy Altars
Smoaking with Hecatombs of ſlaughter'd Bulls;
As CARNUS, thy High-Prieſt, and favor'd Friend,
Had er'ſt ordain'd; and with myſterious Rites,

Our

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Our great Forefathers taught their Sons to worſhip.
IO CARNEAN PHOEBUS! IO PEAN!

The yellow *Crocus* there, and fair *Narciſſus*
Reſerve the Honors of their Winter-Store,
To deck Thy Temple; 'till returning Spring
Diffuſes Nature's various Pride; and Flow'rs
Innumerable, by the ſoft South-weſt
Open'd, and gather'd by Religious Hands,
Rebound their Sweets from th'odorif'rous Pavement.
Perpetual Fires ſhine hallow'd on Thy Altars.
When Annual the CARNEAN Feaſt is held,
The warlike LIBYANS clad in Armor, lead
The Dance, with clanging Swords and Shields They beat
The dreadful Meaſure: in the Chorus join
Their Women, Brown but Beautiful: ſuch Rites
To Thee well-pleaſing. Nor had yet Thy Votaries,
From GREECE tranſplanted, touch'd CYRENE's Banks,
And Lands determin'd for their laſt Abodes;
But wander'd thro' AZILIS' horrid Forreſt
Diſpers'd; when from MYRTUSA's craggy Brow,
Fond of the Maid, auſpicious to the City,
Which muſt hereafter bear her favor'd Name,
Thou Gracious deign'ſt to let the Fair One view
Her *Typic* People; Thou with Pleaſure taught'ſt Her
To draw the Bow, to ſlay the ſhaggy Lyon,
And ſtop the ſpreading Ruin of the Plains.
Happy the Nymph, who honor'd by Thy Paſſion,
Was aided by thy Pow'r! The monſtrous PYTHON
Durſt tempt Thy Wrath in vain: for dead He fell,
To thy great Strength, and golden Arms unequal.

IO!

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Io! while Thy unerring Hand elanc'd
Another, and another Dart; The People
Joyful repeated, Io! Io PEAN!
Elance the Dart, APOLLO: for the Safety,
And Health of Man, gracious Thy Mother bore Thee.

ENVY Thy lateſt Foe ſuggeſted thus:
Like Thee I am a Pow'r Immortal; therefore
To Thee dare ſpeak. How can'ſt Thou favor partial
Thoſe Poets who write little? Vaſt and Great
Is what I Love: The far extended Ocean
To a ſmall Riv'let I prefer. APOLLO
Spurn'd ENVY with His Foot; and thus the God:
DÆMON, the head-long Current of EUPHRATES,
ASSYRIAN River, copious runs, but Muddy;
And carries forward with his ſtupid Force
Polluting Dirt; His Torrent ſtill augmenting,
His Wave ſtill more defil'd: mean while the Nymphs
MELISSAN, Sacred and Recluſe to CERES,
Studious to have their Off'rings well receiv'd,
And fit for Heav'nly Uſe, from little Urns
Pour Streams ſelect, and Purity of Waters.

Io! APOLLO, mighty King, let ENVY
Ill-judging and Verboſe, from LETHE's Lake
Draw Tons unmeaſurable; while Thy Favor
Adminiſters to my ambitious Thirſt
The wholeſome Draught from AGANIPPE's Spring
Genuine, and with ſoft Murmurs gently rilling
Adown the Mountains, where Thy Daughters haunt.

CHA-

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CHARITY.

A

PARAPHRASE

On the Thirteenth CHAPTER *of the First* EPISTLE

TO THE

CORINTHIANS.

DID sweeter Sounds adorn my flowing Tongue,
Than ever Man pronounc'd, or Angel sung:
Had I all Knowledge, Human and Divine,
That Thought can reach, or Science can define;
And had I Pow'r to give that Knowledge Birth,
In all the Speeches of the babling Earth:

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Did SHADRACH's Zeal my glowing Breaſt inſpire,
To weary Tortures, and rejoice in Fire:
Or had I Faith like That which ISRAEL ſaw,
When MOSES gave them Miracles, and Law:
Yet, gracious CHARITY, indulgent Gueſt,
Were not Thy Pow'r exerted in my Breaſt;
Thoſe Speeches would ſend up unheeded Pray'r:
That Scorn of Life would be but wild Deſpair:
A Tymbal's Sound were better than my Voice:
My Faith were Form: my Eloquence were Noiſe.

CHARITY, decent, modeſt, eaſy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject Mind;
Knows with juſt Reins, and gentle Hand to guide,
Betwixt vile Shame, and arbitrary Pride.
Not ſoon provok'd, She eaſily forgives;
And much She ſuffers, as She much believes.
Soft Peace She brings where-ever She arrives:
She builds our Quiet, as She forms our Lives;
Lays the rough Paths of peeviſh Nature ev'n;
And opens in each Heart a little HEAV'N.

Each other Gift, which GOD on Man beſtows,
It's proper Bounds, and due Reflection knows;
To one fixt Purpoſe dedicates it's Pow'r;
And finiſhing it's Act, exiſts no more.
Thus, in Obedience to what HEAV'N decrees,
Knowledge ſhall fail, and Prophecy ſhall ceaſe:
But laſting CHARITY's more ample Sway,
Nor bound by Time, nor ſubject to Decay,

In

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In happy Triumph ſhall for ever live,
And endleſs Good diffuſe, and endleſs Praiſe receive.

As thro' the Artiſt's intervening Glaſs,
Our Eye obſerves the diſtant Planets paſs;
A little we diſcover; but allow,
That more remains unſeen, than Art can ſhow:
So whilſt our Mind it's Knowledge wou'd improve;
(It's feeble Eye intent on Things above)
High as We may, We lift our Reaſon up,
By FAITH directed, and confirm'd by HOPE:
Yet are We able only to ſurvey
Dawnings of Beams, and Promiſes of Day.
HEAV'N's fuller Effluence mocks our dazl'd Sight;
Too great it's Swiftneſs, and too ſtrong it's Light.

But ſoon the mediate Clouds ſhall be diſpell'd:
The Sun ſhall ſoon be Face to Face beheld,
In all His Robes, with all His Glory on,
Seated ſublime on His Meridian Throne.

Then conſtant FAITH, and holy HOPE ſhall dye,
One loſt in Certainty, and One in Joy:
Whilſt Thou, more happy Pow'r, fair CHARITY,
Triumphant Siſter, greateſt of the Three,
Thy Office, and Thy Nature ſtill the ſame,
Laſting thy Lamp, and unconſum'd thy Flame,
Shalt ſtill ſurvive——
Shalt ſtand before the Hoſt of HEAV'N confeſt,
For ever bleſſing, and for ever bleſt.

Engraven

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Engraven on a COLUMN

In the Church of HALSTEAD *in* ESSEX,

The Spire of which, burnt down by Lightning, was rebuilt at the Expense of Mr. SAMUEL FISKE, 1717.

VIEW not this Spire by Measure giv'n
To Buildings rais'd by common Hands:
That Fabric rises high as Heav'n,
Whose *Basis* on Devotion stands.

While yet We draw this vital Breath,
We can our FAITH and HOPE declare:
But CHARITY beyond our Death,
Will ever in our Works appear.

Best be He call'd among good Men,
Who to his GOD this Column rais'd:
Tho' Lightning strike the Dome again;
The Man, who built it, shall be prais'd.

Yet Spires and Towers in Dust shall lye,
The weak Efforts of Human Pains:
And FAITH and HOPE themselves shall dye;
While Deathless CHARITY remains.

Written

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Written in MONTAIGNE'S *Essays*,

Given to the Duke of SHREWSBURY *in* FRANCE, *after the Peace*, 1713.

DICTATE, O mighty Judge, what Thou hast seen
Of Cities, and of Courts, of Books, and Men;
And deign to let Thy Servant hold the Pen.

Thro' Ages thus I may presume to live;
And from the Transcript of Thy Prose receive,
What my own short-liv'd Verse can never give.

Thus shall fair BRITAIN with a gracious Smile
Accept the Work; and the instructed Isle,
For more than Treaties made, shall bless my Toil.

Nor longer hence the GALLIC Style preferr'd,
Wisdom in ENGLISH *Idiom* shall be heard;
While TALBOT tells the World, where MONTAIGNE err'd.

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An EPISTLE,

Desiring the QUEEN'S *Picture.*

Written at PARIS, 1714. *But left unfinish'd, by the sudden News of Her* MAJESTY'S *Death.*

THE Train of Equipage and Pomp of State,
The shining Side-board, and the burnish'd Plate
Let other Ministers, Great ANNE, require;
And partial fall Thy Gift to their Desire.
To the fair Portrait of my Sov'reign Dame,
To That alone, eternal be my Claim.

My bright Defender, and my dread Delight,
If ever I found Favor in Thy Sight;
If all the Pains that for Thy BRITAIN'S Sake
My past has took, or future Life may take,
Be grateful to my QUEEN; permit my Pray'r,
And with This Gift reward my total Care.

Will Thy indulgent Hand, fair Saint, allow
The Boon? and will Thy Ear accept the Vow?
That in despight of Age, of impious Flame,
And eating Time, Thy Picture like Thy Fame
Entire may last; that as their Eyes survey
The semblant Shade, Men yet unborn may say;

Thus

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Thus Great, thus Gracious look'd BRITANNIA's Queen;
Her Brow thus ſmooth, Her Look was thus ſerene;
When to a Low, but to a Loyal Hand
The mighty Empreſs gave Her high Command,
That He to Hoſtile Camps, and Kings ſhou'd haſte,
To ſpeak Her Vengeance as Their Danger paſt;
To ſay, She Wills deteſted Wars to ceaſe;
She checks Her Conqueſt, for Her Subjects Eaſe;
And bids the World attend Her Terms of Peace.

Thee, Gracious ANNE, Thee preſent I adore,
Thee, QUEIN of PEACE——If Time and Fate have Pow'r
Higher to raiſe the Glories of thy Reign;
In Words ſublimer, and a nobler Strain,
May future Bards the mighty Theme rehearſe.
Here, STATOR JOVE, and PHOEBUS King of Verſe,
The Votive Tablet I ſuſpend * * * *

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ALMA:

OR, THE

PROGRESS

OF THE

MIND.

In THREE CANTOS.

Πάντα γέλως, καὶ πάντα κόνις, καὶ πάντα τὸ μηδὲν·
Πάντα γὰρ ἐξ ἀλόγων ἐστὶ τὰ γιγνόμενα. Incert. ap. Stobœum.

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THE FIRST CANTO.

MATTHEW met RICHARD; when or where
From Story is not mighty clear:
Of many knotty Points They ſpoke;
And *Pro* and *Con* by turns They took.
Ratts half the Manuſcript have eat:
Dire Hunger! which We ſtill regret:
O! may they ne'er again digeſt
The Horrors of ſo ſad a Feaſt.
Yet leſs our Grief, if what remains,
Dear JACOB, by thy Care and Pains
Shall be to future Times convey'd.
It thus begins:
* * * * Here MATTHEW ſaid:

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ALMA in Verſe; in Proſe, the MIND,
By ARISTOTLE's Pen defin'd,
Throughout the Body ſquat or tall,
Is, *bonâ fide*, All in All.
And yet, ſlap daſh, is All again
In every Sinew, Nerve, and Vein.
Runs here and there, like HAMLET's Ghoſt;
While every where She rules the roaſt.

This *Syſtem*, RICHARD, We are told,
The Men of OXFORD firmly hold.
The CAMBRIDGE Wits, You know, deny
With *Ipſe dixit* to comply.
They ſay (for in good truth They ſpeak
With ſmall Reſpect of that old GREEK)
That, putting all his Words together,
'Tis Three blew Beans in One blew Bladder.

ALMA, They ſtrenuouſly maintain,
Sits Cock-horſe on Her Throne, the Brain;
And from that Seat of Thought diſpenſes
Her Sov'reign Pleaſure to the Senſes.
Two *Optic* Nerves, They ſay, She tyes,
Like Spectacles, a-croſs the Eyes;
By which the Spirits bring her Word,
Whene'er the Balls are fix'd, or ſtirr'd;
How quick at Park and Play they ſtrike;
The Duke they court; the Toaſt they like;

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And at ST JAMES's turn their Grace
From former Friends, now out of Place.

Without theſe Aids, to be more ſerious,
Her Pow'r, They hold, had been precarious:
The Eyes might have conſpir'd her Ruin;
And She not known, what They were doing.
Fooliſh it had been, and unkind,
That They ſhou'd ſee, and She be blind.

Wiſe Nature likewiſe, They ſuppoſe,
Has drawn two Conduits down our Noſe:
Cou'd ALMA elſe with Judgment tell,
When *Cabbage* ſtinks, or *Roſes* ſmell?
Or who wou'd ask for her Opinion
Between an *Oyſter*, and an *Onion*?
For from moſt Bodies, DICK, You know,
Some little Bits ask Leave to flow;
And, as thro' theſe Canals They roll,
Bring up a Sample of the Whole.
Like Footmen running before Coaches,
To tell the Inn, what Lord approaches.

By Nerves about our Palate plac'd,
She likewiſe judges of the Taſte.
Elſe (diſmal Thought!) our Warlike Men
Might drink thick *Port* for fine *Champagne*;
And our ill-judging Wives and Daughters
Miſtake Small-beer for *Citron*-Waters.

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Hence too, that She might better hear,
She ſets a Drum at either Ear;
And Loud or Gentle, Harſh or Sweet,
Are but th' *Alarums* which They beat.

Laſt, to enjoy her Senſe of Feeling
(A thing She much delights to deal in)
A thouſand little Nerves She ſends
Quite to our Toes, and Fingers Ends;
And Theſe in Gratitude again
Return their Spirits to the Brain;
In which their Figure being printed
(As juſt before, I think, I hinted)
ALMA inform'd can try the Caſe,
As She had been upon the Place.

Thus, while the Judge gives diff'rent Journeys
To Country Counſel, and Attornies;
He on the Bench in quiet ſits,
Deciding, as They bring the Writs.
The POPE thus prays and ſleeps at ROME,
And very ſeldom ſtirs from Home:
Yet ſending forth his Holy Spies,
And having heard what They adviſe,
He rules the Church's bleſt Dominions;
And ſets Men's Faith by His Opinions.

The Scholars of the STAGYRITE,
Who for the Old Opinion fight,

Would

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Would make their Modern Friends confeſs,
The diff'rence but from More to Leſs.
The MIND, ſay They, while You ſuſtain
To hold her Station in the Brain;
You grant, at leaſt, She is extended:
Ergo the whole Diſpute is ended.
For, 'till To-morrow ſhou'd You pleaſd
From Form and Structure of the Head;
The MIND as viſibly is ſeen
Extended thro' the whole *Machine*.
Why ſhou'd all Honor then be ta'en
From Lower Parts to load the Brain;
When other Limbs we plainly ſee,
Each in his way, as brisk as He?
For Muſic, grant the Head receives it;
It is the Artiſt's Hand that gives it.
And tho' the Scull may wear the Laurel;
The Soldier's Arm ſuſtains the Quarrel.
Beſides, the Noſtrils, Ears, and Eyes
Are not his Parts, but his Allies.
Ev'n what You hear the Tongue proclaim,
Comes *ab Origine* from them.
What could the Head perform Alone,
If all Their friendly Aids were gone?
A fooliſh figure He muſt make;
Do nothing elſe, but ſleep and ake.

Nor matters it, that You can ſhow,
How to the Head the Spirits go.

Thoſe

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Thoſe Spirits ſtarted from ſome Goal,
Before they thro' the Veins cou'd roll.
Now We ſhou'd hold Them much to blame,
If They went back, before They came.

If therefore, as We muſt ſuppoſe,
They came from Fingers, and from Toes;
Or Toes, or Fingers, in this Caſe,
Of *Num-ſcull's* Self ſhou'd take the Place.
Diſputing fair, You grant thus much,
That all Senſation is but Touch.
Dip but your Toes into cold Water;
Their Correſpondent Teeth will chatter:
And ſtrike the Bottom of your Feet;
You ſet your Head into a Heat.
The Bully beat, and happy Lover
Confeſs, that Feeling lies all over.

Note here, LUCRETIUS dares to teach
(As all our Youth may learn from CREECH)
That Eyes were made, but cou'd not view;
Nor Hands embrace, nor Feet purſue:
But heedleſs Nature did produce
The Members firſt, and then the Uſe.
What Each muſt act, was yet unknown,
'Till All is mov'd by Chance alone.

A Man firſt builds a Country Seat;
Then finds the Walls not good to eat.

Another

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Another plants, and wond'ring sees
Nor Books, nor Medals on his Trees.
Yet Poet and Philosopher
Was He, who durst such Whims aver.
Blest, for his Sake, be human Reason,
That came at all, tho' late, in Season.

But no Man sure e'er left his House,
And saddl'd *Ball*, with Thoughts so wild,
To bring a Midwife to his Spouse,
Before He knew She was with Child.
And no Man ever reapt his Corn,
Or from the Oven drew his Bread,
E'er Hinds and Bakers yet were born,
That taught him both to Sow, and Knead.
Before They're ask'd, can Maids refuse?
Can——Pray, says DICK, hold in your Muse.
While You *Pindaric* Truths rehearse,
She hobbles in *Alternate* Verse.
Verse? MAT. reply'd: is that my Care?
Go on, quoth RICHARD, soft and fair.

This looks, friend DICK, as Nature had
But exercis'd the *Salesman's* Trade.
As if She haply had sat down,
And cut out Cloaths for all the Town,
Then sent them out to *Monmouth* Street,
To try, what Persons they would fit,
But ev'ry Free and Licenc'd Taylor
Would in this *Thesis* find a Failure.

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Should Whims like theſe his Head perplex,
How could he work for either Sex?
His Cloaths, as Atomes might prevail,
Might fit a Piſmire, or a Whale.
No, no: He views with ſtudious Pleaſure
Your Shape, before He takes your Meaſure.
For real KATE He made the Boddice,
And not for an *Ideal* Goddeſs.
No Error near his Shop-board lurk'd:
He knew the Folks for whom He work'd.
Still to Their Size He aim'd his Skill:
Elſe, pr'ythee, who wou'd pay his Bill?

Next, DICK, if Chance her ſelf ſhou'd vary;
Obſerve, how Matters would miſcarry:
Acroſs your Eyes, Friend, place your Shoes;
Your Spectacles upon your Toes:
Then You and MEMMIUS ſhall agree,
How nicely Men would walk, or ſee.

But Wiſdom, peeviſh and croſs-grain'd,
Muſt be oppos'd, to be ſuſtain'd.
And ſtill your Knowledge will increaſe,
As You make other People's leſs.
In Arms and Science 'tis the ſame:
Our Rival's Hurts create our Fame.
At FAUBERT's if Diſputes ariſe
Among the Champions for the Prize;
To prove, who gave the fairer Butt,
JOHN ſhows the Chalk on ROBERT's Coat.

So,

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So, for the Honor of your Book,
It tells, where other Folks mistook:
And, as their Notions You confound,
Those You invent get farther Ground.

The Commentators on old ARISTOTLE ('tis urg'd) in Judgment vary:
They to their own Conceits have brought
The Image of his general Thought.
Just as the Melancholic Eye
Sees Fleets and Armies in the Sky;
And to the poor Apprentice Ear
The Bells sound *Whittington* Lord May'r.
The Conj'rer thus explains his *Scheme*
Thus Spirits walk, and Prophets dream:
NORTH BRITONS thus have *Second Sight*;
And GERMANS free from Gunshot fight.

THEODORET, and ORIGEN,
And fifty other Learned Men
Attest, that if their Comments find
The Traces of their Master's Mind;
ALMA can ne'er decay nor dye:
This flatly t'other Sect deny,
SIMPLICIUS, THEOPHRAST, DURAND;
Great Names, but hard in Verse to stand.
They wonder Men should have mistook
The *Tenets* of their Master's Book;
And hold, that ALMA yields her Breath,
O'ercome by Age, and seiz'd by Death.

Now

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Now which were Wiſe? and which were Fools?
Poor ALMA ſits between two Stools:
The more She reads, the more perplext;
The Comment ruining the Text:
Now fears, now hopes her doubtful Fate:
But, RICHARD, let her look to That——
Whilſt We our own Affairs purſue.

Theſe diff'rent *Syſtems*, Old or New,
A Man with half an Eye may ſee,
Were only form'd to diſagree.
Now to bring Things to fair Concluſion,
And ſave much Chriſtian Ink's Effuſion;
Let me propoſe an Healing *Scheme*,
And ſail along the Middle Stream:
For, DICK, if We could reconcile
Old ARISTOTLE with GASSENDUS;
How many would admire our Toil;
And yet how few would comprehend us?

Here, RICHARD, let my *Scheme* commence.
Oh! may my Words be loſt in Senſe;
While pleas'd THALIA deigns to write
The Slips and Bounds of ALMA's Flight.

My ſimple *Syſtem* ſhall ſuppoſe,
That ALMA enters at the Toes;
That then She mounts by juſt Degrees
Up to the Ancles, Legs, and Knees:

Next,

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Next, as the Sap of Life does riſe,
She lends her Vigor to the Thighs:
And, all theſe under-Regions paſt,
She neſtles ſomewhere near the Waſte:
Gives Pain or Pleaſure, Grief or Laughter;
As We ſhall ſhow at large hereafter.
Mature, if not improv'd, by Time
Up to the Heart She loves to climb:
From thence, compell'd by Craft and Age,
She makes the Head her lateſt Stage.

From the Feet upward to the Head;
Pithy, and ſhort, ſays DICK: proceed.

DICK, this is not an idle Notion:
Obſerve the Progreſs of the Motion.
Firſt I demonſtratively prove,
That Feet were only made to move;
And Legs deſire to come and go:
For they have nothing elſe to do.

Hence, long before the Child can crawl,
He learns to kick, and wince, and ſprawl:
To hinder which, your Midwife knows
To bind Thoſe Parts extremely cloſe;
Leſt ALMA newly enter'd in,
And ſtunn'd at her own Chriſt'ning's Din,
Fearful of future Grief and Pain,
Should ſilently ſneak out again.

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Full piteous ſeems young ALMA's Caſe:
As in a luckleſs Gameſter's Place,
She would not play, yet muſt not paſs.

Again as She grows ſomething ſtronger,
And Maſter's Feet are ſwath'd no longer,
If in the Night too oft He kicks,
Or ſhows his *Loco-motive* Tricks;
Theſe firſt Aſſaults fat KATE repays Him,
When half aſleep She overlays Him.

Now mark, Dear RICHARD, from the Age
That Children tread this Worldly Stage,
Broom-ſtaff or Poaker they beſtride,
And round the Parlor love to ride;
'Till thoughtful Father's pious Care
Provides his Brood, next *Smithfield* Fair,
With Supplemental Hobby-Horſes:
And happy be their Infant Courſes!

Hence for ſome Years they ne'er ſtand ſtill:
Their Legs, You ſee, direct their Will.
From opening Morn 'till ſetting Sun,
A-round the Fields and Woods They run:
They friſk, and dance, and leap, and play;
Nor heed, what FRIEND or SNAPE can ſay.

To Her next Stage as ALMA flies,
And likes, as I have ſaid, the Thighs:
With *Sympathetic* Pow'r She warms,
Their good Allies and Friends, the Arms.

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While

While BETTY dances on the Green;
And SUSAN is at Stool-ball ſeen:
While JOHN for Nine-pins does declare;
And ROGER loves to pitch the Bar;
Both Legs and Arms ſpontaneous move:
Which was the Thing I meant to prove.

Another Motion now She makes:
O need I name the Seat She takes?
His Thought quite chang'd the Stripling finds;
The Sport and Race no more He minds:
Neglected *Tray* and *Pointer* lye;
And Covies unmoleſted fly.
Sudden the jocund Plain He leaves;
And for the Nymph in Secret grieves.
In dying Accents He complains
Of cruel Fires, and raging Pains.
The Nymph too longs to be alone;
Leaves all the Swains; and ſighs for One.
The Nymph is warm'd with young Deſire;
And feels, and dies to quench His Fire.
They meet each Evening in the Grove:
Their Parley but augments their Love.
So to the Prieſt their Caſe They tell:
He ties the Knot; and all goes well.

But, O my MUSE, juſt Diſtance keep:
Thou art a Maid, and muſt not peep.
In nine Months Time the Bodice looſe,
And Petticoats too ſhort, diſcloſe,

That

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That at This Age the active Mind
About the Waſte lies moſt confin'd;
And that young Life, and quick'ning Senſe
Spring from His Influence darted thence.
So from the Middle of the World
The SUN's prolifick Rays are hurl'd:
'Tis from That Seat He darts thoſe Beams,
Which quicken Earth with genial Flames.

DICK, who thus long had paſſive ſat,
Here ſtroak'd his Chin, and cock'd his Hat;
Then ſlapp'd his Hand upon the Board;
And thus the Youth put in his Word.
Love's Advocates, ſweet Sir, would find Him
A higher Place, than You aſſign'd Him.
Love's Advocates, DICK, who are thoſe?——
The Poets, You may well ſuppoſe.
I'm ſorry, Sir, You have diſcarded
The Men, with whom 'till now You herded.
Proſe-Men alone, for private Ends,
I thought, forſook their ancient Friends.
In cor ſtillavit, crys LUCRETIUS;
If He may be allow'd to teach Us.
The ſelf-ſame Thing ſoft OVID ſays
(A proper Judge in ſuch a Caſe.)
HORACE his Phraſe is *torret Jecur*;
And happy was that curious Speaker.
Here VIRGIL too has plac'd this Paſſion:
What ſignifies too long Quotation?

In

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In *Ode* and *Epic* plain the Caſe is,
That Love holds One of theſe Two Places.

DICK, without Paſſion or Reflection,
I'll ſtrait demoliſh this Objection.

Firſt Poets, all the World agrees,
Write half to profit, half to pleaſe.
Matter and Figure They produce;
For Garniſh This, and That for Uſe;
And, in the Structure of their Feaſts,
They ſeek to feed, and pleaſe their Gueſts:
But One may balk this good Intent,
And take Things otherwiſe than meant.
Thus, if You Dine with my Lord May'r,
Roaſt-Beef, and Ven'ſon is your Fare;
Thence You proceed to Swan, and Buſtard,
And perſevere in Tart, and Cuſtard:
But *Tulip-leaves*, and *Limon-peel*
Help only to adorn the Meal;
And painted Flags, ſuperb and neat,
Proclaim You welcome to the Treat.
The Man of Senſe his Meat devours;
But only ſmells the Peel, and Flow'rs:
And He muſt be an idle Dreamer,
Who leaves the Pie, and gnaws the Streamer.

That CUPID goes with Bow and Arrows,
And VENUS keeps her Coach and Sparrows,

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Is all but Emblem, to acquaint One,
The Son is ſharp, the Mother wanton.
Such Images have ſometimes ſhown
A *Myſtic* Senſe, but oft'ner None.
For who conceives, what Bards deviſe,
That Heav'n is plac'd in CELIA's Eyes?
Or where's the Senſe, direct or moral,
That Teeth are Pearl, or Lips are Coral?

Your HORACE owns, He various writ,
As wild, or ſober Maggots bit:
And, where too much the Poet ranted,
The Sage Philoſopher recanted.
His grave *Epiſtles* may diſprove
The wanton *Odes* He made to LOVE.

LUCRETIUS keeps a mighty Pother
With CUPID, and his fancy'd Mother:
Calls her great Queen of Earth and Air;
Declares, that Winds and Seas obey Her;
And, while Her Honor he rehearſes,
Implores Her to inſpire his Verſes.

Yet, free from this Poetic Madneſs;
Next Page, He ſays in ſober Sadneſs,
That She and all her fellow-Gods
Sit idling in their high Abodes,
Regardleſs of this World below,
Our Health or Hanging, Weal or Woe;

Nor

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Nor once diſturb their Heav'nly Spirits
With SCAPIN's Cheats, or CÆSAR's Merits.

Nor e'er can LATIN Poets prove,
Where lies the real Seat of Love.
Jecur they burn, and *Cor* they pierce,
As either beſt ſupplies their Verſe:
And, if Folks ask the Reaſon for't,
Say, one was long, and t'other ſhort.
Thus, I preſume, the BRITISH Muſe,
May take the Freedom Strangers uſe.
In Proſe our Property is greater:
Why ſhould it then be leſs in Metre?
If CUPID throws a ſingle Dart;
We make him wound the Lover's *Heart:*
But if He takes his Bow, and Quiver;
'Tis ſure, He muſt transfix the *Liver*:
For Rhime with Reaſon may diſpenſe;
And Sound has Right to govern Senſe.

But let your Friends in Verſe ſuppoſe,
What ne'er ſhall be allow'd in Proſe:
Anatomiſts can make it clear,
The *Liver* minds his own Affair:
Kindly ſupplies our publick Uſes;
And parts, and ſtrains the Vital Juices:
Still lays ſome uſeful Bile aſide,
To tinge the Chyle's inſipid Tide:
Elſe We ſhould want both Gibe and Satyr;
And all be burſt with pure Good-nature.

Now

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Now Gall is bitter with a Witneſs;
And Love is all Delight and Sweetneſs.
My *Logic* then has loſt it's Aim,
If Sweet and Bitter be the ſame:
And He, methinks, is no great Scholar,
Who can miſtake Deſire for Choler.

The like may of the *Heart* be ſaid:
Courage and Terror there are bred.
All thoſe, whoſe *Hearts* are looſe and low,
Start, if they hear but the *Tattoo*:
And mighty Phyſical their Fear is:
For, ſoon as Noiſe of Combat near is,
Their Heart, deſcending to their Breeches,
Muſt give their Stomach cruel twitches.
But Heroes who o'ercome or dye,
Have their Hearts hung extremely high;
The Strings of which, in Battel's Heat,
Againſt their very *Corſlets* beat;
Keep Time with their own Trumpet's Meaſure;
And yield 'em moſt exceſſive Pleaſure.

Now if 'tis chiefly in the Heart,
That Courage does it ſelf exert;
'Twill be prodigious hard to prove,
That This is eke the Throne of Love.
Would Nature make One Place the Seat
Of fond Deſire, and fell Debate?
Muſt People only take Delight in
Thoſe Hours, when They are tir'd with Fighting?

And

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And has no Man, but who has kill'd
A Father, right to get a Child?
Theſe Notions then I think but idle:
And Love ſhall ſtill poſſeſs the Middle.

This Truth more plainly to diſcover,
Suppoſe your Hero were a Lover.
Tho' He before had Gall and Rage,
Which Death, or Conqueſt muſt aſſwage;
He grows diſpirited and low:
He hates the Fight, and ſhuns the Foe.

In ſcornful Sloth ACHILLES ſlept;
And for his Wench, like TALL-BOY, wept:
Nor would return to War and Slaughter;
'Till They brought back the Parſon's Daughter.

ANTONIUS fled from ACTIUM's Coaſt,
AUGUSTUS preſſing, ASIA loſt:
His Sails by CUPID's Hand unfurl'd,
To keep the Fair, he gave the World.

EDWARD our Fourth, rever'd and crown'd,
Vig'rous in Youth, in Arms renown'd;
While ENGLAND's Voice, and WARWICK's Care
Deſign'd him GALLIA's beauteous Heir;
Chang'd Peace and Pow'r for Rage and Wars,
Only to dry One Widow's Tears.

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FRANCE's fourth HENRY we may ſee,
A Servant to the fair D'ESTREES;
When quitting COUTRAS proſp'rous Field,
And Fortune taught at length to yield,
He from his Guards and Mid-night Tent,
Diſguis'd o'er Hills and Vallies went,
To wanton with the ſprightly Dame;
And in his Pleaſure loſt his Fame.

Bold is the Critic, who dares prove,
Theſe Heroes were no Friends to Love;
And bolder He, who dares aver,
That they were Enemies to War.
Yet, when their Thought ſhould, now or never,
Have rais'd their *Heart*, or fir'd their *Liver*;
Fond ALMA to thoſe Parts was gone,
Which LOVE more juſtly calls his own.

Examples I could cite You more;
But be contented with theſe Four:
For when One's Proofs are aptly choſen;
Four are as valid as four Dozen.
One came from GREECE, and one from ROME;
The other Two grew nearer Home.
For ſome in Antient Books delight:
Others prefer what Moderns write:
Now I ſhould be extremely loath,
Not to be thought expert in Both.

THE

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THE SECOND CANTO.

BUT ſhall we take the MUSE abroad,
To drop her idly on the Road?
And leave our Subject in the middle;
As BUTLER did his Bear and Fiddle?
Yet He, conſummate Maſter, knew
When to recede, and where purſue:
His noble Negligences teach,
What Others Toils deſpair to reach.
He, perfect Dancer, climbs the Rope,
And balances your Fear and Hope:
If after ſome diſtinguiſh'd Leap,
He drops his Pole, and ſeems to ſlip;
Straight gath'ring all his active Strength,
He riſes higher half his Length.
With Wonder You approve his Slight;
And owe your Pleaſure to your Fright.
But, like poor ANDREW, I advance,
False *Mimic* of my Maſter's Dance:
A-round the Cord a while I ſprawl;
And thence, tho' low, in earneſt fall.

My Preface tells You, I digreſs'd:
He's half abſolv'd who has confeſs'd.

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I like, quoth DICK, your *Simile*:
And in Return, take Two from Me.
As Maſters in the *Clare-obſcure*,
With various Light your Eyes allure:
A flaming Yellow here They ſpread;
Draw off in Blew, or charge in Red:
Yet from theſe Colors odly mix'd,
Your Sight upon the Whole is fix'd.
Or as, again, your Courtly Dames,
(Whoſe Cloaths returning Birth-Day claims,)
By Arts improve the Stuffs they vary;
And Things are beſt, as moſt contrary.
The Gown with ſtiff Embroid'ry ſhining,
Looks charming with a ſlighter Lining:
The Out-, if INDIAN Figures ſtain;
The In-ſide muſt be rich and plain.
So You, great Authors, have thought fit,
To make Digreſſion temper Wit:
When Arguments too fiercely glare;
You calm 'em with a milder Air:
To break their Points, You turn their Force;
And *Furbelow* the plain Diſcourſe.

RICHARD, quoth MAT, theſe Words of Thine,
Speak ſomething ſly, and ſomething fine:
But I ſhall e'en reſume my *Theme*;
However Thou may'ſt praiſe, or blame.

As People marry now, and ſettle;
Fierce Love abates his uſual Mettle:

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Worldly Deſires, and Houſehold Cares
Diſturb the Godhead's ſoft Affairs:
So now, as Health or Temper changes,
In larger Compaſs ALMA ranges,
This Day below, the next above;
As light, or ſolid Whimſies move.
So Merchant has his Houſe in Town,
And Country-Seat near BANSTED Down:
From One he dates his Foreign Letters,
Sends out his Goods, and duns his Debtors:
In t'other, at his Hours of Leiſure,
He ſmokes his Pipe, and takes his Pleaſure.

And now your Matrimonial CUPID,
Laſh'd on by Time, grows tir'd and ſtupid.
For Story and Experience tell Us,
That Man grows cold, and Woman jealous.
Both would their little Ends ſecure:
He ſighs for Freedom, She for Pow'r.
His Wiſhes tend abroad to roam;
And Her's, to domineer at Home.
Thus Paſſion flags by ſlow Degrees;
And ruffl'd more, delighted leſs,
The buſy Mind does ſeldom go
To thoſe once charming Seats below:
But, in the Breaſt incamp'd, prepares
For well-bred Feints, and future Wars.
The Man ſuſpects his Lady's crying
(When he laſt Autumn lay a-dying)
Was but to gain him to appoint Her
By Codicil a larger Jointure.

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The Woman finds it all a Trick,
That He could ſwoon, when She was ſick;
And knows, that in That Grief he reckon'd
On black-ey'd SUSAN for his Second.

Thus having ſtrove ſome tedious Years
With feign'd Deſires, and real Fears;
And tir'd with Anſwers, and Replies,
Of JOHN affirms, and MARTHA lies;
Leaving this endleſs Altercation,
The Mind affects a higher Station.

POLTIS, that gen'rous King of THRACE,
I think, was in this very Caſe.
All ASIA now was by the Ears:
And Gods beat up for Voluntiers
To GREECE, and TROY; while POLTIS ſat
In Quiet, governing his State.
And whence, ſaid the Pacific King,
Does all this Noiſe, and Diſcord ſpring?
Why, PARIS took ATRIDES' Wife——
With Eaſe I could compoſe this Strife:
The injur'd Hero ſhould not loſe,
Nor the young Lover want a Spouſe:
But HELEN chang'd her firſt Condition,
Without her Husband's juſt Permiſſion.
What from the Dame can PARIS hope?
She may as well from Him elope.
Again, how can her old Good-man
With Honor take Her back again?

From

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From hence I logically gather,
The Woman cannot live with Either.
Now I have Two right honeſt Wives,
For whoſe Poſſeſſion No Man ſtrives:
One to ATRIDES I will ſend;
And t'other to my TROJAN Friend.
Each Prince ſhall thus with Honor have,
What Both ſo warmly ſeem to crave:
The Wrath of Gods and Man ſhall ceaſe;
And POLTIS live and die in Peace.

DICK, if this Story pleaſeth Thee,
Pray thank DAN POPE, who told it Me.

Howe'er ſwift ALMA's Flight may vary;
(Take this by way of *Corollary*:)
Some Limbs She finds the very ſame,
In Place, and Dignity, and Name:
Theſe dwell at ſuch convenient Diſtance,
That each may give his Friend Aſſiſtance.
Thus He who runs or dances, begs
The equal Vigor of Two Legs:
So much to both does ALMA truſt,
She ne'er regards, which goes the firſt.
TEAGUE could make neither of them ſtay,
When with Himſelf he ran away.
The Man who ſtruggles in the Fight,
Fatigues left Arm, as well as right:
For whilſt one Hand exalts the Blow,
And on the Earth extends the Foe;

T'other

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T'other would take it wond'rous ill,
If in your Pocket He lay ſtill.
And when you ſhoot, and ſhut one Eye,
You cannot think, He would deny
To lend the t'other friendly Aid,
Or wink, as Coward, and affraid.
No, Sir; whilſt He withdraws his Flame,
His Comrade takes the ſurer Aim.
One Moment if his Beams recede;
As ſoon as e'er the Bird is dead,
Opening again, He lays his Claim,
To half the Profit, half the Fame,
And helps to Pocket up the Game.
'Tis thus, One Tradeſman ſlips away,
To give his Part'ner fairer Play.

Some Limbs again in Bulk or Stature
Unlike, and not a-kin by Nature,
In Concert act, like modern Friends;
Becauſe one ſerves the t'other's Ends.
The Arm thus waits upon the Heart,
So quick to take the Bully's Part,
That one, tho' warm, decides more ſlow,
Than t'other executes the Blow.
A Stander-by may chance to have it,
E'er HACK himſelf perceives, He gave it.

The am'rous Eyes thus always go
A-ſtroling for their Friends below:

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For long before the 'Squire and Dame
Have *tête à tête* reliev'd their Flame;
E'er Viſits yet are brought about,
The Eye by Sympathy looks out;
Knows FLORIMEL, and longs to meet Her;
And, if He ſees, is ſure to greet Her,
Tho' at Saſh-Window, on the Stairs,
At Court, nay (Authors ſay) at Pray'rs. ——

The Funeral of ſome valiant Knight
May give this Thing it's proper Light.
View his Two Gantlets: theſe declare,
That Both his Hands were us'd to War.
And from his Two gilt Spurs 'tis learn'd,
His Feet were equally concern'd.
But have You not with Thought beheld
The Sword hang dangling o'er the Shield?
Which ſhows the Breaſt, That Plate was us'd to,
Had an Ally right Arm to truſt to.
And by the Peep-holes in his Creſt,
Is it not virtually confeſt,
That there his Eye took diſtant Aim,
And glanc'd Reſpect to that bright Dame,
In whoſe Delight his Hope was center'd,
And for whoſe Glove his Life he ventur'd?

Objections to my general *Syſtem*
May 'riſe, perhaps, and I have miſt them:
But I can call to my Aſſiſtance
Proximity (mark that!) and Diſtance:

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Can prove, that all Things, on Occaſion,
Love Union, and deſire Adheſion;
That ALMA merely is a Stale;
And Motives, like the Weights, prevail.
If neither Side turn down or up,
With Loſs or Gain, with Fear or Hope;
The Balance always would hang ev'n,
Like MAH'MET's Tomb, 'twixt Earth and Heav'n.

This, RICHARD, is a curious Caſe:
Suppoſe your Eyes ſent equal Rays
Upon two diſtant Pots of Ale,
Not knowing, which was Mild or Stale:
In this ſad State your doubtful Choice
Would never have the caſting Voice:
Which Beſt, or Worſt, You could not think;
And die You muſt, for want of Drink:
Unleſs ſome Chance inclines your Sight,
Setting one Pot in fairer Light;
Then You prefer or A, or B,
As Lines and Angles beſt agree:
Your Senſe reſolv'd impells your Will;
She guides your Hand,——So drink your Fill.

Have you not ſeen a Baker's Maid
Between two equal Panniers ſway'd?
Her Tallies uſeleſs lie, and idle,
If plac'd exactly in the Middle:
But forc'd from this unactive State,
By virtue of ſome caſual Weight;

On

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On either Side You hear 'em clatter,
And judge of right and left-hand Matter.

Now, RICHARD, this coercive Force,
Without your Choice, muſt take it's Courſe.
Great Kings to Wars are pointed forth,
Like loaded Needles to the North.
And Thou and I, by Pow'r unſeen,
Are barely Paſſive, and ſuck'd in
To HENAULT's Vaults, or CELIA's Chamber,
As Straw and Paper are by Amber.
If we ſit down to play or ſet
(Suppoſe at *Ombre* or *Baſſet*)
Let People call us Cheats, or Fools;
Our Cards and We are equal Tools.
We ſure in vain the Cards condemn:
Our ſelves both cut and thumb'd them.
In vain on Fortune's Aid rely:
She only is a Standerby.
Poor Men! poor Papers! We and They
Do ſome impulſive Force obey;
And are but play'd with!——Do not play.
But Space and Matter we ſhould blame:
They palm'd the Trick that loſt the Game.

Thus to ſave further Contradiction,
Againſt what You may think but Fiction;
I for Attraction, DICK, declare:
Deny it thoſe bold Men that dare.

As

As well your Motion, as your Thought
Is all by hidden Impulſe wrought:
Ev'n ſaying, that You Think or Walk,
How like a Country 'Squire you talk?

Mark then;——Where Fancy or Deſire
Collects the Beams of Vital Fire;
Into that Limb fair ALMA ſlides,
And there, *pro tempora*, reſides.
She dwells in NICHOLINI's Tongue,
When PYRRHUS chants the Heav'nly Song.
When PEDRO does the Lute command,
She guides the cunning Artiſt's Hand.
Thro' MACER's Gullet ſhe runs down,
When the vile Glutton dines alone.
And void of Modeſty and Thought,
She follows BIBO's endleſs Draught.
Thro' the ſoft Sex again She ranges;
As Youth, Caprice, or Faſhion changes.
Fair ALMA careleſs and ſerene,
In FANNY's ſprightly Eyes is ſeen;
While they diffuſe their Infant Beams,
Themſelves not conſcious of their Flames.
Again fair ALMA ſits confeſt,
On FLORIMEL's experter Breaſt;
When She the riſing Sigh conſtrains,
And by concealing ſpeaks her Pains.
In CYNTHIA's Neck fair ALMA glows;
When the vain Thing her Jewels ſhows;

When

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When JENNY's Stays are newly lac'd,
Fair ALMA plays about her Waſte;
And when the ſwelling Hoop ſuſtains
The rich Brocard, fair ALMA deigns
Into that lower Space to enter,
Of the large Round, Her ſelf the Center.

Again: That Single Limb or Feature
(Such is the cogent Force of Nature)
Which moſt did ALMA's Paſſion move,
In the firſt Object of her Love,
For ever will be found confeſt,
And printed on the am'rous Breaſt.

O ABELARD, ill-fated Youth,
Thy Tale will juſtify this Truth:
But well I weet, thy cruel Wrong
Adorns a nobler Poet's Song.
Dan POPE for thy Misfortune griev'd,
With kind Concern, and Skill has weav'd
A ſilken Web; and ne'er ſhall fade
It's Colors: gently has He laid
The Mantle o'er thy ſad Diſtreſs:
And VENUS ſhall the Texture bleſs.
He o'er the weeping Nun has drawn,
Such artful Folds of Sacred Lawn,
That LOVE with equal Grief and Pride,
Shall ſee the Crime, He ſtrives to hide:
And ſoftly drawing back the Veil,
The God ſhall to his Vot'ries tell

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Each conſcious Tear, each bluſhing Grace,
That deck'd Dear ELOISA's Face.

Happy the Poet, bleſt the Lays,
Which BUCKINGHAM has deign'd to praiſe.

Next, DICK, as Youth and Habit ſways,
A hundred Gambols ALMA plays.
If, whilſt a Boy, JACK run from Schole,
Fond of his Hunting-horn, and Pole;
Tho' Gout and Age his Speed detain,
Old JOHN halloo's his Hounds again.
By his Fire-ſide he ſtarts the Hare;
And turns Her in his Wicker-Chair:
His Feet, however lame, You find,
Have got the better of his Mind.

If while the Mind was in her Leg,
The Dance affected nimble PEG;
Old MADGE, bewitch'd at Sixty one,
Calls for *Green Sleeves*, and *Jumping Joan*.
In public Mask, or private Ball,
From *Lincoln's Inn*, to *Goldſmith's Hall*,
All Chriſtmas long away She trudges;
Trips it with Prentices and Judges:
In vain her Children urge her Stay;
And Age or Palſey bar the Way.
But if thoſe Images prevail,
Which whilom did affect the Tail;

She

She ſtill reviews the ancient Scene;
Forgets the forty Years between:
Awkardly gay, and odly merry,
Her Scarf pale Pink, her Head-Knot Cherry;
O'er heated with *Ideal* Rage,
She cheats her Son, to wed her Page.

If ALMA, whilſt the Man was young,
Slip'd up too ſoon into his Tongue:
Pleas'd with his own fantaſtic Skill,
He lets that Weapon ne'er lie ſtill.
On any Point if You diſpute;
Depend upon it, He'll confute:
Change Sides; and You increaſe your Pain:
For He'll confute You back again.
For One may ſpeak with TULLY's Tongue;
Yet all the while be in the wrong.
And 'tis remarkable, that They
Talk moſt, who have the leaſt to ſay.
Your dainty Speakers have the Curſe,
To plead bad Cauſes down to worſe:
As Dames, who Native Beauty want,
Still uglier look, the more They paint.

Again: If in the Female Sex
ALMA ſhould on this Member fix;
(A cruel and a deſp'rate Caſe,
From which Heav'n ſhield my lovely Laſs!)
For evermore all Care is vain,
That would bring ALMA down again.

As

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As in habitual Gout, or Stone,
The only Thing that can be done,
Is to correct your Drink and Diet,
And keep the inward Foe in Quiet:
So, if for any Sins of Our's,
Or our Forefathers, Higher Pow'rs,
Severe tho' juſt, afflict our Life
With that Prime Ill, a talking Wife;
'Till Death ſhall bring the kind Relief,
We muſt be Patient, or be Deaf.

You know, a certain Lady, DICK,
Who ſaw Me, when I laſt was ſick:
She kindly talk'd, at leaſt three Hours,
Of *Plaſtic* Forms, and *Mental* Pow'rs:
Deſcrib'd our pre-exiſting Station,
Before this vile Terrene Creation:
And leſt I ſhould be weary'd, Madam,
To cut Things ſhort, came down to ADAM;
From whence, as faſt as She was able,
She drowns the World, and builds up BABEL;
Thro' SYRIA, PERSIA, GREECE She goes;
And takes the ROMANS in the Cloſe.

But We'll deſcant on gen'ral Nature:
This is a *Syſtem*, not a Satyr.

Turn We this Globe; and let Us ſee,
How diff'rent Nations diſagree,

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In what We wear, or eat and drink;
Nay, DICK, perhaps in what We think.
In Water as You ſmell and taſt
The Soyls, thro' which it roſe and paſt:
In ALMA's Manners You may read
The Place, where She was born and bred.

One People from their ſwadling Bands
Releas'd their Infants Feet and Hands:
Here ALMA to theſe Limbs was brought;
And SPARTA's Offspring kick'd and fought.

Another taught their Babes to talk,
E'er they could yet in Goe-carts walk:
There ALMA ſettl'd in the Tongue;
And Orators from ATHENS ſprung.

Obſerve but in theſe Neighb'ring Lands,
The diff'rent Uſe of Mouths and Hands:
As Men repos'd their various Hopes,
In Battles Theſe, and Thoſe in Tropes.

In BRITAIN'S Iſles, as HEYLYN notes,
The Ladies trip in Petticoats;
Which, for the Honor of their Nation,
They quit but on ſome great Occaſion.
Men there in Breeches clad You view:
They claim that Garment, as their due.
In TURKEY the Reverſe appears;
Long Coats the haughty Husband wears,

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And greets His Wife with angry Speeches;
If She be seen without her Breeches.

In our Fantastic *Climes* the Fair
With cleanly Powder dry their Hair:
And round their lovely Breast and Head
Fresh Flow'rs their mingl'd Odors shed.
Your nicer HOTTENTOTES think meet
With Guts and Tripe to deck their Feet:
With down-cast Looks on TOTTA's Legs,
The ogling Youth most humbly begs,
She would not from his Hopes remove
At once his Breakfast, and his Love:
And if the skittish Nymph should fly;
He in a double Sense must die.

We simple *Toasters* take Delight
To see our Women's Teeth look white.
And ev'ry saucy ill-bred Fellow
Sneers at a Mouth profoundly yellow.
In CHINA none hold Women sweet,
Except their Snags are black as Jett.
King CHIHU put Nine Queens to Death,
Convict on Statute, *Iv'ry Teeth.*

At TONQUIN if a Prince should die;
(As Jesuits write, who never lye)
The Wife, and Counsellor, and Priest,
Who serv'd Him most, and lov'd Him best;

Prepare,

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Prepare, and light his Fun'ral Fire,
And chearful on the Pile expire.
In EUROPE 'twould be hard to find
In each Degree One half ſo kind.

Now turn We to the fartheſt Eaſt,
And there obſerve the Gentry Dreſt.
Prince GIOLO, and his Royal Siſters,
Scarr'd with ten thouſand comely Bliſters;
The Marks remaining on the Skin,
To tell the Quality within.
Diſtinguiſh'd Slaſhes deck the Great:
As each excells in Birth, or State;
His Oylet-holes are more, and ampler:
The King's own Body was a Samplar.
Happy the Climate, where the *Beau*
Wears the ſame Suit for Uſe, and Show:
And at a ſmall Expence your Wife,
If once well pink'd, is cloth'd for Life.

Weſtward again the INDIAN Fair,
Is nicely ſmear'd with Fat of Bear.
Before You ſee, You ſmell your Toaſt,
And ſweeteſt She, who ſtinks the moſt.
The fineſt Sparks, and cleaneſt *Beaux*
Drip from the Shoulders to the Toes.
How ſleek their Skins! their Joints how eaſy!
There Slovens only are not greaſy.

I mention'd diff'rent Ways of Breeding;
Begin We in our Children's Reading.

To

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To Maſter JOHN the ENGLISH Maid
A Horn-book gives of Ginger-bread:
And that the Child may learn the better,
As He can name, He eats the Letter:
Proceeding thus with vaſt Delight,
He ſpells, and gnaws, from Left to Right.
But ſhew a HEBREW's hopeful Son,
Where We ſuppoſe the Book begun;
The Child would thank You for your Kindneſs,
And read quite backward from our *Finis*:
Devour He Learning ne'er ſo faſt;
Great A would be reſerv'd the laſt.

An equal Inſtance of this Matter,
Is in the Manners of a Daughter.
In EUROPE, if a harmleſs Maid,
By Nature and by Love betray'd,
Should e'er a Wife become a Nurſe;
Her Friends would look on Her the Worſe.
In CHINA, DAMPIER's Travels tell Ye;
(Look in his Index for PAGELLI:)
Soon as the BRITISH Ships unmoore,
And jolly Long-boat rows to Shore;
Down come the Nobles of the Land:
Each brings his Daughter in his Hand,
Beſeeching the Imperious Tar
To make Her but One Hour his Care.
The tender Mother ſtands affrighted,
Leſt her dear Daughter ſhould be ſlighted:
And poor Miſs YAYA dreads the Shame
Of going back the Maid She came.

Obſerve

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Obſerve how Cuſtom, DICK, compells
The Lady that in EUROPE dwells:
After her Tea She ſlips away;
And what to do, One need not ſay.
Now ſee how great POMONQUE's Queen
Behav'd Herſelf amongſt the Men:
Pleas'd with her Punch, the Gallant Soul
Firſt drank, then water'd in the Bowl;
And ſprinkl'd in the Captain's Face
The Marks of Her Peculiar Grace——

To cloſe this Point, We need not roam
For Inſtances ſo far from Home.
What parts gay FRANCE from ſober SPAIN?
A little riſing Rocky Chain.
Of Men born South or North o'th' Hill,
Thoſe ſeldom move; Theſe ne'er ſtand ſtill.
DICK, You love Maps, and may perceive
ROME not far diſtant from GENEVE.
If the good POPE remains at Home,
He's the Firſt Prince in CHRISTENDOME.
Chooſe then, good POPE, at Home to ſtay;
Nor Weſtward curious take Thy Way.
Thy Way unhappy ſhould'ſt Thou take
From TIBER's Bank to LEMAN-Lake;
Thou art an Aged Prieſt no more,
But a Young flaring Painted Whore:
Thy Sex is loſt: Thy Town is gone,
No longer ROME, but BABYLON.

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That ſome few Leagues ſhould make this Change,
To Men unlearn'd ſeems mighty ſtrange.

But need We, Friend, inſiſt on This?
Since in the very CANTONS SWISS,
All Your Philoſophers agree,
And prove it plain, that One may be
A Heretic, or True Believer,
On this, or t'other Side a River.

Here with an artful Smile, quoth DICK,
Your Proofs come mighty full, and thick——

The Bard on this extenſive Chapter,
Wound up into Poetic Rapture,
Continu'd: RICHARD, caſt your Eye
By Night upon a Winter-Sky:
Caſt it by Day-light on the Strand,
Which compaſſes fair ALBION's Land:
If You can count the Stars that glow
Above, or Sands that lie below;
Into thoſe Common-places look,
Which from great Authors I have took;
And count the Proofs I have collected,
To have my Writings well protected.
Theſe I lay by for Time of Need;
And Thou may'ſt at thy Leiſure read.
For ſtanding every Critic's Rage,
I ſafely will to future Age
My *Syſtem*, as a Gift, bequeath,
Victorious over Spight, and Death.

THE

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THE THIRD CANTO.

RICHARD, who now was half a-ſleep,
Rous'd; nor would longer Silence keep:
And Senſe like this, in vocal Breath
Broke from his twofold Hedge of Teeth.
Now if this Phraſe too harſh be thought;
POPE, tell the World, 'tis not my Fault.
Old HOMER taught us thus to ſpeak:
If 'tis not Senſe; at leaſt 'tis GREEK.

As Folks, quoth RICHARD, prone to Leaſing,
Say Things at firſt becauſe they're pleaſing;
Then prove what they have once aſſerted,
Nor care to have their Lie deſerted;
'Till their own Dreams at length deceive 'em;
And oft repeating, they believe 'em.
Or as again thoſe am'rous Blades,
Who trifle with their Mother's Maids;
Tho' at the firſt their wild Deſire,
Was but to quench a preſent Fire;
Yet if the object of their Love
Chance by LUCINA's Aid to prove;
They ſeldom let the Bantling toat
In Basket, at a Neighbour's Door:
But by the flatt'ring Glaſs of Nature,
Viewing themſelves in *Cake-bread's* Feature;

With

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With ſerious Thought and Care ſupport,
What only was begun in Sport.

Juſt ſo with You, my Friend, it fares,
Who deal in Philoſophic Wares:
Atoms You cut; and Forms You meaſure,
To gratifie your private Pleaſure;
'Till airy Seeds of caſual Wit
Do ſome fantaſtic Birth beget:
And pleas'd to find your *Syſtem* mended,
Beyond what You at firſt intended,
The happy Whimſey You purſue;
'Till You at length believe it true.
Caught by your own deluſive Art,
You fancy firſt, and then aſſert.

Quoth, MATTHEW: Friend, as far as I
Thro' Art or Nature caſt my Eye,
This *Axiom* clearly I diſcern,
That One muſt Teach, and t'Other Learn.
No Fool PYTHAGORAS was thought:
Whilſt He his weighty Doctrines taught;
He made his liſt'ning Scholars ſtand,
Their Mouth ſtill cover'd with their Hand:
Elſe, may be, ſome odd-thinking Youth,
Leſs Friend to Doctrine than to Truth,
Might have refus'd to let his Ears
Attend the Muſick of the Spheres;
Deny'd all *tranſmigrating* Scenes,
And introduc'd the Uſe of Beans.

From

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From great LUCRETIUS take His Void;
And all the World is quite deſtroy'd.
Deny DES-CART His ſubtil Matter;
You leave Him neither Fire, nor Water.
How odly would Sir ISAAC look,
If You, in Anſwer to his Book,
Say in the Front of your Diſcourſe,
That Things have no *Elaſtic* Force?
How could our *Chymic* Friends go on,
To find the *Philoſophic* Stone;
If You more pow'rful Reaſons bring,
To prove, that there is no ſuch Thing?

Your Chiefs in Sciences and Arts,
Have great Contempt of ALMA's Parts.
They find, She giddy is, or dull;
She doubts, if Things are void, or full:
And who ſhould be preſum'd to tell,
What She Her ſelf ſhould ſee, or feel?
She doubts, if two and two make four;
Tho' She has told them ten times o'er.
It can't——it may be——and it muſt:
To which of theſe muſt ALMA truſt?
Nay, further yet They make Her go,
In doubting, if She doubts, or no.
Can *Syllogyſm* ſet Things right?
No: *Majors* ſoon with *Minors* fight:
Or, Both in friendly Conſort join'd;
The *Conſequence* limps falſe behind.

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So to ſome Cunning-Man She goes,
And asks of Him, how much She knows.
With Patience grave He hears Her ſpeak;
And from his ſhort Notes, gives Her back
What from her Tale He comprehended:
Thus the Diſpute is wiſely ended.

From the Account the Loſer brings,
The Conj'ror knows, who ſtole the Things.

'Squire (interrupted DICK) ſince when
Were You amongſt theſe Cunning-Men?

Dear DICK, quoth MAT, let not Thy Force
Of Eloquence ſpoil my Diſcourſe.
I tell Thee, this is ALMA's Caſe,
Still asking, what ſome Wiſe-man ſays,
Who does his Mind in Words reveal,
Which All muſt grant; tho' Few can ſpell.
You tell Your Doctor, that Y'are ill:
And what does He, but write a Bill,
Of which You need not read one Letter?
The worſe the Scrawl, the Doſe the better.
For if You knew but what You take;
Tho' You recover, He muſt break.

Ideas, *Forms*, and *Intellects*,
Have furniſh'd out three diff'rent Sects.
Subſtance, or *Accident* divides
All EUROPE into adverſe Sides.

Now,

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Now, as engag'd in Arms or Laws,
You muſt have Friends to back your Cauſe:
In *Philoſophic* Matters ſo
Your Judgment muſt with others go.
For as in Senates, ſo in Scholes,
Majority of Voices rules.

Poor ALMA, like a lonely Deer,
O'er Hills and Dales does doubtful err:
With panting Haſte, and quick Surpriſe,
From ev'ry Leaf that ſtirs, She flies;
'Till mingl'd with the neighb'ring Herd,
She ſlights what erſt She ſingly fear'd:
And now, exempt from Doubt and Dread,
She dares purſue; if They dare lead:
As Their Example ſtill prevails;
She tempts the Stream, or leaps the Pales.

He then, quoth DICK, who by Your Rule
Thinks for Himſelf, becomes a Fool.
As Party-Man who leaves the reſt,
Is call'd but *Whimſical* at Beſt.
Now, by Your Favour, Maſter MAT,
Like RALPHO, here I ſmell a Rat.
I muſt be liſted in Your Sect;
Who, tho' They teach not, can protect.
Right, RICHARD, MAT. in Triumph cri'd;
So put off all Miſtruſt and Pride.

And

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And while My Principles I beg;
Pray-anſwer only with Your Leg.
Believe what friendly I adviſe:
Be firſt ſecure; and then be wiſe.
The Man within the Coach that ſits,
And to another's Skill ſubmits,
Is ſafer much (whate'er arrives)
And warmer too, than He that drives.

So, DICK *Adept*, tuck back Thy Hair;
And I will pour into Thy Ear
Remarks, which None did e'er diſcloſe,
In ſmooth-pac'd Verſe, or hobling Proſe.
Attend, Dear DICK; but don't reply:
And Thou may'ſt prove as Wiſe as I.

When ALMA now in diff'rent Ages,
Has finiſh'd Her aſcending Stages;
Into the Head at length She gets,
And There in Public Grandeur ſits,
To judge of Things, and cenſure Wits.

Here, RICHARD, how could I explain,
The various Lab'rinths of the Brain?
Surpriſe My Readers, whilſt I tell 'em
Of *Cerebrum*, and *Cerebellum?*
How could I play the Commentator
On *Dura*, and on *Pia Mater?*
Where Hot and Cold, and Dry and Wet,
Strive each the t'other's Place to get;

And

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And with inceſſant Toil and Strife,
Would keep Poſſeſſion during Life.
I could demonſtrate every Pore,
Where Mem'ry lays up all her Store;
And to an Inch compute the Station,
'Twixt Judgment, and Imagination.
O Friend! I could diſplay much Learning,
At leaſt to Men of ſmall Diſcerning.
The Brain contains ten thouſand Cells;
In each ſome active Fancy dwells;
Which always is at Work, and framing
The ſeveral Follies I was naming.
As in a Hive's vimineous Dome,
Ten thouſand Bees enjoy their Home;
Each does her ſtudious Action vary,
To go and come, to fetch and carry:
Each ſtill renews her little Labor;
Nor juſtles her aſſiduous Neighbour:
Each——whilſt this *Theſis* I maintain;
I fancy, DICK, I know thy Brain.
O with the mighty *Theme* affected,
Could I but ſee thy Head diſſected!

My Head, quoth DICK, to ſerve your Whim?
Spare That, and take ſome other Limb.
Sir, in your nice Affairs of *Syſtem*,
Wiſe Men propoſe; but Fools aſſiſt 'em.

Says MATTHEW: RICHARD, keep thy Head,
And hold thy Peace; and I'll proceed.

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Proceed? quoth DICK: Sir, I aver,
You have already gone too far.
When People once are in the Wrong;
Each Line they add, is much too long.
Who faſteſt walks, but walks aſtray,
Is only furtheſt from his Way.
Bleſs your Conceits! muſt I believe,
Howe'er abſurd, what You conceive;
And, for your Friendſhip, live and dye
A Papiſt in Philoſophy?
I ſay, whatever You maintain
Of ALMA in the Heart, or Brain;
The plaineſt Man alive may tell Ye,
Her Seat of Empire is the Belly:
From hence She ſends out thoſe Supplies,
Which make Us either ſtout, or wiſe:
The Strength of ev'ry other Member,
Is founded on your Belly-Timber:
The Qualms or Raptures of your Blood
Riſe in Proportion to your Food:
And if you would improve your Thought;
You muſt be fed, as well as taught.
Your Stomach makes your Fabric roll;
Juſt as the Biaſs rules the Bowl.
That great ACHILLES might imploy
The Strength, deſign'd to ruin TROY;
He Din'd on Lion's Marrow, ſpread
On Toaſts of Ammunition-Bread!

But

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But by His Mother sent away,
Amongst the THRACIAN Girls to play,
Effeminate He sat, and quiet:
Strange Product of a Chocolate Diet!
Now give my Argument fair Play;
And take the Thing the t'other Way:
The Youngster, who at Nine and Three
Drinks with his Sisters Milk and Tea,
From Break-fast reads, 'till twelve a Clock,
BURNET and HEYLYN, HOBBES and LOCK:
He pays due Visits after Noon
To Cousin ALICE, and Uncle JOHN:
At Ten from Coffee-House or Play
Returning, finishes the Day:
But give him Port, and potent Sack;
From *Milk-sop* He starts up *Mohack*:
Holds that the Happy know no Hours;
So thro' the Street at Midnight scours:
Breaks Watch-men's Heads, and Chair-men's Glasses;
And thence proceeds to nicking Sashes:
Till by some tougher Hand o'ercome,
And first knock'd down, and then led Home;
He damns the Foot-man, strikes the Maid,
And decently reels up to Bed.

Observe the various Operations
Of Food, and Drink in several Nations.
Was ever TARTAR fierce or cruel,
Upon the Strength of Water-Gruel?

But

But who ſhall ſtand His Rage and Force;
If firſt he rides, then eats his Horſe!
Sallads, and Eggs, and lighter Fare
Tune the ITALIAN Spark's Guitar.
And, if I take *Dan* CONGREVE right;
Pudding and Beef make BRITONS fight.
TOKAY and COFFEE cauſe this Work,
Between the GERMAN and the TURK:
And Both, as They Proviſions want,
Chicane, avoid, retire, and faint.

Hunger and Thirſt, or Guns and Swords,
Give the ſame Death in diff'rent Words.
To puſh this Argument no further;
To ſtarve a Man, in Law, is Murther.

As in a WATCHE's fine Machine,
Tho' many artful Springs are ſeen;
The added Movements, which declare,
How full the Moon, how old the Year,
Derive their ſecondary Pow'r
From that, which ſimply points the Hour.
For, tho' theſe Gim-cracks were away;
(QUARE would not ſwear; but QUARE would ſay)
However more reduc'd and plain,
The Watch would ſtill a Watch remain:
But if the *Horal* Orbite ceaſes;
The whole ſtands ſtill, or breaks to pieces;
Is now no longer what it was;
And You may e'en go ſell the Caſe.

So

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So if unprejudic'd you ſcan
The Goings of this Clock-work, Man;
You find a hundred Movements made
By fine Devices in his Head:
But 'tis the Stomach's ſolid Stroke,
That tells his Being, what's a Clock.
If You take off his *Rhet'ric*-Trigger;
He talks no more in Mood and Figure:
Or clog his *Mathematic*-Wheel;
His Buildings fall; his Ship ſtands ſtill.
Or laſtly, break his *Politic*-Weight;
His Voice no longer rules the State.
Yet if theſe finer Whims were gone;
Your Clock, tho' plain, would ſtill go on:
But ſpoil the Engine of Digeſtion;
And You entirely change the Queſtion.
ALMA's Affairs no Pow'r can mend;
The Jeſt, alas! is at an End:
Soon ceaſes all this worldly Buſtle;
And you conſign the Corps to RUSSEL.

Now make your ALMA come or go,
From Leg to Hand, from Top to Toe;
Your *Syſtem*, without My Addition,
Is in a very ſad Condition.
So HARLEQUIN extoll'd his Horſe,
Fit for the War, or Road, or Courſe;
His Mouth was ſoft; his Eye was good;
His Foot was ſure as ever trod:

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One Fault he had, a Fault indeed;
And what was that? The Horſe was Dead.

DICK, from theſe Inſtances and Fetches,
Thou mak'ſt of Horſes, Clocks, and Watches,
Quoth MAT, to Me thou ſeem'ſt to mean,
That ALMA is a mere *Machine*;
That telling others what's a Clock,
She knows not what Her ſelf has ſtruck;
But leaves to Standers-by the Tryal,
Of what is mark'd upon her Dial.

Here hold a Blow, good Friend, quoth DICK,
And rais'd his Voice exceeding quick:
Fight fair, Sir: what I never meant
Don't You infer. In Argument,
Similies are like Songs in Love:
They much deſcribe; they nothing prove.

MAT, who was here a little gravel'd,
Toſt up his Noſe, and would have cavil'd:
But calling HERMES to his Aid,
Half pleas'd, half angry, thus He ſaid:

Where mind ('tis for the Author's Fame)
That MATTHEW call'd, and HERMES came.
In Danger Heroes, and in Doubt
Poets find Gods to help 'em out.

Friend

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Friend RICHARD, I begin to ſee,
That You and I ſhall ſcarce agree.
Obſerve how odly you behave:
The more I grant, the more You crave.
But, Comrade, as I ſaid juſt now,
I ſhould affirm, and You allow.
We *Syſtem*-makers can ſuſtain
The *Theſis*, which, You grant, was plain;
And with Remarks and Comments teaze Ye;
In caſe the Thing before was eaſy.
But in a Point obſcure and dark,
We fight as LEIBNITS did with CLARK;
And when no Reaſon we can ſhow,
Why Matters This or That Way go;
The ſhorteſt Way the Thing We try,
And what We know not, We deny:
True to our own o'erbearing Pride,
And falſe to all the World beſide.

That old Philoſopher grew croſs,
Who could not tell what Motion was:
Becauſe He walk'd againſt his Will;
He fac'd Men down, that He ſtood ſtill.
And He who reading on the Heart,
(When all his *Quodlibets* of Art
Could not expound it's Pulſe and Heat)
Swore, He had never felt it beat.
CHRYSIPPUS, foil'd by EPICURUS,
Makes bold (JOVE bleſs Him!) to aſſure Us,

That

That all things, which our Mind can view,
May be at once both falſe, and true.
And MALBRANCH has an odd Conceit,
As ever enter'd FRENCHMAN's Pate:
Says He, ſo little can our Mind
Of Matter, or of Spirit find,
That We by Gueſs, at leaſt, may gather
Something, which may be Both, or Neither.
Faith, DICK, I muſt confeſs, 'tis true
(But this is only *Entre Nous*)
That many knotty Points there are,
Which All diſcuſs, but Few can clear:
As Nature ſlily had thought fit,
For ſome by-Ends, to croſs-bite Wit.
Circles to ſquare, and Cubes to double,
Would give a Man exceſſive Trouble:
The Longitude uncertain roams,
In ſpight of WH——N and his Bombs.
What *Syſtem*, DICK, has right averr'd
The Cauſe, why Woman has no Beard;
Or why, as Years our Frame attack,
Our Hair grows white, our Teeth grow black?
In Points like Theſe We muſt agree,
Our Barber knows as much as We.
Yet ſtill unable to explain,
We muſt perſiſt the beſt We can;
With Care our *Syſtems* ſtill renew,
And prove Things likely, tho' not true.

I could, Thou ſee'ſt, in quaint Diſpute,
By dint of *Logic* ſtrike Thee mute;

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With

With learned Skill, now push, now parry,
From *Darii* to *Bocardo* vary,
And never yield, or what is worst,
Never conclude the Point discours'd.
Yet, that You *hic & nunc* may know,
How much You to my Candor owe;
I'll from the Disputant descend,
To show Thee, I assume the Friend:
I'll take Thy Notion for my own——
(So most Philosophers have done)
It makes my *System* more complete:
DICK, can it have a Nobler Fate?
Take what Thou wilt, said DICK, Dear Friend;
But bring thy Matters to an End.

I find, quoth MAT, Reproof is vain:
Who first offend will first complain.
Thou wisheſt, I should make to Shoar;
Yet still put'st in Thy thwarting Oar.
What I have told Thee fifty times
In Prose, receive for once in Rhimes:
A huge fat Man in Countrey-Fair,
Or City-Church, (no matter where)
Labor'd and push'd amidst the Croud,
Still bauling out extremely loud;
Lord save Us! why do People press?
Another marking his Distress,
Friendly reply'd; Plump Gentleman,
Get out as fast as e'er You can:

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Or ceaſe to puſh, or to exclaim:
You make the very Croud You blame.

Says DICK, your Moral does not need
The leaſt Return; ſo e'en proceed:
Your Tale, howe'er apply'd, was ſhort:
So far, at leaſt, I thank You for't.

MAT. took his Thanks, and in a Tone
More Magiſterial, thus went on.

Now ALMA ſettles in the Head;
As has before been ſung, or ſaid:
And here begins this Farce of Life;
Enter Revenge, Ambition, Strife:
Behold on both Sides Men advance,
To form in Earneſt BAYS's Dance.
L'AVARE not uſing Half his Store,
Still grumbles, that He has no more;
Strikes not the preſent Tun, for fear
The Vintage ſhould be bad next Year:
And eats To-day with inward Sorrow,
And Dread of fancy'd Want To-morrow.
Abroad if the *Sour-toat* You wear,
Repells the Rigor of the Air;
Would You be warmer, if at Home
You had the Fabric, and the Loom!
And if two Boots keep out the Weather;
What need You have two Hides of Leather?

Could

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Could PEDRO, think You, make no Tryal
Of a *Sonata* on his Viol,
Unleſs he had the total Gut,
Whence every String at firſt was cut?

When RARUS ſhows You his Cartoh;
He always tells You, with a Groan,
Where two of that ſame Hand were torn,
Long before You, or He were born.

Poor VENTO's Mind ſo much is croſt,
For Part of His PETRONIUS loſt;
That He can never take the Pains
To underſtand what yet remains.

What Toil did honeſt CURIO take!
What ſtrict Enquiries did He make,
To get one Medal wanting yet,
And perfect all his ROMAN Sett?
'Tis found: and O his happy Lot!
'Tis bought, lock'd up, and lies forgot:
Of Theſe no more You hear Him ſpeak:
He now begins upon the GREEK.
Theſe rang'd and ſhow'd, ſhall in their Turns
Remain obſcure, as in their Urns.
My Copper-Lamps at any Rate,
For being True Antique, I bought;
Yet wiſely melted down my Plate,
On Modern Models to be wrought:

And

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And Trifles I alike purſue;
Becauſe They're Old; becauſe They're New.

DICK, I have ſeen You with Delight,
For GEORGY make a Paper-Kite.
And ſimple Odes too many ſhow Ye,
My ſervile Complaiſance to CLOE.
Parents and Lovers are decreed
By Nature Fools——That's brave indeed!
Quoth DICK: ſuch Truths are worth receiving:
Yet ſtill DICK look'd, as not believing.

Now, ALMA, to Divines and Profe
I leave Thy Frauds, and Crimes, and Woes:
Nor think To-night of Thy Ill-Nature,
But of Thy Follies, Idle Creature,
The turns of Thy uncertain Wing,
And not the Malice of Thy Sting:
Thy Pride of being great and wiſe,
I do but mention, to deſpiſe.
I view with Anger and Diſdain,
How little gives Thee Joy, or Pain:
A Print, a *Bronze*, a Flow'r, a Root,
A Shell, a Butter-fly can do't.
Ev'n a Romance, a Tune, a Rhime
Help Thee to paſs the tedious Time,
Which elſe would on thy Hand remain:
Tho' flown, it ne'er looks back again.
And Cards are dealt, and Cheſs-boards brought,
To eaſe the Pain of Coward-Thought.

Happy

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Happy Result of Human Wit!
That ALMA may Her self forget.

DICK, thus We act; and thus We are,
Or toss'd by Hope, or sunk by Care.
With endless Pain This Man pursues
What, if he gain'd, He could not use:
And T'other fondly Hopes to see
What never was, nor e'er shall be.
We err by Use, go wrong by Rules;
In Gesture grave, in Action Fools:
We join Hypocrisie to Pride,
Doubling the Faults, We strive to hide.
Or grant, that with extreme Surprize,
We find our selves at Sixty wise;
And twenty pretty Things are known,
Of which we can't accomplish One;
Whilst, as my *System* says, the Mind
Is to these upper Rooms confin'd:
Should I, my Friend, at large repeat
Her borrow'd Sense, her fond Conceit;
The Bede-roll of her vicious Tricks;
My Poem would be too prolix.
For could I my Remarks sustain,
Like SOCRATES, or MILES MONTAIGNE;
Who in these Times would read my Books,
But TOM O' STILES, or JOHN O' NOKES?

As BRENTFORD Kings discrete and wise,
After long Thought and grave Advice,

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Or ſhould We mix our friendly Talk,
O'er-ſhaded in that Fav'rite Walk,
Which Thy own Hand had whilom planted,
Both pleas'd with all we thought We wanted:
Yet then, ev'n then one croſs Reflection
Would ſpoil Thy Grove, and My Collection:
Thy Son and his, e'er that, may die;
And Time ſome uncouth Heir ſupply;
Who ſhall for nothing elſe be known,
But ſpoiling All, that Thou haſt done.
Who ſet the Twigs, ſhall He remember,
That is in Haſt to ſell the Timber?
And what ſhall of thy Woods remain,
Except the Box that threw the Main?

Nay may not Time and Death remove
The near Relations, whom I love?
And my Coz TOM, or his Coz MARY
(Who hold the Plough, or skim the Dairy)
My Fav'rite Books and Pictures ſell
To SMART, or DOILEY by the Ell?
Kindly throw in a little Figure,
And ſet their Price upon the bigger?
Thoſe who could never read their Grammar;
When my dear Volumes touch the Hammer;
May think Books beſt, as richeſt bound:
My Copper Medals by the Pound
May be with learned Juſtice weigh'd:
To turn the Ballance, OTHO's Head
May be thrown in; And for the Mettle,
The Coin may mend a Tinker's Kettle.

Tir'd

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Tir'd with theſe Thoughts——Leſs tir'd than I,
Quoth DICK, with Your Philoſophy——
That People live and dye, I knew
An hour ago, as well as You.
And if Fate ſpins Us longer Years,
Or is in haſte to take the Shears;
I know, We muſt Both Fortunes try,
And bear our Evils, wet or dry.
Yet let the Goddeſs ſmile, or frown;
Bread We ſhall eat, or white, or brown:
And in a Cottage, or a Court,
Drink fine *Champaigne*, or muddl'd *Port*.
What need of Books theſe Truths to tell,
Which Folks perceive, who cannot ſpell?
And muſt We Spectacles apply,
To view, what hurts our naked Eye?

Sir, if it be Your Wiſdom's Aim,
To make Me merrier than I am;
I'll be all Night at Your Devotion——
Come on, Friend; broach the pleaſing Notion:
But if You would depreſs my Thought;
Your *Syſtem* is not worth a Groat——

For PLATO's Fancies what care I;
I hope You would not have me die,
Like ſimple CATO in the Play,
For any Thing that He can ſay?
E'en let Him of *Ideas* ſpeak
To Heathens in his Native GREEK.

If

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State or Kingdom. His ACHILLES *therefore is haughty, and paſſionate, impatient of any Reſtraint by Laws, and arrogant in Arms. In His* Odyſſes *the ſame Poet endeavours to explain, that the hardeſt Difficulties may be overcome by Labor, and our Fortune reſtored after the ſevereſt Afflictions.* ULYSSES *therefore is valiant, virtuous and patient.* VIRGIL's *Deſign was to tell us, how from a ſmall Colony eſtabliſhed by the* TROJANS *in* ITALY, *the* ROMAN *Empire roſe, and from what antient Families* AUGUSTUS (*who was His Prince and Patron*) *deſcended. His Hero therefore was to fight his Way to the Throne, ſtill diſtinguiſh'd and protected by the Favor of the Gods. The Poet to this End takes off from the Vices of* ACHILLES, *and adds to the Virtues of* ULYSSES; *from both perfecting a Character proper for his Work in the Perſon of* ÆNEAS.

As VIRGIL *copy'd after* HOMER, *other* Epic *Poets have copied after them both.* TASSO's Gieruſalemme Liberata *is directly* Troy Town *Sacked; with this Difference only, that the two chief Characters in* HOMER, *which the* LATIN *Poet had joined in One, the* ITALIAN *has ſeparated in his* GODFREY *and* RINALDO: *but He makes them both carry on his Work with very great Succeſs.* RONSARD's FRANCIADE, (*incomparably good as far as it goes*) *is again* VIRGIL's Æneis. *His Hero comes from a Foreign Country, ſettles a Colony, and lays the Foundation of a future Empire. I inſtance in theſe, as the greateſt* ITALIAN *and* FRENCH *Poets in the* Epic. *In our Language* SPENSER *has not contented himſelf with this ſubmiſſive Manner of Imitation: He lanches out into very flowery Paths, which ſtill ſeem to conduct him into one great Road. His* Fairy Queen (*had it been finiſhed*) *muſt have ended in the Account, which*

every

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every Knight was to give of his Adventures, and in the accumulated Praiſes of his Heroine GLORIANA. *The Whole would have been an* Heroic *Poem, but in another Caſt and Figure, than any that had ever been written before. Yet it is obſervable, that every Hero (as far as We can judge by the Books ſtill remaining) bears his diſtinguiſhed Character, and repreſents ſome particular Virtue conducive to the whole Deſign.*

To bring this to our preſent Subject: The Pleaſures of Life do not compenſate the Miſeries: Age ſteals upon Us unawares; and Death, as the only Cure of our Ills, ought to be expected, but not feared. This Inſtruction is to be illuſtrated by the Action of ſome great Perſon. Who therefore more proper for the Buſineſs than SOLOMON *himſelf? And why may He not be ſuppoſed now to repeat what, We take it for granted, He acted almoſt three thouſand Years ſince? If in the fair Situation where this Prince was placed, He was acquainted with Sorrow; If endowed with the greateſt Perfections of Nature, and poſſeſs'd of all the Advantages of external Condition, He could not find Happineſs; the reſt of Mankind may ſafely take the Monarch's Word for the Truth of what He aſſerts. And the Author who would perſwade, that We ſhould bear the Ills of Life patiently, meerly becauſe* SOLOMON *felt the ſame, has a better Argument, than* LUCRETIUS *had, when in his imperious way, He at once convinces and commands, that We ought to ſubmit to Death without repining, becauſe* EPICURUS *died.*

The whole Poem is a Soliloquy: SOLOMON *is the Perſon that ſpeaks: He is at once the Hero and the Author; but He tells Us very often what others ſay to Him. Thoſe chiefly introduced are His Rabbies and Philoſophers in the Firſt Book, and His Women and their Attendants in the Second: With*

Theſe

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These the Sacred History mention Him to have conversed; as likewise with the Angel brought down in the Third Book, to help Him out of His Difficulties, or at least to teach Him how to overcome them.

Nec Deus interfit nisi dignus vindice nodus.

I presume this Poetical Liberty may be very justly allowed Me on so solemn an Occasion.

In my Description I have endeavored to keep to the Notions and Manners of the JEWISH *Nation, at the time when* SOLOMON *lived: And where I allude to the Customs of the* GREEKS, *I believe I may be justified by the strictest* Chronology; *though a Poet is not obliged to the Rules, that confine an Historian.* VIRGIL *has anticipated Two hundred Years; or the* TROJAN *Hero and* CARTHAGINIAN *Queen could not have been brought together: And without the same* Anachronism *several of the finest Parts of his* Æneis *must have been omitted. Our Country-man* MILTON *goes yet further. He takes up many of his Material Images some Thousands of Years after the Fall of Man: Nor could He otherwise have written, or We read one of the sublimest Pieces of Invention that was ever yet produced. This likewise takes off the Objection, that some Names of Countries, Terms of Art, and Notions in Natural Philosophy are otherwise expressed, than can be warranted by the* Geography *or* Astronomy *of* SOLOMON'S *Time. Poets are allowed the same Liberty in their Descriptions and Comparisons, as Painters in their Draperies and Ornaments: Their Personages may be dress'd, not exactly in the same Habits which they wore, but in such as make them appear most graceful. In this case Probability must attone for the want of Truth. This Liberty has indeed been abused*

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by Eminent Maſters in either Science. RAPHAEL *and* TASSO *have ſhewed their Diſcretion, where* PAUL VERONESE *and* ARIOSTO *are to anſwer for their Extravagancies. It is the Exceſs, not the Thing it ſelf, that is blameable.*

I would ſay one Word of the Meaſure, in which This, and moſt Poems of the Age are written. Heroic *with continued Rhime, as* DONNE *and his Contemporaries uſed it, carrying the Senſe of one Verſe moſt commonly into another, was found too diſſolute and wild, and came very often too near Proſe. As* DAVENANT *and* WALLER *corrected, and* DRYDEN *perfected it; It is too Confined: It cuts off the Senſe at the end of every firſt Line, which muſt always rhime to the next following; and conſequently produces too frequent an Identity in the Sound, and brings every Couplet to the Point of an Epigram. It is indeed too broken and weak, to convey the Sentiments and repreſent the Images proper for* Epic. *And as it tires the Writer while he compoſes, it muſt do the ſame to the Reader while he repeats; eſpecially in a Poem of any conſiderable length.*

If ſtriking out into Blank Verſe, *as* MILTON *did (and in this kind Mr.* PHILIPPS, *had He lived, would have excelled) or running the Thought into* Alternate *and* Stanza, *which allows a greater Variety, and ſtill preſerves the Dignity of the Verſe; as* SPENSER *and* FAIRFAX *have done; If either of theſe, I ſay, be a proper Remedy for my Poetical Complaint, or if any other may be found, I dare not determine: I am only enquiring, in order to be better informed; without preſuming to direct the Judgment of Others. And while I am ſpeaking of the Verſe it ſelf, I give all juſt Praiſe to many of my Friends now living; who have in* Epic *carried the Harmony of their Numbers as far, as the Nature of this Meaſure will*

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will permit. But once more; He that writes in Rhimes, dances in Fetters: And as his Chain is more extended, he may certainly take larger Steps.

I need make no Apology for the ſhort Digreſſive Panegyric *upon* GREAT BRITAIN, *in the Firſt Book: I am glad to have it obſerved, that there appears throughout all my Verſes a Zeal for the Honor of my Country: and I had rather be thought a good* Engliſh-man, *than the beſt Poet, or greateſt Scholar that ever wrote.*

And now, as to the publiſhing of this Piece, though I have in a literal Senſe obſerved HORACE's Nonum prematur in Annum; *yet have I by no means obeyed our Poetical Law-giver, according to the Spirit of the Precept. The Poem has indeed been written and laid aſide much longer than the Term preſcribed; but in the mean time I had little Leiſure, and leſs Inclination to reviſe or print it. The frequent Interruptions I have met with in my private Studies, and great Variety of Public Life, in which I have been imployed; my Thoughts (ſuch as they are) having generally been expreſſed in Foreign Language, and even formed by a Habitude very different from what the Beauty and Elegance of* Engliſh Poetry *requires: All Theſe, and ſome other Circumſtances, which we had as good paſs by at preſent, do juſtly contribute to make my Excuſe in this Behalf very plauſible. Far indeed from deſigning to print, I had locked up theſe Papers in my* Scritoire, *there to lie in Peace, 'till my Executors might have taken Them out. What altered this Deſign; or how my* Scritoire *came to be unlocked before my Coffin was nailed; is the Queſtion. The true Reaſon I take to be the beſt: Many of my Friends of the firſt Quality, fineſt Learning, and greateſt Underſtanding, have wreſted the Key from my Hands by a very kind and irreſiſtible*

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KNOWLEDGE;

THE

FIRST BOOK

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The ARGUMENT.

SOLOMON *seeking Happineſs from* Knowledge, *convenes the Learned Men of His Kingdom; requires them to explain to Him the various Operations and Effects of Nature; diſcourſes of Vegetables, Animals, and Man; propoſes ſome Queſtions concerning the Origin, and Situation of the habitable Earth; proceeds to examine the* Syſtem *of the viſible Heaven; doubts if there may not be a Plurality of Worlds; enquires into the Nature of Spirits and Angels; and wiſhes to be more fully informed, as to the Attributes of the Supreme* Being. *He is imperfectly anſwered by the* Rabbins, *and Doctors; blames His own Curioſity; and concludes, that as to Human Science,* ALL IS VANITY.

TEXTS

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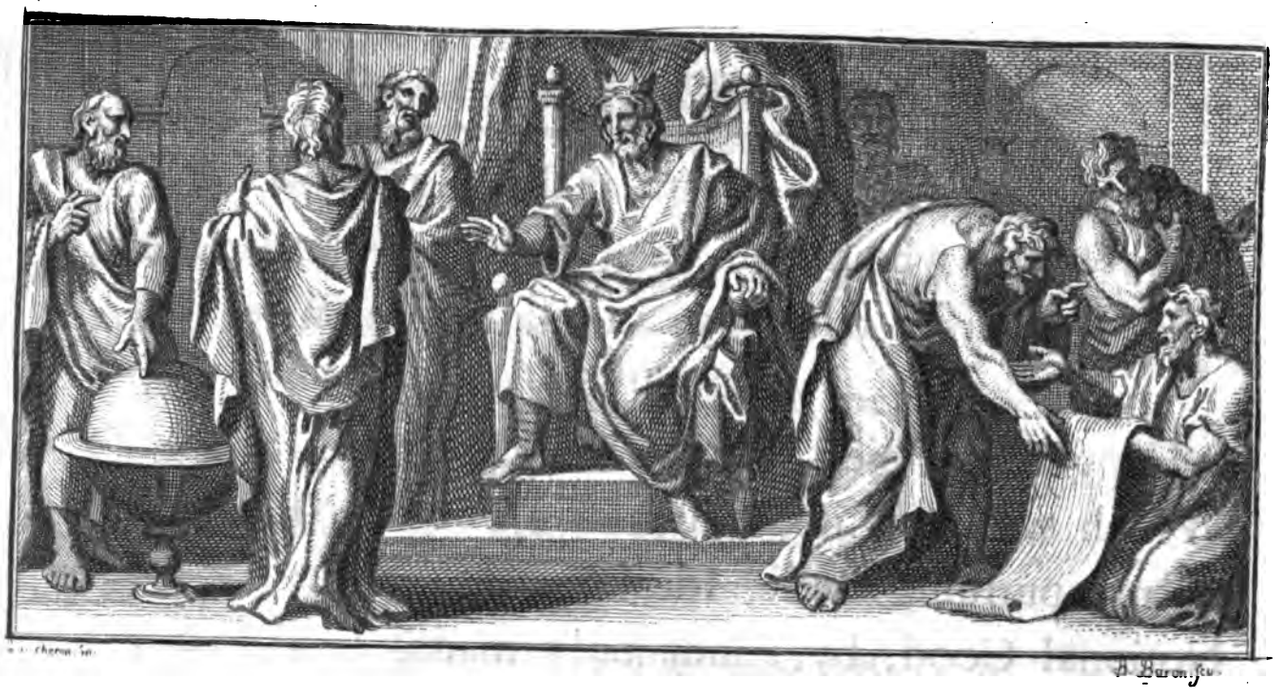

KNOWLEDGE:

THE

FIRST BOOK.

YE Sons of Men, with juſt Regard attend,
Obſerve the Preacher, and believe the Friend,
Whoſe ſerious MUSE inſpires Him to explain,
That all we Act, and all we Think is Vain.
That in this Pilgrimage of Seventy Years,
O'er Rocks of Perils, and thro' Vales of Tears
Deſtin'd to march, our doubtful Steps we tend,
Tir'd with the Toil, yet fearful of it's End.
That from the Womb We take our fatal Shares
Of Follies, Paſſions, Labors, Tumults, Cares;

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And at Approach of Death ſhall only know
The Truths, which from theſe penſive Numbers flow,
That We purſue falſe Joy, and ſuffer real Woe.

Happineſs, Object of that waking Dream,
Which we call Life, miſtaking; Fugitive Theme
Of my purſuing Verſe, Ideal Shade,
Notional Good, by Fancy only made,
And by Tradition nurs'd, fallacious Fire,
Whoſe dancing Beams miſ-lead our fond Deſire,
Cauſe of our Care, and Error of our Mind:
O! had'ſt Thou ever been by Heav'n deſign'd
To ADAM, and his Mortal Race; the Boon
Entire, had been reſerv'd for SOLOMON:
On Me the partial-Lot had been beſtow'd;
And in my Cup the golden Draught had flow'd.

But O! e'er yet Original Man was made;
E'er the Foundations of this Earth were laid;
It was, opponent to our Search, ordain'd,
That Joy, ſtill ſought, ſhould never be attain'd.
This, ſad Experience cites me to reveal;
And what I dictate, is from what I feel.

Born as I was, great DAVID's fav'rite Son,
Dear to my People, on the HEBREW Throne
Sublime, my Court with OPHIR's Treaſures bleſt,
My Name extended to the fartheſt Eaſt,
My Body cloth'd with ev'ry outward Grace,
Strength in my Limbs, and Beauty in my Face,

My

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My ſhining Thought with fruitful Notions crown'd,
Quick my Invention, and my Judgment ſound.
Ariſe (I commun'd with my ſelf) ariſe;
Think, to be Happy; to be Great, be Wiſe:
Content of Spirit muſt from Science flow;
For 'tis a Godlike Attribute, to Know.

I ſaid; and ſent my Edict thro' the Land:
Around my Throne the Letter'd *Rabbins* ſtand,
Hiſtoric Leaves revolve, long Volumes ſpread,
The Old diſcourſing, as the Younger read:
Attent I heard, propos'd my Doubts, and ſaid;

The *Vegetable* World, each Plant, and Tree,
It's Seed, it's Name, it's Nature, it's Degree
I am allow'd, as FAME reports, to know,
From the fair *Cedar*, on the craggy Brow
Of LEBANON nodding ſupremely tall,
To creeping *Moſs*, and *Hyſſop* on the Wall:
Yet juſt and conſcious to my ſelf, I find
A thouſand Doubts oppoſe the ſearching Mind.

I know not why the *Beach* delights the Glade
With Boughs extended, and a rounder Shade;
Whilſt tow'ring *Firrs* in *Conic* forms ariſe,
And with a pointed Spear divide the Skies:
Nor why again the changing *Oak* ſhould ſhed
The Yearly Honour of his ſtately Head;
Whilſt the diſtinguiſh'd *Yew* is ever ſeen,
Unchang'd his Branch, and permanent his Green.

Wanting

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Wanting the Sun why does the *Caltha* fade?
Why does the *Cypreſs* flouriſh in the Shade?
The *Fig* and *Date* why love they to remain
In middle Station, and an even Plain;
While in the lower Marſh the *Gourd* is found;
And while the Hill with *Olive*-ſhade is crown'd?
Why does one Climate, and one Soil endue
The bluſhing *Poppy* with a crimſon Hue;
Yet leave the *Lilly* pale, and tinge the *Violet* blue?
Why does the fond *Carnation* love to ſhoot
A various Colour from one Parent Root;
While the fantaſtic *Tulip* ſtrives to break
In two-fold Beauty, and a parted Streak?
The twining *Jaſmine*, and the bluſhing *Roſe*,
With laviſh Grace their Morning Scents diſcloſe:
The ſmelling *Tub'roſe* and *Junquele* declare,
The ſtronger Impulſe of an Evening Air.
Whence has the Tree (reſolve me) or the Flow'r
A various Inſtinct, or a diff'rent Pow'r?
Why ſhould one Earth, one Clime, one Stream, one Breath
Raiſe This to Strength, and ſicken That to Death?

Whence does it happen, that the Plant which well
We name the *Senſitive*, ſhould move and feel?
Whence know her Leaves to anſwer her Command,
And with quick Horror fly the neighb'ring Hand?

Along the Sunny Bank, or wat'ry Mead,
Ten thouſand Stalks their various Bloſſoms ſpread:

Peaceful

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Peaceful and lowly in their native Soil,
They neither know to ſpin, nor care to toil;
Yet with confeſs'd Magnificence deride
Our vile Attire, and Impotence of Pride.
The *Cowſlip* ſmiles, in brighter yellow dreſs'd,
Than That which veils the nubile Virgin's Breaſt.
A fairer Red ſtands bluſhing in the *Roſe*,
Than That which on the Bridegroom's Veſtment flows.
Take but the humbleſt *Lilly* of the Field;
And if our Pride will to our Reaſon yield,
It muſt by ſure Compariſon be ſhown,
That on the Regal Seat great DAVID's Son,
Aray'd in all his Robes, and Types of Pow'r,
Shines with leſs Glory, than that ſimple Flow'r.

Of Fiſhes next, my Friends, I would enquire,
How the mute Race engender, or reſpire;
From the ſmall Fry that glide on JORDAN's Stream
Unmark'd, a Multitude without a Name,
To that *Leviathan*, who o'er the Seas
Immenſe rolls onward his impetuous Ways,
And mocks the Wind, and in the Tempeſt plays.
How They in warlike Bands march greatly forth
From freezing Waters, and the colder North,
To Southern Climes directing their Career,
Their Station changing with th' inverted Year.
How all with careful Knowledge are indu'd,
To chuſe their proper Bed, and Wave, and Food:
To guard their Spawn, and educate their Brood.

Of Birds, how each according to her Kind
Proper Materials for her Neſt can find;
And build a Frame, which deepeſt Thought in Man
Would or amend, or imitate in vain.
How in ſmall Flights They know to try their Young,
And teach the callow Child her Parent's Song.
Why theſe frequent the Plain, and thoſe the Wood.
Why ev'ry Land has her ſpecific Brood.
Where the tall *Crane*, or winding *Swallow* goes,
Fearful of gathering Winds, and falling Snows:
If into Rocks, or hollow Trees they creep,
In temporary Death confin'd to Sleep;
Or conſcious of the coming Evil, fly
To milder Regions, and a Southern Sky.

Of Beaſts and creeping Inſects ſhall we trace
The wond'rous Nature, and the various Race;
Or wild or tame, or Friend to Man or Foe,
Of Us what They, or what of Them We know?

Tell me, Ye ſtudious, who pretend to ſee
Far into Nature's Boſom, whence the *Bee*
Was firſt inform'd her ventrous Flight to ſteer
Thro' tractleſs Paths, and an Abyſs of Air.
Whence She avoids the ſlimy Marſh, and knows
The fertile Hills, where ſweeter Herbage grows,
And Hony-making Flow'rs their opening Buds diſcloſe.
How from the thicken'd Miſt, and ſetting Sun
Finds She the Labor of her Day is done?

Who

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Who taught Her against Winds and Rains to strive,
To bring her Burden to the certain Hive,
And thro' the liquid Fields again to pass
Dutious, and hark'ning to the sounding Brass?

And, O Thou Sluggard, tell me why the *Ant*
'Midst Summer's Plenty thinks of Winter's Want:
By constant Journeys careful to prepare
Her Stores; and bringing home the Corny Ear,
By what Instruction does She bite the Grain,
Lest hid in Earth, and taking Root again,
It might elude the Foresight of her Care?
Distinct in either Insect's Deed appear
The marks of Thought, Contrivance, Hope, and Fear.

Fix thy corporeal, and internal Eye
On the Young *Gnat*, or new-engender'd *Fly*;
On the vile *Worm*, that Yesterday began
To crawl; Thy Fellow-Creatures, abject Man!
Like Thee they breath, they move, they taste, they see,
They show their Passions by their Acts like Thee:
Darting their Stings, they previously declare
Design'd Revenge, and fierce intent of War:
Laying their Eggs, they evidently prove
The Genial Pow'r, and full Effect of Love.
Each then has Organs to digest his Food,
One to beget, and one receive the Brood:
Has Limbs and Sinews, Blood and Heart, and Brain,
Life, and her proper Functions to sustain;
Tho' the whole Fabric smaller than a Grain.

What

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What more can our penurious Reaſon grant
To the large *Whale*, or Caſtled *Elephant*,
To thoſe enormous Terrors of the NILE,
The creſted *Snake*, and long-tail'd *Crocodile*,
Than that all differ but in Shape and Name,
Each deſtin'd to a leſs, or larger Frame?

For potent Nature loves a various Act,
Prone to enlarge, or ſtudious to contract:
Now forms her Work too ſmall, now too immenſe,
And ſcorns the Meaſures of our feeble Senſe.
The Object ſpread too far, or rais'd too high,
Denies it's real Image to the Eye:
Too little, it eludes the dazl'd Sight;
Becomes mixt Blackneſs, or unparted Light.
Water and Air the varied Form confound;
The Strait looks crooked, and the Square grows round.

Thus while with fruitleſs Hope, and weary Pain,
We ſeek great Nature's Pow'r, but ſeek in vain;
Safe ſits the Goddeſs in her dark Retreat;
Around Her, Myriads of *Ideas* wait,
And endleſs Shapes, which the Myſterious Queen
Can take or quit, can alter or retain:
As from our loſt Purſuit She wills to hide
Her cloſe Decrees, and chaſten human Pride.

Untam'd and fierce the *Tiger* ſtill remains:
He tires his Life in biting on his Chains:

For

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For the kind Gifts of Water, and of Food,
Ungrateful, and returning Ill for Good,
He ſeeks his Keeper's Fleſh, and thirſts his Blood:
While the ſtrong *Camel*, and the gen'rous *Horſe*,
Reſtrain'd and aw'd by Man's inferior Force,
Do to the Rider's Will their Rage ſubmit,
And anſwer to the Spur, and own the Bit;
Stretch their glad Mouths to meet the Feeder's Hand,
Pleas'd with his Weight, and proud of his Command.

Again: the lonely *Fox* roams far abroad,
On ſecret Rapin bent, and Midnight Fraud;
Now haunts the Cliff, now traverſes the Lawn;
And flies the hated Neighborhood of Man:
While the kind *Spaniel*, and the faithful *Hound*,
Likeſt that *Fox* in Shape and Species found,
Refuſes thro' theſe Cliffs and Lawns to roam;
Purſues the noted Path, and covets home;
Does with kind Joy Domeſtic Faces meet;
Takes what the glutted Child denies to eat;
And dying, licks his long-lov'd Maſter's Feet.

By what immediate Cauſe They are inclin'd,
In many Acts, 'tis hard, I own, to find.
I ſee in others, or I think I ſee,
That ſtrict their Principles, and our's agree.
Evil like Us they ſhun, and covet Good;
Abhor the Poiſon, and receive the Food.
Like Us they love or hate: like Us they know,
To joy the Friend, or grapple with the Foe.

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With seeming Thought their Action they intend,
And use the Means proportion'd to the End.
Then vainly the Philosopher avers,
That Reason guides our Deed, and Instinct their's.
How can We justly diff'rent Causes frame,
When the Effects entirely are the same?
Instinct and Reason how can we divide?
'Tis the Fool's Ign'rance, and the Pedant's Pride.

With the same Folly sure, Man vaunts his Sway;
If the brute Beast refuses to Obey.
For tell me, when the empty Boaster's Word
Proclaims himself the Universal Lord;
Does He not tremble, left the *Lion*'s Paw
Should join his Plea against the fancy'd Law?
Would not the Learned Coward leave the Chair;
If in the Schools or Porches should appear
The fierce *Hyæna*, or the foaming *Bear*?

The Combatant too late the Field declines;
When now the Sword is girded to his Loins.
When the swift Vessel flies before the Wind;
Too late the Sailor views the Land behind.
And 'tis too late now back again to bring
Enquiry, rais'd and tow'ring on the Wing;
Forward She strives, averse to be with-held
From nobler Objects, and a larger Field.

Consider with me this Ætherial Space,
Yielding to Earth and Sea the middle Place.

Anxious

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Anxious I ask Ye, how the Penſile Ball
Should never ſtrive to riſe, nor fear to fall.
When I reflect, how the revolving Sun
Does round our Globe his crooked Journies run;
I doubt of many Lands, if they contain
Or Herd of Beaſt, or Colony of Man:
If any Nations paſs their deſtin'd Days
Beneath the neighb'ring Sun's directer Rays:
If any ſuffer on the Polar Coaſt,
The Rage of ARCTOS, and eternal Froſt.

May not the Pleaſure of Omnipotence
To each of Theſe ſome ſecret Good diſpenſe?
Thoſe who amidſt the Torrid Regions live,
May they not Gales unknown to us receive;
See daily Show'rs rejoice the thirſty Earth,
And bleſs the flow'ry Buds ſucceeding Birth?
May they not pity Us, condemn'd to bear
The various Heav'n of an obliquer Sphere;
While by fix'd Laws, and with a juſt Return,
They feel twelve Hours that ſhade, for twelve that burn;
And praiſe the neighb'ring Sun, whoſe conſtant Flame
Enlightens them with Seaſons ſtill the ſame?
And may not Thoſe, whoſe diſtant Lot is caſt
North beyond TARTARY's extended Waſte,
Where thro' the Plains of one continual Day,
Six ſhining Months purſue their even Way;
And Six ſucceeding urge their dusky Flight,
Obſcur'd with Vapors and o'erwhelm'd in Night;

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May not, I ask, the Natives of theſe Climes
(As Annals may inform ſucceeding Times)
To our Quotidian Change of Heav'n prefer
Their one Viciſſitude, and equal Share
Of Day and Night, diſpatted thro' the Year?
May they not ſcorn our Sun's repeated Race,
To narrow bounds preſcrib'd, and little ſpace,
Haſt'ning from Morn, and headlong driv'n from Noon,
Half of our Daily Toil yet ſcarcely done?
May they not juſtly to our Climes upbraid
Shortneſs of Night, and Penury of Shade;
That e'er our weary'd Limbs are juſtly bleſt
With wholeſom Sleep, and neceſſary Reſt;
Another Sun demands return of Care,
The remnant Toil of Yeſterday to bear?
Whilſt, when the Solar Beams ſalute their Sight,
Bold and ſecure in half a Year of Light,
Uninterrupted Voyages they take
To the remoteſt Wood, and fartheſt Lake;
Manage the Fiſhing, and purſue the Courſe
With more extended Nerves, and more continu'd Force.
And when declining Day forſakes their Sky;
When gath'ring Clouds ſpeak gloomy Winter nigh;
With Plenty for the coming Seaſon bleſt,
Six ſolid Months (an Age) they live, releas'd
From all the Labor, Proceſs, Clamor, Woe,
Which our ſad Scenes of daily Action know:
They light the ſhining Lamp, prepare the Feaſt,
And with full Mirth receive the welcome Gueſt;

Or

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Or tell their tender Loves (the only Care
Which now they ſuffer) to the liſt'ning Fair;
And rais'd in Pleaſure, or repos'd in Eaſe
(Grateful Alternates of ſubſtantial Peace)
They bleſs the long Nocturnal Influence ſhed
On the crown'd Goblet, and the Genial Bed.

In foreign Iſles which our Diſcov'rers find,
Far from this length of Continent disjoin'd,
The rugged *Bears*, or ſpotted *Lynx*'s brood;
Frighten the Vallies, and infeſt the Wood:
The hungry *Crocodile*, and hiſſing *Snake*
Lurk in the troubl'd Stream and fenny Brake:
And Man untaught, and rav'nous as the Beaſt,
Does Valley, Wood, and Brake, and Stream infeſt.
Deriv'd theſe Men and Animals their Birth
From Trunk of Oak, or pregnant Womb of Earth?
Whence then the Old Belief, that All began
In EDEN's Shade, and one created Man?
Or grant, this Progeny was wafted o'er
By coaſting Boats from next adjacent Shoar:
Would Thoſe, from whom We will ſuppoſe they ſpring,
Slaughter to harmleſs Lands, and Poyſon bring?
Would they on Board or *Bears*, or *Lynxes* take,
Feed the She-*Adder*, and the brooding *Snake*?
Or could they think the new Diſcover'd Iſle
Pleas'd to receive a pregnant *Crocodile*?

And ſince the Savage Lineage we muſt trace
From NOAH ſav'd, and his diſtinguiſh'd Race;

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How ſhould their Fathers happen to forget
The Arts which NOAH taught, the Rules He ſet,
To ſow the Glebe, to plant the gen'rous Vine,
And load with grateful Flames the Holy Shrine?
While the great Sire's unhappy Sons are found,
Unpreſs'd their Vintage, and untill'd their Ground,
Stragling o'er Dale and Hill in queſt of Food,
And rude of Arts, of Virtue, and of God.

How ſhall We next o'er Earth and Seas purſue
The vary'd Forms of ev'ry thing we view;
That all is chang'd, tho' all is ſtill the ſame,
Fluid the Parts, yet durable the Frame?
Of thoſe Materials, which have been confeſs'd
The priſtine Springs, and Parents of the reſt,
Each becomes other. Water ſtop'd gives Birth
To Graſs and Plants, and thickens into Earth:
Diffus'd it riſes in a higher Sphere;
Dilates it's Drops, and ſoftens into Air:
Thoſe finer Parts of Air again aſpire;
Move into Warmth, and brighten into Fire:
That Fire once more by thicker Air o'ercome,
And downward forc'd, in Earth's capacious Womb
Alters it's Particles; is Fire no more;
But lies reſplendent Duſt, and Shining Oar:
Or running thro' the mighty Mother's Veins,
Changes it's Shape; puts off it's old Remains;
With wat'ry Parts it's leſſen'd Force divides;
Flows into Waves, and riſes into Tides.

Diſparted

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Diſparted Streams ſhall from their Chanels fly,
And deep ſurcharg'd by ſandy Mountains lye,
Obſcurely ſepulchier'd. By eating Rain,
And furious Wind, down to the diſtant Plain
The Hill, that hides his Head above the Skies,
Shall fall: The Plain by ſlow Degrees ſhall riſe
Higher than er'ſt had ſtood the Summit-Hill:
For Time muſt Nature's great Behеſts fulfill.

Thus by a length of Years, and Change of Fate,
All Things are light or heavy, ſmall or great:
Thus JORDAN'S Waves ſhall future Clouds appear;
And EGYPT'S *Pyramids* refine to Air.
Thus later Age ſhall ask for PISON'S Flood;
And Travellers enquire, where BABEL ſtood.

Now where we ſee theſe Changes often fall,
Sedate we paſs them by, as Natural:
Where to our Eye more rarely they appear,
The Pompous Name of Prodigy they bear:
Let active Thought theſe cloſe *Mæanders* trace:
Let Human Wit their dubious Boundries place.
Are all Things Miracle; or nothing ſuch?
And prove We not too little, or too much?

For that a Branch cut off, a wither'd Rod
Should at a Word pronounc'd revive and bud:
Is this more ſtrange, than that the Mountain's Brow,
Strip'd by *December*'s Froſt, and white with Snow,

Should

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Should puſh, in Spring, ten thouſand thouſand Buds;
And boaſt returning Leaves, and blooming Woods?
That each ſucceſſive Night from opening Heav'n
The Food of Angels ſhould to Man be giv'n;
Is this more ſtrange, than that with common Bread
Our fainting Bodies every Day are fed;
Than that each Grain and Seed conſum'd in Earth,
Raiſes it's Store, and multiplies it's Birth;
And from the handful, which the Tiller ſows,
The labour'd Fields rejoice, and future Harveſt flows?

Then from whate'er We can to Senſe produce
Common and plain, or wond'rous and abſtruſe,
From Nature's conſtant or Eccentric Laws,
The thoughtful Soul this gen'ral Influence draws,
That an Effect muſt preſuppoſe a Cauſe.
And while She does her upward Flight ſuſtain,
Touching each Link of the continu'd Chain,
At length ſhe is oblig'd and forc'd to ſee
A Firſt, a Source, a Life, a Deity;
What has for ever been, and muſt for ever be.

This great Exiſtence thus by Reaſon found,
Bleſt by all Pow'r, with all Perfection crown'd;
How can we bind or limit His Decree,
By what our Ear has heard, or Eye may ſee?
Say then: Is all in Heaps of Water loſt,
Beyond the Iſlands, and the Mid-land Coaſt?
Or has that God, who gave our World it's Birth,
Sever'd thoſe Waters by ſome other Earth,

Countries

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Countries by future Plow-shares to be torn,
And Cities rais'd by Nations yet unborn?
E'er the progressive Course of restless Age
Performs Three thousand times it's Annual Stage;
May not our Pow'r and Learning be suppress't;
And Arts and Empire learn to travel West?

Where, by the Strength of this *Idea* charm'd,
Lighten'd with Glory, and with Rapture warm'd,
Ascends my Soul? what sees She White and Great
Amidst subjected Seas? An ISLE, the Seat
Of Pow'r and Plenty; Her Imperial Throne,
For Justice and for Mercy fought and known;
Virtues Sublime, great Attributes of Heav'n,
From thence to this distinguish'd Nation given.
Yet farther West the Western ISLE extends
Her happy Fame; her Armed Fleets She sends
To Climates folded yet from human Eye;
And Lands, which We imagine Wave and Sky.
From Pole to Pole She hears her Acts resound,
And rules an Empire by no Ocean bound;
Knows her Ships anchor'd, and her Sails unfurl'd
In other INDIES, and a second World.

Long shall BRITANNIA (That must be her Name)
Be first in Conquest, and preside in Fame:
Long shall her favor'd Monarchy engage
The Teeth of Envy, and the Force of Age:
Rever'd and Happy She shall long remain,
Of human Things least changeable, least vain.

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Yet All must with the gen'ral Doom comply;
And this Great Glorious Pow'r, tho' last, must dye.

Now let us leave this Earth, and lift our Eye
To the large Convex of yon' Azure Sky:
Behold it like an ample Curtain spread,
Now streak'd and glowing with the Morning Red;
Anon at Noon in flaming Yellow bright,
And dusky Sable for the peaceful Night.
Ask Reason now, whence Light and Shade were giv'n,
And whence this great Variety of Heav'n.
Reason our Guide, what can She more reply,
Than that the Sun illuminates the Sky;
Than that Night rises from his absent Ray,
And his returning Lustre kindles Day?

But we expect the Morning Red in vain:
'Tis hid in Vapors, or obscur'd by Rain.
The Noontyde Yellow we in vain require:
'Tis black in Storm, or red in Lightning Fire.
Pitchy and dark the Night sometimes appears,
Friend to our Woe, and Parent of our Fears:
Our Joy and Wonder sometimes She excites,
With Stars unnumber'd, and eternal Lights.
Send forth, Ye Wits, send forth your labring Thought:
Let it return with empty Notions fraught,
Of airy Columns every Moment broke,
Of circling Whirlpools, and of Spheres of Smoke:
Yet this Solution but once more affords
New Change of Terms, and Jostling of Words:

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In other Garb my Question I receive:
And take the Doubt the very same I gave.

Lo! as a Giant strong the lusty Sun
Multiply'd Rounds in one great Round does run,
Twofold his Course, yet constant his Career,
Changing the Day, and finishing the Year.
Again when his descending Orb retires,
And Earth perceives the Absence of his Fires;
The Moon affords us Her alternate Ray,
And with kind Beams distributes fainter Day:
Yet keeps the Stages of her Monthly Race,
Various her Beams, and changeable her Face.
Each Planet shining in his proper Sphere,
Does with just Speed his radiant Voyage steer:
Each sees his Lamp with diff'rent Lustre crown'd:
Each knows his Course with diff'rent Periods bound;
And in his Passage thro' the liquid Space,
Nor hastens, nor retards his Neighbor's Race.
Now shine these Planets with substantial Rays?
Does innate Lustre gild their measur'd Days?
Or do they (as your Schemes, I think, have shown)
Dart furtive Beams, and Glory not their own,
All Servants to that Source of Light, the Sun?

Again I see ten thousand thousand Stars,
Nor cast in Lines, in Circles, nor in Squares:
(Poor Rules, with which our bounded Mind is fill'd,
When We would plant, or cultivate, or build)
But shining with such vast, such various Light,
As speaks the Hand, that form'd them, Infinite:

How

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How mean the Order and Perfection ſought
In the beſt Product of the human Thought,
Compar'd to the great Harmony that reigns
In what the Spirit of the World ordains!

Now if the Sun to Earth tranſmits his Ray,
Yet does not ſcorch us with too fierce a Day;
How ſmall a Portion of his Pow'r is giv'n
To Orbs more diſtant, and remoter Heav'n?
And of thoſe Stars, which our imperfect Eye
Has doom'd, and fix'd to one Eternal Sky,
Each by a native ſtock of Honor great,
May dart ſtrong Influence, and diffuſe kind Heat,
It ſelf a Sun; and with tranſmiſſive Light
Enliven Worlds deny'd to human Sight:
Around the Circles of their ambient Skies
New Moons may grow or wane, may ſet or riſe;
And other Stars may to thoſe Suns be Earths;
Give their own Elements their proper Births;
Divide their Climes, or elevate their Pole;
See their Lands flouriſh, and their Oceans roll;
Yet theſe great Orbs thus radically bright,
Primitive Founts, and Origins of Light,
May each to other (as their diff'rent Sphere
Makes or their Diſtance, or their Height appear)
Be ſeen a nobler, or inferior Star;
And in that Space, which We call Air and Sky,
Myriads of Earths, and Moons, and Suns may lye
Unmeaſur'd, and unknown by human Eye.

In

In vain We measure this amazing Sphere,
And find and fix it's Centre here or there;
Whilst it's Circumf'rence, scorning to be brought
Ev'n into fancy'd Space, illudes our vanquish'd Thought.

Where then are all the radiant *Monsters* driv'n,
With which your Guesses fill'd the frighten'd Heav'n?
Where will their fictious Images remain?
In paper Schemes, and the CHALDEAN'S Brain.

This Problem yet, this Offspring of a Guess,
Let Us for once a Child of Truth confess;
That these fair Stars, these Objects of Delight,
And Terror, to our searching dazl'd Sight,
Are Worlds immense, unnumber'd, infinite.
But do these Worlds display their Beams, or guide
Their Orbs, to serve thy Use, to please thy Pride?
Thy self but Dust, thy Stature but a Span,
A Moment thy Duration; foolish Man!
As well may the minutest Emmet say,
That CAUCASUS was rais'd, to pave his Way:
The Snail, that LEBANON's extended Wood
Was destin'd only for his Walk, and Food:
The vilest Cockle, gaping on the Coast
That rounds the ample Seas, as well may boast,
The craggy Rock projects above the Sky;
That He in Safety at it's Foot may lye;
And the whole Ocean's confluent Waters swell,
Only to quench his Thirst, or move and blanch his Shell.

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A higher Flight the vent'rous GODDESS tries,
Leaving material Worlds, and local Skies:
Enquires, what are the Beings, where the Space,
That form'd and held the ANGELS ancient Race.
For Rebel LUCIFER with MICHAEL fought:
(I offer only what Tradition taught:)
Embattl'd Cherub againſt Cherub roſe;
Did Shield to Shield, and Pow'r to Pow'r oppoſe:
Heav'n rung with Triumph: Hell was fill'd with Woes.
What were theſe Forms, of which your Volumes tell,
How ſome fought great, and others recreant fell?
Theſe bound to bear an everlaſting Load,
Durance of Chain, and Baniſhment of God:
By fatal Turns their wretched Strength to tire;
To ſwim in ſulph'rous Lakes, or land on ſolid Fire:
While Thoſe exalted to primæval Light,
Exceſs of Bleſſing, and Supreme Delight,
Only perceive ſome little Pauſe of Joys
In thoſe great Moments, when their God imploys
Their Miniſtry, to pour his threaten'd Hate
On the proud King, or the Rebellious State:
Or to reverſe JEHOVAH's high Command,
And ſpeak the Thunder falling from his Hand,
When to his Duty the proud King returns;
And the Rebellious State in Aſhes mourns.
How can good Angels be in Heav'n confin'd;
Or view that Preſence, which no Space can bind?
Is GOD above, beneath, or yon', or here?
He who made all, is He not ev'ry where?

Or

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O how can wicked Angels find a Night
So dark, to hide 'em from that piercing Light,
Which form'd the Eye, and gave the Pow'r of Sight?

What mean I now of Angel, when I hear
Firm Body, Spirit pure, or fluid Air?
Spirits to Action ſpiritual confin'd,
Friends to our Thought, and Kindred to our Mind,
Should only act and prompt us from within,
Nor by external Eye be ever ſeen.
Was it not therefore to our Fathers known,
That theſe had Appetite, and Limb, and Bone?
Elſe how could ABRAM waſh their weary'd Feet;
Or SARAH pleaſe their Taſte with ſav'ry Meat?
Whence ſhould they fear? or why did LOT engage
To ſave their Bodies from abuſive Rage?
And how could JACOB, in a real Fight,
Feel or reſiſt the wreſtling Angel's Might?
How could a Form it's Strength with Matter try?
Or how a Spirit touch a Mortal's Thigh?

Now are they Air condens'd, or gather'd Rays?
How guide they then our Pray'r, or keep our Ways,
By ſtronger Blaſts ſtill ſubject to be toſt,
By Tempeſts ſcatter'd, and in Whirlwinds loſt?

Have they again (as Sacred Song proclaims)
Subſtances real, and exiſting Frames?
How comes it, ſince with them we jointly ſhare
The great Effect of one Creator's Care;

That

That whilſt our Bodies ſicken, and decay,
Their's are for ever healthy, young, and gay?
Why, whilſt We ſtruggle in this Vale beneath,
With Want and Sorrow, with Diſeaſe and Death;
Do They more bleſs'd perpetual Life employ
On Songs of Pleaſure, and in Scenes of Joy?

Now when my Mind has all this World ſurvey'd,
And found, that Nothing by it ſelf was made;
When Thought has rais'd it ſelf by juſt Degrees,
From Vallies crown'd with Flow'rs, and Hills with Trees;
From ſmoaking Min'rals, and from riſing Streams;
From fatt'ning NILUS, or victorious THAMES;
From all the Living, that four-footed move
Along the Shoar, the Meadow, or the Grove;
From all that can with Finns, or Feathers fly
Thro' the Aërial, or the Wat'ry Sky;
From the poor Reptile with a reas'ning Soul,
That miſerable Maſter of the Whole;
From this great Object of the Body's Eye,
This fair Half-round, this ample azure Sky,
Terribly large, and wonderfully bright
With Stars unnumber'd, and unmeaſur'd Light;
From Eſſences unſeen, Celeſtial Names,
Enlight'ning Spirits, and miniſterial Flames,
Angels, Dominions, Potentates, and Thrones,
All that in each Degree the name of Creature owns:
Lift we our Reaſon to that Sov'reign Cauſe,
Who bleſt the whole with Life, and bounded it with Laws;

Who

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Who forth from Nothing call'd this comely Frame,
His Will and Act, His Word and Work the ſame;
To whom a thouſand Years are but a Day;
Who bad the Light her genial Beams diſplay;
And ſet the Moon, and taught the Sun his Way:
Who waking Time, his Creature, from the Source
Primæval, order'd his predeſtin'd Courſe:
Himſelf, as in the Hollow of His Hand,
Holding, obedient to His high Command,
The deep Abyſs, the long continu'd Store,
Where Months, and Days, and Hours, and Minutes pour
Their floating Parts, and thenceforth are no more.
This ALPHA and OMEGA, Firſt and Laſt,
Who like the Potter in a Mould has caſt
The World's great Frame, commanding it to be
Such as the Eyes of Senſe and Reaſon ſee;
Yet if He wills, may change or ſpoil the whole;
May take yon' beauteous, myſtic, ſtarry Roll,
And burn it, like an uſeleſs parchment Scroll:
May from it's *Baſis* in one Moment pour
This melted Earth——
Like liquid Metal, and like burning Oar:
Who ſole in Pow'r, at the Beginning ſaid;
Let Sea, and Air, and Earth, and Heav'n be made:
And it was ſo——And when He ſhall ordain
In other Sort, has but to ſpeak again,
And They ſhall be no more: Of this great Theme,
This Glorious, Hallow'd, Everlaſting Name,
This GOD, I would diſcourſe——

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The learned Elders ſat appall'd, amaz'd;
And each with mutual Look on other gaz'd.
Nor Speech They meditate, nor Anſwer frame:
Too plain, alas! their Silence ſpake their Shame:
'Till One, in whom an outward Mien appear'd,
And Turn ſuperior to the vulgar Herd,
Began; that Human Learning's furtheſt Reach
Was but to note the Doctrines I could teach;
That Mine to Speak, and Their's was to Obey:
For I in Knowledge more, than Pow'r did ſway;
And the aſtoniſh'd World in Me beheld
MOSES eclips'd, and JESSE's Son excell'd.
Humble a Second bow'd, and took the Word;
Foreſaw my Name by future Age ador'd.
O Live, ſaid He, Thou Wiſeſt of the Wiſe!
As None has equall'd, None ſhall ever riſe
Excelling Thee——

Parent of wicked, Bane of honeſt Deeds,
Pernicious Flatt'ry! Thy malignant Seeds
In an ill Hour, and by a fatal Hand
Sadly diffus'd o'er Virtue's Gleby Land,
With riſing Pride amidſt the Corn appear,
And choak the Hopes and Harveſt of the Year.

And now the whole perplex'd ignoble Crowd
Mute to my Queſtions, in my Praiſes loud,
Echo'd the Word: whence Things aroſe, or how
They thus exiſt, the Apteſt nothing know:

What

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What yet is not, but is ordain'd to be,
All Veil of Doubt apart, the Dullest see.

My Prophets, and my Sophists finish'd here
Their Civil Efforts of the Verbal War:
Not so my *Rabbins*, and Logicians yield:
Retiring still they combat: from the Field
Of open Arms unwilling they depart,
And sculk behind the Subterfuge of Art.
To speak one Thing mix'd Dialects they join;
Divide the Simple, and the Plain define;
Fix fancy'd Laws, and form imagin'd Rules,
Terms of their Art, and Jargon of their Schools,
Ill grounded Maxims by false Gloss enlarg'd,
And captious Science against Reason charg'd.

Soon their crude Notions with each other fought:
The adverse Sect deny'd, what This had taught;
And He at length the amplest Triumph gain'd,
Who contradicted what the last maintain'd.

O wretched Impotence of human Mind!
We erring still Excuse for Error find;
And darkling grope, not knowing We are blind.

Vain Man! since first thy blushing Sire essay'd
His Folly with connected Leaves to shade;
How does the Crime of thy resembling Race
With like Attempt that pristine Error trace?

Too

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Too plain thy Nakedneſs of Soul eſpy'd,
Why doſt Thou ſtrive the conſcious Shame to hide
By Masks of Eloquence, and Veils of Pride?

With outward Smiles their Flatt'ry I receiv'd;
Own'd my Sick Mind by their Diſcourſe reliev'd;
But bent and inward to my Self again
Perplex'd, theſe Matters I revolv'd; in vain.
My Search ſtill tir'd, my Labor ſtill renew'd,
At length I Ignorance, and Knowledge view'd,
Impartial; Both in equal Balance laid:
Light flew the knowing Scale; the doubtful Heavy weigh'd.

Forc'd by reflective Reaſon I confeſs,
That human Science is uncertain Gueſs.
Alas! We graſp at Clouds, and beat the Air,
Vexing that Spirit We intend to clear.
Can Thought beyond the Bounds of Matter climb?
Or who ſhall tell Me, what is Space or Time?
In vain We lift up our preſumptuous Eyes
To what our Maker to their Ken denies:
The Searcher follows faſt; the Object faſter flies.
The little which imperfectly We find,
Seduces only the bewilder'd Mind
To fruitleſs Search of Something yet behind.
Various Diſcuſſions tear our heated Brain:
Opinions often turn; ſtill Doubts remain;
And who indulges Thought, increaſes Pain.

How

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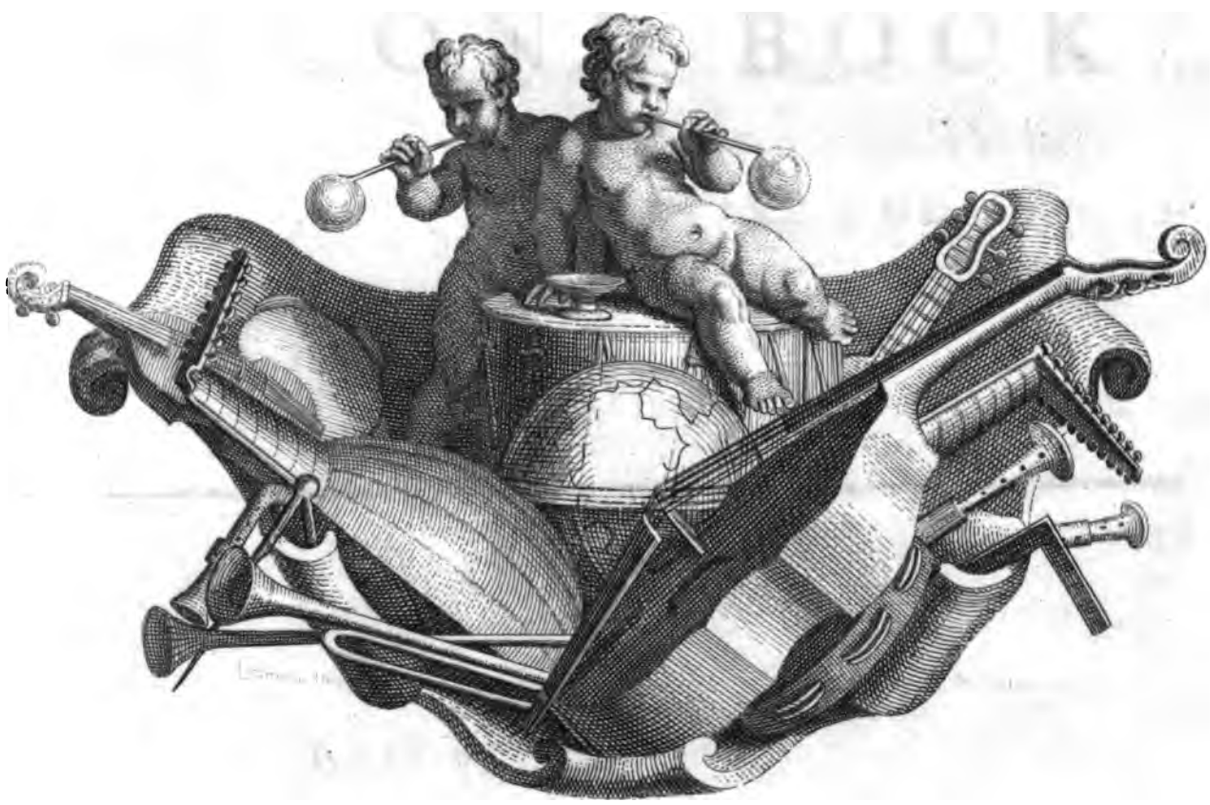
How narrow Limits were to Wiſdom giv'n?
Earth She ſurveys: She thence would meaſure Heav'n:
Thro' Miſts obſcure, now wings her tedious Way;
Now wanders dazl'd with too bright a Day;
And from the Summit of a pathleſs Coaſt
Sees INFINITE, and in that Sight is loſt.

Remember, that the curs'd Deſire to know,
Off-ſpring of ADAM, was thy Source of Woe.
Why wilt Thou then renew the vain Purſuit,
And raſhly catch at the forbidden Fruit?
With empty Labor and eluded Strife
Seeking, by Knowledge, to attain to Life;
For ever from that fatal Tree debarr'd,
Which flaming Swords and angry CHERUBS guard.



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PLEASURE:

THE

SECOND BOOK.

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The ARGUMENT.

SOLOMON *again ſeeking Happineſs, enquires if Wealth and Greatneſs can produce it: begins with the Magnificence of Gardens and Buildings, the Luxury of Muſic and Feaſting; and proceeds to the Hopes and Deſires of Love. In two Epiſodes are ſhewn the Follies and Troubles of that Paſſion.* SOLOMON *ſtill diſappointed, falls under the Temptations of Libertiniſm and Idolatry; recovers his Thought, reaſons aright, and concludes, that as to the Purſuit of Pleaſure, and ſenſual Delight,* ALL IS VANITY AND VEXATION OF SPIRIT.

TEXTS

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TEXTS *chiefly alluded to in this Book.*

I ſaid in my own Heart, go to now, I will prove thee with Mirth; therefore enjoy Pleaſure. ECCLESIASTES, Chap. II. Verſ. 1.

I made me great Works, I builded me Houſes, I planted me Vineyards. Verſ. 4.

I made me Gardens and Orchards; and I planted Trees in them of all kind of Fruits. Verſ. 5.

I made me Pools of Water, to water therewith the Wood that bringeth forth Trees. Verſ. 6.

Then I looked on all the Works that my Hands had wrought, and on the Labour that I had laboured to do: And behold, all was Vanity, and Vexation of Spirit; and there was no Profit under the Sun. Verſ. 11.

I gat me Men-Singers and Women-Singers, and the Delights of the Sons of Men, as Muſical Inſtruments, and that of all Sorts. Verſ. 8.

I ſought in mine Heart to give my ſelf unto Wine (yet acquainting mine Heart with Wiſdom) and to lay hold on Folly, 'till I might ſee what was that Good for the Sons of Men, which they ſhould do under Heaven, all the Days of their Life. Verſ. 3.

Then I ſaid in my Heart, as it happeneth unto the Fool, ſo it happeneth even unto Me; and why was I then more Wiſe? Then I ſaid in my Heart, that this alſo is Vanity. Verſ. 15.

Therefore I hated Life, becauſe the Work that is wrought under the Sun is grievous unto me. Chap. II. Verſ. 27.

Dead Flies cauſe the Oyntment to ſend forth a ſtinking Savour: ſo doth the little Folly him that is in Reputation for Wiſdom and Honour. Chap. X. Verſ. 1.

The Memory of the Juſt is bleſſed, but the Memory of the Wicked ſhall rot. PROVERBS, Chap. X. Verſe. 7.

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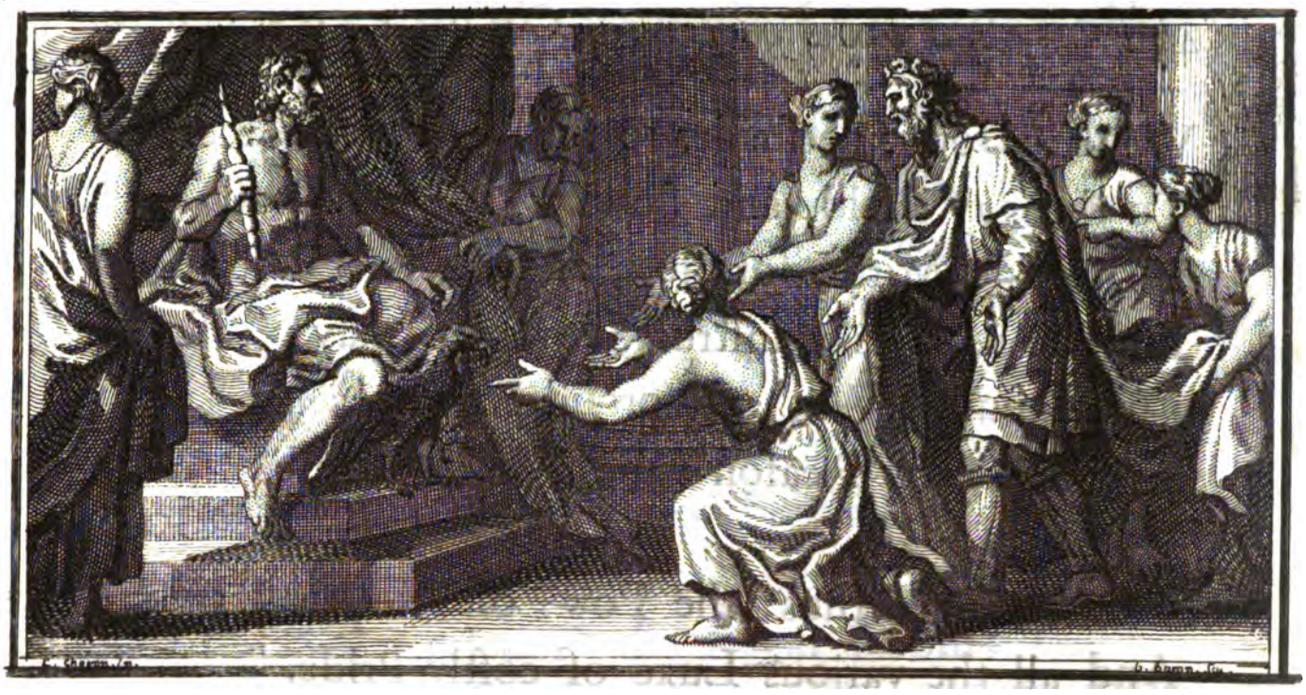

PLEASURE:

THE

SECOND BOOK.

TRY then, O Man, the Moments to deceive,
That from the Womb attend Thee to the Grave:
For weary'd Nature find ſome apter Scheme:
Health be thy Hope; and Pleaſure be thy Theme:
From the perplexing and unequal Ways,
Where Study brings Thee; from the endleſs Maze,
Which

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Which Doubt perſuades to run, forewarn'd recede,
To the gay Field, and flow'ry Path, that lead
To jocund Mirth, ſoft Joy, and careleſs Eaſe:
Forſake what may inſtruct, for what may pleaſe:
Eſſay amuſing Art, and proud Expence;
And make thy Reaſon ſubject to thy Senſe.

I commun'd thus: the Pow'r of Wealth I try'd,
And all the various Luxe of coſtly Pride.
Artiſts and Plans reliev'd my ſolemn Hours:
I founded Palaces, and planted Bow'rs.
Birds, Fiſhes, Beaſts of each Exotic Kind
I to the Limits of my Court confin'd.
To Trees transferr'd I gave a ſecond Birth;
And bid a foreign Shade grace JUDAH's Earth.
Fiſh-ponds were made, where former Forreſts grew;
And Hills were levell'd to extend the View.
Rivers diverted from their Native Courſe,
And bound with Chains of Artificial Force,
From large Caſcades in pleaſing Tumult roll'd;
Or roſe thro' figur'd Stone, or breathing Gold.
From furtheſt AFRICA's tormented Womb
The Marble brought erects the ſpacious Dome;
Or forms the Pillars long-extended Rows,
On which the planted Grove, and penſile Garden grows.

The Workmen here obey the Maſter's Call,
To gild the Turret, and to paint the Wall;
To mark the Pavement there with various Stone;
And on the Jaſper Steps to rear the Throne:

The

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The ſpreading *Cedar*, that an Age had ſtood,
Supreme of Trees, and Miſtreſs of the Wood,
Cut down and carv'd, my ſhining Roof adorns;
And LEBANON his ruin'd Honor mourns.

A thouſand Artiſts ſhew their cunning Pow'r,
To raiſe the Wonders of the Iv'ry Tow'r.
A thouſand Maidens ply the purple Loom,
To weave the Bed, and deck the Regal Room;
'Till TYRE confeſſes her exhauſted Store,
That on her Coaſt the *Murex* is no more;
'Till from the PARIAN Iſle, and LYBIA's Coaſt,
The Mountains grieve their hopes of Marble loſt;
And INDIA's Woods return their juſt Complaint,
Their Brood decay'd, and want of *Elephant*.

My full Deſign with vaſt Expence atchiev'd,
I came, beheld, admir'd, reflected, griev'd.
I chid the Folly of my thoughtleſs Haſt:
For, the Work perfected, the Joy was paſt.

To my new Courts ſad Thought did ſtill repair;
And round my gilded Roofs hung hov'ring Care.
In vain on ſilken Beds I ſought Repoſe;
And reſtleſs oft' from purple Couches roſe:
Vexatious Thought ſtill found my flying Mind
Nor bound by Limits, nor to Place confin'd;
Haunted my Nights, and terrify'd my Days;
Stalk'd thro' my Gardens, and purſu'd my Ways,
Nor ſhut from artful Bow'r, nor loſt in winding Maze.

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Yet take thy Bent, my Soul; another Senſe
Indulge; add Muſic to Magnificence:
Eſſay, if Harmony may Grief controll;
Or Pow'r of Sound prevail upon the Soul.
Often our Seers and Poets have confeſt,
That Muſic's Force can tame the furious Beaſt;
Can make the Wolf, or foaming Boar reſtrain
His Rage; the Lion drop his creſted Mane,
Attentive to the Song; the Lynx forget
His Wrath to Man, and lick the Minſtrel's Feet.
Are we, alas! leſs ſavage yet than theſe?
Elſe Muſic ſure may human Cares appeaſe.

I ſpake my Purpoſe; and the chearful Choir
Parted their ſhares of Harmony: the Lyre
Soften'd the Timbrel's Noiſe: the Trumpet's Sound
Provok'd the DORIAN Flute (both ſweeter found
When mix'd:) the Fife the Viol's Notes refin'd;
And ev'ry Strength with ev'ry Grace was join'd.
Each Morn they wak'd Me with a ſprightly Lay:
Of opening Heav'n they Sung, and gladſome Day.
Each Evening their repeated Skill expreſs'd
Scenes of Repoſe, and Images of Reſt:
Yet ſtill in vain: for Muſic gather'd Thought:
But how unequal the Effects it brought?
The ſoft *Ideas* of the chearful Note,
Lightly receiv'd, were eaſily forgot.
The ſolemn Violence of the graver Sound
Knew to ſtrike deep, and leave a laſting Wound.

And

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And now reflecting, I with Grief descry
The sickly Luſt of the fantaſtic Eye;
How the weak Organ is with Seeing cloy'd,
Flying e'er Night what it at Noon enjoy'd.
And now (unhappy Search of Thought!) I found
The fickle Ear ſoon glutted with the Sound,
Condemn'd eternal Changes to purſue,
Tir'd with the laſt, and eager of the New.

I bad the Virgins and the Youth advance,
To temper Muſic with the ſprightly Dance.
In Vain! too low the Mimic-Motions ſeem!
What takes our Heart, muſt merit our Eſteem.
Nature, I thought, perform'd too mean a Part,
Forming her Movements to the Rules of Art;
And vex'd I found, that the Muſician's Hand
Had o'er the Dancer's Mind too great Command.

I drank; I lik'd it not: 'twas Rage; 'twas Noiſe;
An airy Scene of tranſitory Joys.
In vain I truſted, that the flowing Bowl
Would baniſh Sorrow, and enlarge the Soul.
To the late Revel, and protracted Feaſt
Wild Dreams ſucceeded, and diſorder'd Reſt;
And as at Dawn of Morn fair Reaſon's Light
Broke thro' the Fumes and Phantoms of the Night;
What had been ſaid, I ask'd my Soul, what done;
How flow'd our Mirth, and whence the Source begun?

Perhaps

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Perhaps the Jeſt that charm'd the ſprightly Croud,
And made the Jovial Table laugh ſo loud,
To ſome falſe Notion ow'd it's poor Pretence,
To an ambiguous Word's perverted Senſe,
To a wild Sonnet, or a wanton Air,
Offence and Torture to the ſober Ear.
Perhaps, alas! the pleaſing Stream was brought
From this Man's Error, from another's Fault;
From Topics which Good-nature would forget,
And Prudence mention with the laſt Regret.

Add yet unnumber'd Ills, that lye unſeen
In the pernicious Draught; the Word obſcene,
Or harſh, which once elanc'd muſt ever fly
Irrevocable; the too prompt Reply,
Seed of ſevere Diſtruſt, and fierce Debate;
What We ſhould ſhun, and what We ought to hate.

Add too the Blood impoveriſh'd, and the Courſe
Of Health ſuppreſs'd, by Wine's continu'd Force.

Unhappy Man! whom Sorrow thus and Rage
To diff'rent Ills alternately engage.
Who drinks, alas! but to forget; nor ſees,
That melancholy Sloath, ſevere Diſeaſe,
Mem'ry confus'd, and interrupted Thought,
Death's Harbingers, lye latent in the Draught:
And in the Flow'rs that wreath the ſparkling Bowl,
Fell Adders hiſs, and poys'nous Serpents roll.

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Remains there Ought untry'd, that may remove
Sickneſs of Mind, and heal the Boſom?——Love,
Love yet remains: Indulge his genial Fire,
Cheriſh fair Hope, ſolicit young Deſire,
And boldly bid thy anxious Soul explore
This laſt great Remedy's Myſterious Pow'r.

Why therefore heſitates my doubtful Breaſt?
Why ceaſes it one Moment to be bleſt?
Fly ſwift, my Friends; my Servants, fly; imploy
Your inſtant Pains to bring your Maſter Joy.
Let all my Wives and Concubines be dreſs'd:
Let them to Night attend the Royal Feaſt:
All ISRAEL's Beauty, all the foreign Fair,
The Gifts of Princes, or the Spoils of War.
Before their Monarch They ſhall ſingly paſs;
And the moſt Worthy ſhall obtain the Grace.

I ſaid: the Feaſt was ſerv'd: the Bowl was crown'd;
To the King's Pleaſure went the mirthful Round:
The Women came as Cuſtom wills, they paſs:
On One (O that diſtinguiſh'd One!) I caſt
The fav'rite Glance: O! yet my Mind retains
That fond Beginning of my infant Pains:
Mature the Virgin was of ELIAB's Race:
Grace ſhap'd her Limbs; and Beauty deck'd her Face:
Eaſy her Motion ſeem'd, ſerene her Air:
Full, tho' unzon'd, her Boſom roſe: her Hair

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Unty'd, and ignorant of artful Aid,
Adown her Shoulders looſely lay diſplay'd;
And in the Jetty Curls ten thouſand CUPIDS play'd.

Fix'd on her Charms, and pleas'd that I could love,
Aid me my Friends, contribute to improve
Your Monarch's Bliſs, I ſaid; freſh Roſes bring
To ſtrow my Bed; 'till the impov'riſh'd Spring
Confeſs her Want; around my am'rous Head
Be dropping Myrrhe, and liquid Amber ſhed,
'Till ARAB has no more. From the ſoft Lyre,
Sweet Flute, and ten-ſtring'd Inſtrument, require
Sounds of Delight: and Thou, fair Nymph, draw nigh;
Thou, in whoſe graceful Form, and potent Eye
Thy Maſter's Joy long ſought at length is found;
And as thy Brow, let my Deſires be crown'd;
O fav'rite Virgin, that haſt warm'd the Breaſt,
Whoſe ſov'reign Dictates ſubjugate the Eaſt!

I ſaid; and ſudden from the golden Throne
With a ſubmiſſive Step I haſted down.
The glowing Garland from my Hair I took,
Love in my Heart, Obedience in my Look;
Prepar'd to place it on her comely Head:
O fav'rite Virgin! (yet again I ſaid)
Receive the Honors deſtin'd to thy Brow;
And O above thy Fellows happy Thou!
Their Duty muſt thy ſov'reign Word obey.
Riſe up, my Love; my fair One, come away.

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What Pang, alas! what Ecſtaſy of Smart
Tore up my Senſes, and transfix'd my Heart;
When She with modeſt Scorn the Wreath return'd,
Reclin'd her beauteous Neck, and inward mourn'd?

Forc'd by my Pride, I my Concern ſuppreſs'd
Pretended Drowſineſs, and Wiſh of Reſt;
And ſullen I forſook th' Imperfect Feaſt:
Ordering the Eunuchs, to whoſe proper Care
Our Eaſtern Grandeur gives th' impriſon'd Fair,
To lead Her forth to a diſtinguiſh'd Bow'r,
And bid her dreſs the Bed, and wait the Hour.

Reſtleſs I follow'd this obdurate Maid;
(Swift are the Steps that Love and Anger tread:)
Approach'd her Perſon, courted her Embrace,
Renew'd my Flame, repeated my Diſgrace:
By Turns put on the Suppliant and the Lord;
Threaten'd this Moment, and the next implor'd;
Offer'd again the unaccepted Wreath,
And Choice of happy Love, or inſtant Death.

Averſe to all her amorous King deſir'd,
Far as She might, She decently retir'd;
And darting Scorn, and Sorrow from her Eyes,
What means, ſaid She, King SOLOMON the Wiſe?

This wretched Body trembles at your Pow'r:
Thus far could Fortune: but She can no more.

Free

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Free to her Self my potent Mind remains;
Nor fears the Victor's Rage, nor feels his Chains.

'Tis said, that Thou can'ſt plauſibly diſpute,
Supreme of Seers, of Angel, Man, and Brute:
Can'ſt plead, with ſubtil Wit and fair Diſcourſe,
Of Paſſion's Folly, and of Reaſon's Force.
That to the Tribes attentive Thou can'ſt ſhow,
Whence their Misfortunes, or their Bleſſings flow.
That Thou in Science, as in Pow'r art great:
And Truth and Honor on Thy Edicts wait.
Where is that Knowledge now, that regal Thought,
With juſt Advice, and timely Counſel fraught?
Where now, O Judge of ISRAEL, does it rove?
What in one Moment doſt Thou offer? Love——
Love? why 'tis Joy, or Sorrow, Peace, or Strife:
'Tis all the Color of remaining Life:
And Human Miſ'ry muſt begin or end,
As He becomes a Tyrant, or a Friend.
Would DAVID's Son, religious, juſt, and grave,
To the firſt Bride-bed of the World receive
A Foreigner, a Heathen, and a Slave?
Or grant, Thy Paſſion has theſe Names deſtroy'd;
That Love, like Death, makes all Diſtinction void;
Yet in his Empire o'er Thy abject Breaſt,
His Flames and Torments only are expreſt:
His Rage can in my Smiles alone relent;
And all his Joys ſolicit my Conſent.

Soft

Soft Love, ſpontaneous Tree, it's parted Root
Muſt from two Hearts with equal Vigour ſhoot:
Whilſt each delighted, and delighting, gives
The pleaſing Ecſtaſy, which each receives:
Cheriſh'd with Hope, and fed with Joy it grows:
It's chearful Buds their opening Bloom diſcloſe;
And round the happy Soil diffuſive Odor flows.
If angry Fate that mutual Care denies;
The fading Plant bewails it's due Supplies:
Wild with Deſpair, or ſick with Grief, it dies.

By Force Beaſts act, and are by Force reſtrain'd:
The Human Mind by gentle Means is gain'd.
Thy uſeleſs Strength, miſtaken King, employ:
Sated with Rage, and ignorant of Joy,
Thou ſhalt not gain what I deny to yield;
Nor reap the Harveſt, tho' Thou ſpoil'ſt the Field.
Know, SOLOMON, Thy poor Extent of Sway;
Contract thy Brow, and ISRAEL ſhall obey:
But wilful Love Thou muſt with Smiles appeaſe;
Approach his awful Throne by juſt Degrees;
And if Thou would'ſt be Happy, learn to pleaſe.

Not that thoſe Arts can here ſucceſsful prove:
For I am deſtin'd to another's Love.
Beyond the cruel Bounds of Thy Command,
To my dear Equal, in my Native Land,
My plighted Vow I gave: I His receiv'd:
Each ſwore with Truth: with Pleaſure each believ'd.

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The mutual Contract was to Heav'n convey'd:
In equal Scales the busy Angels weigh'd
It's solemn Force, and clap'd their Wings, and spread
The lasting Roll, recording what We said.

Now in my Heart behold Thy Poynard stain'd:
Take the sad Life which I have long disdain'd:
End, in a dying Virgin's wretched Fate,
Thy ill-starr'd Passion, and My steadfast Hate.
For long as Blood informs these circling Veins;
Or fleeting Breath it's latest Pow'r retains;
Hear Me to EGYPT's vengeful Gods declare,
Hate is My Part: be Thine, O King, Despair.

Now strike, She said, and open'd bare her Breast:
Stand it in JUDAH's Chronicles confest,
That DAVID's Son, by impious Passion mov'd,
Smote a She-Slave, and murder'd what He lov'd.

Asham'd, confus'd I started from the Bed;
And to my Soul yet uncollected said:
Into Thy self, fond SOLOMON, return;
Reflect again, and Thou again shalt mourn.
When I through number'd Years have Pleasure sought;
And in vain Hope the wanton Phantom caught;
To mock my Sense, and mortify my Pride,
'Tis in another's Pow'r, and is deny'd.
Am I a King, great Heav'n! does Life or Death
Hang on the Wrath, or Mercy of My Breath;
While kneeling I My Servant's Smiles implore;
And One mad Damsel dares dispute My Pow'r?

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To

To Raviſh Her? That Thought was ſoon depreſs'd,
Which muſt debaſe the Monarch to the Beaſt.
To ſend Her back? O whither, and to whom?
To Lands where SOLOMON muſt never come;
To that Inſulting Rival's happy Arms,
For whom, diſdaining Me, She keeps her Charms.

Fantaſtic Tyrant of the am'rous Heart;
How hard Thy Yoke! how cruel is Thy Dart!
Thoſe 'ſcape Thy Anger, who refuſe Thy Sway;
And thoſe are puniſh'd moſt, who moſt Obey.
See JUDAH's King revere thy greater Pow'r:
What can'ſt Thou covet, or how triumph more?
Why then, O LOVE, with an obdurate Ear
Does this proud Nymph reject a Monarch's Pray'r?
Why to ſome ſimple Shepherd does She run,
From the fond Arms of DAVID's Fav'rite Son?
Why flies She from the Glories of a Court,
Where Wealth and Pleaſure may Thy Reign ſupport,
To ſome poor Cottage on the Mountain's Brow,
Now bleak with Winds, and cover'd now with Snow,
Where pinching Want muſt curb her warm Deſires,
And Houſehold Cares ſuppreſs Thy Genial Fires?

Too aptly the afflicted Heathens prove
The Force, while they erect the Shrines of LOVE.
His Myſtic Form the Artizans of GREECE
In wounded Stone, or molten Gold expreſs:
And CYPRUS to his Godhead pays her Vow:
Faſt in his Hand the Idol holds his Bow;

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A Quiver by his Side ſuſtains a Store
Of pointed Darts; ſad Emblems of his Pow'r;
A pair of Wings He has, which He extends
Now to be gone; which now again He bends
Prone to return, as beſt may ſerve his wanton Ends.
Entirely thus I find the Fiend pourtray'd,
Since firſt, alas! I ſaw the beauteous Maid:
I felt Him ſtrike; and now I ſee Him fly:
Curs'd Dæmon! O! for ever broken lye
Thoſe fatal Shafts, by which I inward bleed!
O! can my Wiſhes yet o'ertake thy Speed!
Tir'd may'ſt Thou pant, and hang thy flagging Wing;
Except Thou turn'ſt Thy Courſe, reſolv'd to bring
The Dam'ſel back, and ſave the Love-ſick King.

My Soul thus ſtrugling in the fatal Net,
Unable to enjoy, or to forget;
I reaſon'd much, alas! but more I lov'd;
Sent and recall'd, ordain'd and diſapprov'd:
'Till hopeleſs plung'd in an Abyſs of Grief,
I from Neceſſity receiv'd Relief:
Time gently aided to aſſwage my Pain;
And Wiſdom took once more the ſlacken'd Rein.

But O how ſhort My Interval of Woe!
Our Griefs how ſwift; our Remedies how ſlow!
Another Nymph (for ſo did Heav'n ordain,
To change the Manner, but renew the Pain)
Another Nymph, amongſt the many Fair,
That made My ſofter Hours their ſolemn Care,

Before

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Before the reſt affected ſtill to ſtand;
And watch'd My Eye, preventing My Command.
ABRA, She ſo was call'd, did ſooneſt haſt
To grace my Preſence: ABRA went the laſt:
ABRA was ready e'er I call'd her Name;
And tho' I call'd another, ABRA came.

Her Equals firſt obſerv'd her growing Zeal;
And laughing gloſs'd, that ABRA ſerv'd ſo well.
To Me her Actions did unheeded dye,
Or were remark'd but with a common Eye;
'Till more appris'd of what the Rumor ſaid,
More I obſerv'd peculiar in the Maid.

The Sun declin'd had ſhot his Weſtern Ray;
When tir'd with Buſ'neſs of the ſolemn Day,
I purpos'd to unbend the Evening Hours,
And banquet private in the Women's Bow'rs.
I call'd, before I ſat, to waſh My Hands:
For ſo the Precept of the Law commands.
LOVE had ordain'd, that it was ABRA's Turn
To mix the Sweets, and miniſter the Urn.

With awful Homage, and ſubmiſſive Dread
The Maid approach'd, on my declining Head
To pour the Oyls: She trembled as She pour'd;
With an unguarded Look She now devour'd
My nearer Face: and now recall'd her Eye,
And heav'd, and ſtrove to hide a ſudden Sigh.

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And whence, ſaid I, canſt Thou have Dread, or Pain?
What can thy Imag'ry of Sorrow mean?
Secluded from the World, and all it's Care,
Haſt Thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear?
For ſure, I added, ſure thy little Heart
Ne'er felt LOVE's Anger, or receiv'd his Dart.

Abaſh'd She bluſh'd, and with Diſorder ſpoke:
Her riſing Shame adorn'd the Words it broke.

If the great Maſter will deſcend to hear
The humble Series of His Hand-maid's Care;
O! while She tells it, let him not put on
The Look, that awes the Nations from the Throne:
O! let not Death ſevere in Glory lye
In the King's Frown, and Terror of his Eye.

Mine to obey; Thy Part is to ordain:
And tho' to mention, be to ſuffer Pain;
If the King ſmiles, whilſt I my Woe recite;
If weeping I find Favour in His Sight;
Flow faſt my Tears, full riſing his Delight.

O! Witneſs Earth beneath, and Heav'n above;
For can I hide it? I am ſick of Love:
If Madneſs may the Name of Paſſion bear;
Or Love be call'd, what is indeed Deſpair.

Thou Sov'reign Pow'r, whoſe ſecret Will controlls
The inward Bent and Motion of our Souls!

Why

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Why haſt Thou plac'd ſuch infinite Degrees
Between the Cauſe and Cure of my Diſeaſe?
The mighty Object of that raging Fire,
In which unpity'd ABRA muſt expire,
Had He been born ſome ſimple Shepherd's Heir,
The lowing Herd, or fleecy Sheep his Care;
At Morn with him I o'er the Hills had run,
Scornful of Winter's Froſt, and Summer's Sun,
Still asking, where He made his Flock to reſt at Noon.
For him at Night, the dear expected Gueſt,
I had with haſty Joy prepar'd the Feaſt;
And from the Cottage, o'er the diſtant Plain,
Sent forth my longing Eye to meet the Swain;
Wav'ring, impatient, toſs'd by Hope and Fear;
Till He and Joy together ſhould appear;
And the lov'd Dog declare his Maſter near.
On my declining Neck, and open Breaſt,
I ſhould have lull'd the lovely Youth to Reſt;
And from beneath his Head, at dawning Day,
With ſofteſt Care have ſtol'n my Arm away;
To riſe, and from the Fold releaſe the Sheep,
Fond of his Flock, indulgent to his Sleep.

Or if kind Heav'n propitious to my Flame
(For ſure from Heav'n the faithful Ardor came)
Had bleſt my Life, and deck'd my natal Hour
With Height of Title, and Extent of Pow'r:
Without a Crime my Paſſion had aſpir'd,
Found the lov'd Prince, and told what I deſir'd.

Then

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Then I had come, preventing SHEBA's Queen,
To ſee the comelieſt of the Sons of Men;
To hear the charming Poet's am'rous Song,
And gather Honey falling from his Tongue;
To take the fragrant Kiſſes of his Mouth,
Sweeter than Breezes of her native South;
Likening his Grace, his Perſon, and his Mien
To all that Great or Beauteous I had ſeen.
Serene and bright his Eyes, as ſolar Beams
Reflecting temper'd Light from Cryſtal Streams;
Ruddy as Gold his Cheek; his Boſom fair
As Silver; the curl'd Ringlets of his Hair
Black as the Raven's Wing; his Lip more red,
Than Eaſtern Coral, or the ſcarlet Thread;
Even his Teeth, and white, like a young Flock
Coeval, newly ſhorn, from the clear Brook
Recent, and blanching on the Sunny Rock.
Iv'ry with Saphirs interſpers'd, explains
How white his Hands, how blue the Manly Veins.
Columns of poliſh'd Marble firmly ſet
On golden Baſes, are his Legs, and Feet.
His Stature all Majeſtic, all Divine,
Strait as the Palmtree, ſtrong as is the Pine.
Saffron and Myrrhe are on his Garments ſhed:
And everlaſting Sweets bloom round his Head.
What utter I? where am I? wretched Maid!
Dye, ABRA, dye: too plainly haſt Thou ſaid
Thy Soul's Deſire to meet His high Embrace,
And Bleſſings ſtamp'd upon thy future Race;

To

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To bid attentive Nations bleſs thy Womb,
With unborn Monarchs charg'd, and SOLOMONS to come.

Here o'er her Speech her flowing Eyes prevail.
O fooliſh Maid! and O unhappy Tale!
My ſuff'ring Heart for ever ſhall defy
New Wounds, and Danger from a future Eye.
O! yet my tortur'd Senſes deep retain
The wretched Mem'ry of my former Pain,
The dire Affront, and my EGYPTIAN Chain.

As Time, I ſaid, may happily efface
That cruel Image of the King's Diſgrace;
Imperial Reaſon ſhall reſume her Seat;
And SOLOMON once fall'n, again be great.
Betray'd by Paſſion, as ſubdu'd in War,
We wiſely ſhould exert a double Care,
Nor ever ought a ſecond time to Err.

This ABRA then——
I ſaw Her; 'twas Humanity: it gave
Some Reſpite to the Sorrows of my Slave.
Her fond Exceſs proclaim'd her Paſſion true;
And generous Pity to that Truth was due.
Well I intreated Her, who well deſerv'd;
I call'd Her often; for She always ſerv'd.
Uſe made her Perſon eaſy to my Sight;
And Eaſe inſenſibly produc'd Delight.

Whene'er I revell'd in the Women's Bow'rs;
(For firſt I ſought Her but at looſer Hours:)

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The Apples She had gather'd ſmelt moſt ſweet:
The Cake She kneaded was the ſav'ry Meat;
But Fruits their Odor loſt, and Meats their Taſte;
If gentle ABRA had not deck'd the Feaſt.
Diſhonor'd did the ſparkling Goblet ſtand,
Unleſs receiv'd from gentle ABRA's Hand:
And when the Virgins form'd the Evening Choir,
Raiſing their Voices to the Maſter-Lyre;
Too flat I thought This Voice, and That too ſhrill;
One ſhow'd too much, and one too little Skill:
Nor could my Soul approve the Muſic's Tone;
'Till all was huſh'd, and ABRA Sung alone.
Fairer She ſeem'd, diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt;
And better Mein diſclos'd, as better dreſt.
A bright *Tiara* round her Forehead ty'd,
To juſter Bounds confin'd it's riſing Pride:
The bluſhing Ruby on her ſnowy Breaſt,
Render'd it's panting Whiteneſs more confeſs'd;
Bracelets of Pearl gave Roundneſs to her Arm;
And ev'ry Gem augmented ev'ry Charm,
Her Senſes pleas'd, her Beauty ſtill improv'd;
And She more lovely grew, as more belov'd.

And now I could behold, avow, and blame
The ſeveral Follies of my former Flame;
Willing my Heart for Recompence to prove
The certain Joys that lye in proſp'rous Love.
For what, ſaid I, from ABRA can I fear,
Too humble to inſult, too ſoft to be ſevere?

The

The Damſel's ſole Ambition is to pleaſe:
With Freedom I may like, and quit with Eaſe:
She ſooths, but never can enthrall my Mind:
Why may not Peace and Love for once be join'd?

Great Heav'n! how frail thy Creature Man is made!
How by Himſelf inſenſibly betray'd!
In our own Strength unhappily ſecure,
Too little cautious of the adverſe Pow'r;
And by the Blaſt of Self-opinion mov'd,
We wiſh to charm, and ſeek to be belov'd.
On Pleaſure's flowing Brink We idly ſtray,
Maſters as yet of our returning Way:
Seeing no Danger, We diſarm our Mind;
And give our Conduct to the Waves and Wind:
Then in the flow'ry Mead, or verdant Shade
To wanton Dalliance negligently laid,
We weave the Chaplet, and We crown the Bowl;
And ſmiling ſee the nearer Waters roll;
'Till the ſtrong Guſts of raging Paſſion riſe;
'Till the dire Tempeſt mingles Earth and Skies;
And ſwift into the boundleſs Ocean born,
Our fooliſh Confidence too late We mourn:
Round our devoted Heads the Billows beat;
And from our troubl'd View the leſſen'd Lands retreat.

O mighty Love! from thy unbounded Pow'r
How ſhall the human Boſom reſt ſecure?
How ſhall our Thought avoid the various Snare?
Or Wiſdom to our caution'd Soul declare

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The diff'rent Shapes, Thou pleaſeſt to imploy,
When bent to hurt, and certain to deſtroy?

The haughty Nymph in open Beauty dreſt,
To-Day encounters our unguarded Breaſt:
She looks with Majeſty, and moves with State:
Unbent her Soul, and in Misfortune great,
She ſcorns the World, and dares the Rage of Fate.

Here whilſt we take ſtern Manhood for our Guide,
And guard our Conduct with becoming Pride;
Charm'd with the Courage in her Action ſhown,
We praiſe her Mind, the Image of our own.
She that can pleaſe, is certain to perſwade:
To-day belov'd, To-morrow is obey'd.
We think we ſee thro' Reaſon's Optics right;
Nor find, how Beauty's Rays elude our Sight:
Struck with her Eye whilſt We applaud her Mind;
And when We ſpeak Her great, We wiſh Her kind.

To-morrow, cruel Pow'r, Thou arm'ſt the Fair
With flowing Sorrow, and diſhevel'd Hair:
Sad her Complaint, and humble is her Tale,
Her Sighs explaining where her Accents fail.
Here gen'rous Softneſs warms the honeſt Breaſt:
We raiſe the ſad, and ſuccour the diſtreſs'd:
And whilſt our Wiſh prepares the kind Relief;
Whilſt Pity mitigates her riſing Grief:
We ſicken ſoon from her contagious Care;
Grieve for her Sorrows, groan for her Deſpair;

And

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And againſt Love too late thoſe Boſoms arm,
Which Tears can ſoften, and which Sighs can warm.

Againſt this neareſt crueleſt of Foes,
What ſhall Wit meditate, or Force oppoſe?
Whence, feeble Nature, ſhall We ſummon Aid,
If by our Pity, and our Pride betray'd
External Remedy ſhall We hope to find,
When the cloſe Fiend has gain'd our treach'rous Mind;
Inſulting there does Reaſon's Pow'r deride,
And blind Himſelf, conducts the dazl'd Guide?

My Conqueror now, my Lovely ABRA held
My Freedom in her Chains: my Heart was fill'd
With Her, with Her alone: in Her alone
It ſought it's Peace and Joy: while She was gone,
It ſigh'd, and griev'd, impatient of her Stay:
Return'd, She chas'd thoſe Sighs, that Grief away:
Her Abſence made the Night: her Preſence brought the Day.

The Ball, the Play, the Mask by Turns ſucceed.
For Her I make the Song: the Dance with Her I lead.
I court Her various in each Shape and Dreſs,
That Luxury may form, or Thought expreſs.

To-day beneath the Palm-tree on the Plains
In DEBORAH's Arms and Habit ABRA reigns:
The Wreath denoting Conqueſt guides her Brow:
And low, like BARAK, at her Feet I bow.

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The Mimic Chorus sings her prosp'rous Hand;
As She had slain the Foe, and sav'd the Land.

To-morrow She approves a softer Air;
Forsakes the Pomp and Pageantry of War;
The Form of peaceful ABRIDA assumes;
And from the Village with the Present comes:
The Youthful Band depose their glitt'ring Arms;
Receive her Bounties, and recite her Charms;
Whilst I assume my Father's Step and Mein,
To meet with due Regard my future Queen.

If hap'ly ABRA's Will be now inclin'd
To range the Woods, or chace the flying Hind;
Soon as the Sun awakes, the sprightly Court
Leave their Repose, and hasten to the Sport.
In lessen'd Royalty, and humble State,
Thy King, JERUSALEM, descends to wait,
'Till ABRA comes. She comes: a Milk-white Steed,
Mixture of PERSIA's, and ARABIA's Breed,
Sustains the Nymph: her Garments flying loose
(As the SYDONIAN Maids, or THRACIAN use)
And half her Knee, and half her Breast appear,
By Art, like Negligence, disclos'd, and bare.
Her left Hand guides the hunting Courser's Flight:
A Silver Bow She carries in her Right:
And from the golden Quiver at her Side,
Rustles the Ebon Arrow's feather'd Pride.
Saphirs and Diamonds on her Front display
An artificial Moon's increasing Ray.

DIANA,

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DIANA, Huntress, Mistress of the Groves,
The fav'rite ABRA speaks, and looks, and moves.
Her, as the present Goddess, I obey:
Beneath her Feet the captive Game I lay.
The mingl'd Chorus sings DIANA's Fame:
Clarions and Horns in louder Peals proclaim
Her Mystic Praise: the vocal Triumphs bound
Against the Hills: the Hills reflect the Sound.

If tir'd this Evening with the hunted Woods,
To the large Fish-pools, or the glassy Floods
Her Mind To-morrow points; a thousand Hands
To-night employ'd, obey the King's Commands.
Upon the wat'ry Beach an artful Pile
Of Planks is join'd, and forms a moving Isle.
A golden Chariot in the Midst is set;
And silver Cygnets seem to feel it's Weight.
ABRA, bright Queen, ascends her gaudy Throne,
In semblance of the GRECIAN VENUS known:
TRITONS and Sea-green NAIADS round Her move;
And sing in moving Strains the Force of Love:
Whilst as th'approaching Pageant does appear;
And echoing Crouds speak mighty VENUS near;
I, her Adorer, too devoutly stand
Fast on the utmost Margin of the Land,
With Arms and Hopes extended, to receive
The fancy'd Goddess rising from the Wave.

O subject Reason! O imperious Love!
Whither yet further would My Folly rove?

Is

Is it enough, that ABRA ſhould be great
In the wall'd Palace, or the Rural Seat?
That maſking Habits, and a borrow'd Name
Contrive to hide my Plenitude of Shame?
No, no: JERUSALEM combin'd muſt ſee
My open Fault, and Regal Infamy.
Solemn a Month is deſtin'd for the Feaſt:
ABRA Invites: the Nation is the Gueſt.
To have the Honor of each Day ſuſtain'd,
The Woods are travers'd; and the Lakes are drain'd:
ARABIA's Wilds, and EGYPT's are explor'd:
The Edible Creation decks the Board:
Hardly the *Phœnix* 'ſcapes——
The Men their Lyres, the Maids their Voices raiſe,
To ſing my Happineſs, and ABRA's Praiſe.
And ſlaviſh Bards our mutual Loves rehearſe
In lying Strains, and ignominious Verſe:
While from the Banquet leading forth the Bride,
Whom prudent Love from public Eyes ſhould hide;
I ſhow Her to the World, confeſs'd and known
Queen of my Heart, and Part'ner of my Throne.

And now her Friends and Flatt'rers fill the Court:
From DAN, and from BEERSHEBA They reſort:
They barter Places, and diſpoſe of Grants,
Whole Provinces unequal to their Wants.
They teach Her to recede, or to debate;
With Toys of Love to mix Affairs of State;
By practis'd Rules her Empire to ſecure;
And in my Pleaſure make my Ruin ſure.

They

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They gave, and She transferr'd the curs'd Advice,
That Monarchs ſhould their inward Soul diſguiſe,
Diſſemble, and command; be falſe, and wiſe;
By ignominious Arts for ſervile Ends
Should compliment their Foes, and ſhun their Friends.
And now I leave the true and juſt Supports
Of Legal Princes, and of honeſt Courts,
BARZILLAI's, and the fierce BENAIAH's Heirs;
Whoſe Sires, Great Part'ners in my Father's Cares,
Saluted their young King at HEBRON crown'd,
Great by their Toil, and glorious by their Wound.
And now, unhappy Council, I prefer
Thoſe whom my Follies only made me fear,
Old CORAH's Brood, and taunting SHIMEI's Race;
Miſcreants who ow'd their Lives to DAVID's Grace;
Tho' they had ſpurn'd his Rule, and curs'd Him to his Face.

Still ABRA's Pow'r, my Scandal ſtill increas'd;
Juſtice ſubmitted to what ABRA pleas'd:
Her Will alone could ſettle or revoke;
And Law was fix'd by what She lateſt ſpoke.

ISRAEL neglected, ABRA was my Care:
I only acted, thought, and liv'd for Her.
I durſt not reaſon with my wounded Heart.
ABRA poſſeſs'd; She was it's better Part.
O! had I now review'd the famous Cauſe,
Which gave my righteous Youth ſo juſt Applauſe;
In vain on the diſſembl'd Mother's Tongue
Had cunning Art, and ſly Perſwaſion hung;

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And real Care in vain, and native Love
In the true Parent's panting Breaſt had ſtrove;
While both deceiv'd had ſeen the deſtin'd Child
Or ſlain, or ſav'd, as ABRA frown'd or ſmil'd.

Unknowing to command, proud to obey,
A life-leſs King, a Royal Shade I lay.
Unhear'd the injur'd Orphans now complain:
The Widow's Cries addreſs the Throne in vain.
Cauſes unjudg'd diſgrace the loaded File;
And ſleeping Laws the King's Neglect revile.
No more the Elders throng'd around my Throne,
To hear My Maxims, and reform their own.
No more the Young Nobility were taught,
How MOSES govern'd, and how DAVID fought.
Looſe and undiſciplin'd the Soldier lay;
Or loſt in Drink, and Game, the ſolid Day:
Porches and Scholes, deſign'd for public Good,
Uncover'd, and with Scaffolds cumber'd ſtood,
Or nodded, threat'ning Ruin——
Half Pillars wanted their expected Height;
And Roofs imperfect prejudic'd the Sight.
The Artiſts grieve; the lab'ring People droop:
My Father's Legacy, my Country's Hope,
God's Temple lies unfiniſh'd——

The Wiſe and Grave deplor'd their Monarch's Fate,
And future Miſchiefs of a ſinking State.
Is this, the Serious ſaid, is this the Man,
Whoſe active Soul thro' every Science ran?

Who

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Who by juſt Rule and elevated Skill
Preſcrib'd the dubious Bounds of Good and Ill?
Whoſe Golden Sayings, and Immortal Wit,
On large *Phylacteries* expreſſive writ,
Were to the Forehead of the *Rabbins* ty'd,
Our Youth's Inſtruction, and our Age's Pride?
Could not the Wiſe his wild Deſires reſtrain?
Then was our Hearing, and his Preaching vain:
What from his Life and Letters were we taught,
But that his Knowledge aggravates his Fault?

In lighter Mood the Humorous and the Gay,
As crown'd with Roſes at their Feaſts they lay;
Sent the full Goblet, charg'd with ABRA's Name,
And Charms ſuperior to their Maſter's Fame:
Laughing ſome praiſe the King, who let 'em ſee,
How aptly Luxe and Empire might agree:
Some gloſs'd, how Love and Wiſdom were at Strife;
And brought my Proverbs to confront my Life.
However, Friend, here's to the King, one cries:
To Him who was the King, the Friend replies.
The King, for JUDAH's, and for Wiſdom's Curſe,
To ABRA yields: could I, or Thou do worſe?
Our looſer Lives let Chance or Folly ſteer;
If thus the Prudent and Determin'd err.
Let DINAH bind with Flowers her flowing Hair;
And touch the Lute, and ſound the wanton Air:
Let Us the Bliſs without the Sting receive,
Free, as We will, or to injoy, or leave.

Pleaſures

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Pleaſures on Levity's ſmooth Surface flow:
Thought brings the Weight, that ſinks the Soul to Woe.
Now be this Maxim to the King convey'd,
And added to the Thouſand He has made.

Sadly, O Reaſon, is thy Pow'r expreſs'd,
Thou gloomy Tyrant of the frighted Breaſt!
And harſh the Rules, which We from Thee receive;
If for our Wiſdom We our Pleaſure give;
And more to think be only more to grieve.
If JUDAH's King at thy Tribunal try'd,
Forſakes his Joy to vindicate his Pride;
And changing Sorrows, I am only found
Loos'd from the Chains of Love, in Thine more ſtrictly [bound.

But do I call Thee Tyrant, or complain,
How hard thy Laws, how abſolute thy Reign?
While Thou, alas! art but an empty Name,
To no Two Men, who e'er diſcours'd, the ſame;
The idle Product of a troubled Thought,
In borrow'd Shapes, and airy Colors wrought;
A fancy'd Line, and a reflected Shade;
A Chain which Man to fetter Man has made,
By Artifice impos'd, by Fear obey'd.

Yet, wretched Name, or Arbitrary Thing,
Whence ever I thy cruel Eſſence bring,
I own thy Influence; for I feel thy Sting.
Reluctant I perceive thee in my Soul,
Form'd to command, and deſtin'd to control.

Yes:

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Yes; thy inſulting Dictates ſhall be heard:
Virtue for once ſhall be Her own Reward:
Yes; Rebel ISRAEL, this unhappy Maid
Shall be diſmiſs'd: the Crowd ſhall be obey'd:
The King his Paſſion, and his Rule ſhall leave,
No longer ABRA's, but the People's Slave.
My Coward Soul ſhall bear it's wayward Fate:
I will, alas! be wretched, to be great;
And ſigh in Royalty, and grieve in State.

I ſaid: reſolv'd to plunge into my Grief
At once ſo far, as to expect Relief
From my Deſpair alone——
I choſe to write the Thing I durſt not ſpeak,
To Her I lov'd; to Her I muſt forſake.
The harſh Epiſtle labour'd much to prove,
How inconſiſtent Majeſty, and Love.
I always ſhould, It ſaid, eſteem Her well;
But never ſee her more: It bid Her feel
No future Pain for Me; but inſtant wed
A Lover more proportion'd to her Bed;
And quiet dedicate her remnant Life
To the juſt Duties of an humble Wife.

She read; and forth to Me She wildly ran,
To Me, the Eaſe of all her former Pain.
She kneel'd intreated, ſtruggl'd, threaten'd, cry'd;
And with alternate Paſſion liv'd, and dy'd:
'Till now deny'd the Liberty to mourn,
And by rude Fury from my Preſence torn,

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This only Object of my real Care,
Cut off from Hope, abandon'd to Deſpair,
In ſome few poſting fatal Hours is hurl'd
From Wealth, from Pow'r, from Love, and from the World.

Here tell Me, if Thou dar'ſt, my conſcious Soul,
What diff'rent Sorrows did within Thee roll:
What Pangs, what Fires, what Racks didſt Thou ſuſtain,
What ſad Viciſſitudes of ſmarting Pain?
How oft from Pomp and State did I remove,
To feed Deſpair, and cheriſh hopeleſs Love?
How oft, all Day, recall'd I ABRA's Charms,
Her Beauties preſs'd, and panting in my Arms?
How oft, with Sighs, view'd every Female Face,
Where mimic Fancy might her Likeneſs trace?
How oft deſir'd to fly from ISRAEL's Throne,
And live in Shades with Her and Love alone?
How oft, all Night, purſu'd Her in my Dreams,
O'er flow'ry Vallies, and thro' Cryſtal Streams;
And waking, view'd with Grief the riſing Sun,
And fondly mourn'd the dear Deluſion gone?

When thus the gather'd Storms of wretched Love
In my ſwoln Boſom, with long War had ſtrove;
At length they broke their Bounds: at length their Force
Bore down whatever met it's ſtronger Courſe:
Lay'd all the Civil Bonds of Manhood waſte;
And ſcatter'd Ruin as the Torrent paſt.

So

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So from the Hills, whose hollow Caves contain
The congregated Snow, and swelling Rain;
'Till the full Stores their antient Bounds disdain;
Precipitate the furious Torrent flows:
In vain would Speed avoid, or Strength oppose:
Towns, Forests, Herds, and Men promiscuous drown'd,
With one great Death deform the dreary Ground;
The echo'd Woes from distant Rocks resound.

And now what impious Ways my Wishes took;
How they the Monarch, and the Man forsook;
And how I follow'd an abandon'd Will,
Thro' crooked Paths, and sad Retreats of Ill;
How JUDAH's Daughters now, now foreign Slaves,
By turns my prostituted Bed receives;
Thro' Tribes of Women how I loosely rang'd
Impatient; lik'd To-night, To-morrow chang'd;
And by the Instinct of capricious Lust,
Enjoy'd, disdain'd, was grateful, or unjust:
O, be these Scenes from human Eyes conceal'd,
In Clouds of decent Silence justly veil'd!
O, be the wanton Images convey'd
To black Oblivion, and eternal Shade!
Or let their sad *Epitome* alone,
And outward Lines to future Age be known,
Enough to propagate the sure Belief,
That Vice engenders Shame; and Folly broods o'er Grief.

Bury'd

Bury'd in Sloth, and loſt in Eaſe I lay:
The Night I revell'd; and I ſlept the Day.
New Heaps of Fewel damp'd my kindling Fires;
And daily Change extinguiſh'd young Deſires.
By it's own Force deſtroy'd, Fruition ceas'd;
And always weary'd, I was never pleas'd.
No longer now does my neglected Mind
It's wonted Stores, and old *Ideas* find.
Fix'd Judgment there no longer does abide,
To take the True, or ſet the Falſe aſide.
No longer does ſwift Mem'ry trace the Cells,
Where ſpringing Wit, or young Invention dwells.
Frequent Debauch to Habitude prevails:
Patience of Toil, and Love of Virtue fails.
By ſad Degrees impair'd my Vigor dyes;
Till I Command no longer ev'n in Vice.

The Women on my Dotage build their Sway:
They ask; I grant: They threaten; I obey.
In Regal Garments now I gravely ſtride,
Aw'd by the PERSIAN Dam'ſel's haughty Pride.
Now with the looſer SYRIAN dance, and ſing,
In Robes tuck'd up, opprobrious to the King.

Charm'd by their Eyes, their Manners I acquire;
And ſhape my Fooliſhneſs to their Deſire.
Seduc'd and aw'd by the PHILISTINE Dame,
At DAGON's Shrine I kindle impious Flame.

With

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With the CHALDEAN's Charms her Rites prevail;
And curling Frankincenſe aſcends to BAAL.
To each new Harlot I new Altars dreſs;
And ſerve Her God, whoſe Perſon I careſs.

Where, my deluded Senſe, was Reaſon flown:
Where the high Majeſty of DAVID's Throne?
Where all the Maxims of Eternal Truth,
With which the Living GOD inform'd my Youth?
When with the lewd EGYPTIAN I adore
Vain Idols, Deities that ne'er before
In ISRAEL's Land had fix'd their dire Abodes,
Beaſtly Divinities, and Droves of Gods:
OSIRIS, APIS, Pow'rs that chew the Cud,
And Dog ANUBIS, Flatt'rer for his Food:
When in the Woody Hill's forbidden Shade
I carv'd the Marble, and invok'd it's Aid:
When in the Fens to Snakes and Flies, with Zeal
Unworthy human Thought, I proſtrate fell;
To Shrubs and Plants my vile Devotion paid;
And ſet the bearded Leek, to which I pray'd:
When to all Beings Sacred Rites were giv'n;
Forgot the Arbiter of Earth and Heav'n.

Thro' theſe ſad Shades, this *Chaos* in my Soul,
Some Seeds of Light at length began to roll.
The riſing Motion of an Infant Ray
Shot glimm'ring thro' the Cloud, and promis'd Day.
And now one Moment able to reflect,
I found the King abandon'd to Neglect,
Seen without Awe, and ſerv'd without Reſpect.

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I found my Subjects amicably joyn,
To leſſen their Defects, by citing Mine.
The Prieſt with Pity pray'd for DAVID's Race;
And left his Text, to dwell on my Diſgrace.
The Father, whilſt he warn'd his erring Son,
The ſad Examples which He ought to ſhun,
Deſcrib'd, and only nam'd not, SOLOMON.
Each Bard, each Sire did to his Pupil ſing,
A Wiſe Child better than a Fooliſh King.

Into My ſelf my Reaſon's Eye I turn'd;
And as I much reflected, much I mourn'd.
A Mighty King I am, an Earthly God:
Nations obey my Word, and wait my Nod.
I raiſe or ſink, impriſon or ſet free;
And Life or Death depends on My Decree.
Fond the *Idea*, and the Thought is vain:
O'er JUDAH's King ten thouſand Tyrants reign.
Legions of Luſt, and various Pow'rs of Ill
Inſult the Maſter's Tributary Will:
And He, from whom the Nations ſhould receive
Juſtice, and Freedom, lyes Himſelf a Slave,
Tortur'd by cruel Change of wild Deſires,
Laſh'd by mad Rage, and ſcorch'd by brutal Fires.

O Reaſon! once again to Thee I call:
Accept my Sorrow, and retrieve my Fall.
Wiſdom, Thou ſay'ſt, from Heav'n receiv'd her Birth;
Her Beams tranſmitted to the ſubject Earth.
Yet this great Empreſs of the human Soul
Does only with imagin'd Pow'r controul;

If

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If reſtleſs Paſſion by Rebellious Sway
Compells the weak Uſurper to obey.

O troubled, weak, and Coward, as thou art!
Without thy poor Advice the lab'ring Heart
To worſe Extremes with ſwifter Steps would run,
Not ſav'd by Virtue, yet by Vice undone.

Oft have I ſaid, the Praiſe of doing well
Is to the Ear, as Oyntment to the Smell.
Now if ſome Flies perchance, however ſmall,
Into the Alabaſter Urn ſhould fall;
The Odors of the Sweets inclos'd would dye;
And Stench corrupt (ſad Change!) their Place ſupply.
So the leaſt Faults, if mix'd with faireſt Deed,
Of future Ill become the fatal Seed:
Into the Balm of pureſt Virtue caſt,
Annoy all Life with one contagious Blaſt.

Loſt SOLOMON! purſue this Thought no more:
Of thy paſt Errors recollect the Store:
And ſilent weep, that while the Deathleſs Muſe
Shall ſing the Juſt; ſhall o'er their Head diffuſe
Perfumes with laviſh Hand; She ſhall proclaim
Thy Crimes alone; and to Thy evil Fame
Impartial, ſcatter Damps, and Poyſons on thy Name.

Awaking therefore, as who long had dream'd,
Much of my Women, and their Gods aſham'd,
From this Abyſs of exemplary Vice
Reſolv'd, as Time might aid my Thought, to riſe;

Again

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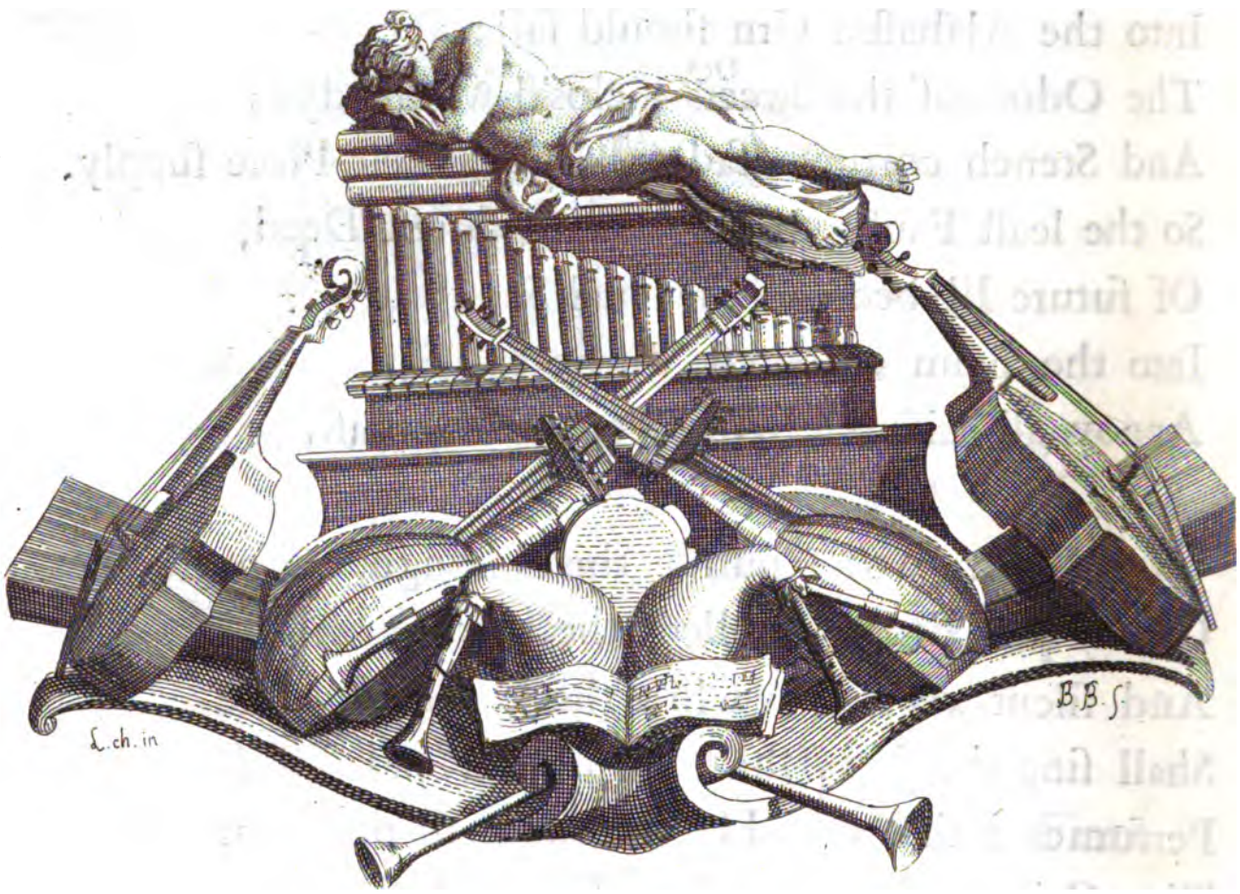
Again I bid the mournful Goddeſs write
The fond Purſuit of fugitive Delight:
Bid her exalt her melancholy Wing,
And rais'd from Earth, and ſav'd from Paſſion, ſing
Of human Hope by croſs Event deſtroy'd,
Of uſeleſs Wealth, and Greatneſs unenjoy'd,
Of Luſt and Love, with their fantaſtic Train,
Their Wiſhes, Smiles, and Looks deceitful all, and vain.



POWER;

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POWER;

THE

THIRD BOOK.

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The ARGUMENT.

SOLOMON *considers Man through the several Stages and Conditions of Life; and concludes in general, that We are all Miserable. He reflects more particularly upon the Trouble and Uncertainty of Greatness and Power; gives some Instances thereof from* ADAM *down to Himself; and still concludes that* ALL *is* VANITY. *He reasons again upon Life, Death, and a future Being; finds Human Wisdom too imperfect to resolve his Doubts; has Recourse to Religion; is informed by an Angel, what shall happen to Himself, his Family, and his Kingdom, 'till the Redemption of* ISRAEL: *and, upon the whole, resolves to submit his Enquiries and Anxieties to the Will of his Creator.*

TEXTS

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TEXTS *chiefly alluded to in this Book.*

Or ever the Silver Cord be looſed, or the golden Bowl be broken, or the Pitcher be broken at the Fountain, or the Wheel broken at the Ciſtern. ECCLESIASTES, Chap. XII. Verſ. 6.

The Sun ariſeth, and the Sun goeth down, and haſteth to his Place where He aroſe. ECCLESIASTES, Chap. I. Verſ. 5.

The Wind goeth towards the South, and turneth about unto the North. It whirleth about continually; and the Wind returneth again according to his Circuit. Verſ. 6.

All the Rivers run into the Sea: yet the Sea is not full. Unto the Place from whence the Rivers come, thither they return again. Verſ. 7.

Then ſhall the Duſt return to the Earth, as it was: and the Spirit ſhall return unto God who gave it. ECCLESIASTES, Chap. XII. Verſ. 7.

Now when SOLOMON had made an End of Praying, the Fire came down from Heaven, and conſumed the Burnt-offering, and the Sacrifices; and the Glory of the Lord filled the Houſe. II CHRONICLES, Chap. VII. Verſ. 1.

By the Rivers of BABYLON, there We ſat down; Yea We wept, when We remembred Sion &c. PSALM CXXXVII. Verſ. 1.

I ſaid of Laughter, it is mad; and of Mirth, what doeth it? ECCLESIASTES, Chap. II. Verſ. 2.

——No Man can find out the Work that God maketh, from the Beginning to the End. ECCLESIASTES, Chap. III. Verſ. 11.

Whatſoever God doeth, it ſhall be for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it: and God doeth it, that Men ſhould fear before Him. Verſ. 14.

Let us hear the Concluſion of the whole Matter; Fear God, and keep his Commandments; for this is the whole Duty of Man. ECCLESIASTES, Chap. XII. Verſe. 13.

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THE

THIRD BOOK.

COME then, my Soul: I call Thee by that Name,
Thou buſie Thing, from whence I know I am:
For knowing that I am, I know Thou art;
Since That muſt needs exiſt, which can impart.
But how Thou cam'ſt to be, or whence Thy Spring:
For various of Thee Prieſts and Poets ſing.

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Hear'ſt Thou ſubmiſſive, but a lowly Birth,
Some ſep'rate Particles of finer Earth,
A plain Effect, which Nature muſt beget,
As Motion orders, and as Atoms meet;
Companion of the Body's Good or Ill,
From Force of Inſtinct more than Choice of Will;
Conſcious of Fear or Valor, Joy or Pain,
As the wild Courſes of the Blood ordain;
Who as Degrees of Heat and Cold prevail,
In Youth doſt flouriſh, and with Age ſhalt fail;
'Till mingl'd with thy Part'ner's lateſt Breath
Thou fly'ſt, diſſolv'd in Air, and loſt in Death.

Or if Thy great Exiſtence would aſpire
To Cauſes more ſublime; of Heav'nly Fire
Wer't Thou a Spark ſtruck off, a ſep'rate Ray,
Ordain'd to mingle with Terreſtrial Clay;
With it condemn'd for certain Years to dwell,
To grieve it's Frailties, and it's Pains to feel;
To teach it Good and Ill, Diſgrace or Fame;
Pale it with Rage, or redden it with Shame:
To guide it's Actions with informing Care,
In Peace to Judge, to Conquer in the War;
Render it Agile, Witty, Valiant, Sage,
As fits the various Courſe of human Age;
Till as the Earthly Part decays and falls,
The Captive breaks Her Priſon's mould'ring Walls;
Hovers a-while upon the ſad Remains,
Which now the Pile, or Sepulchre contains;

And

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And thence with Liberty unbounded flies,
Impatient to regain Her native Skies.

Whate'er Thou art, where-e'er ordain'd to go:
(Points which We rather may diſpute, than know)
Come on, Thou little Inmate of this Breaſt,
Which for Thy Sake from Paſſions I diveſt:
For theſe, Thou ſay'ſt, raiſe all the ſtormy Strife,
Which hinder Thy Repoſe, and trouble Life.
Be the fair Level of Thy Actions laid,
As Temp'rance wills, and Prudence may perſwade;
Be Thy Affections undiſturb'd and clear,
Guided to what may Great or Good appear;
And try if Life be worth the Liver's Care.

Amaſs'd in Man there juſtly is beheld
What thro' the whole Creation has excell'd:
The Life and Growth of Plants, of Beaſts the Senſe,
The Angel's Foreſight and Intelligence:
Say from theſe glorious Seeds what Harveſt flows;
Recount our Bleſſings, and compare our Woes.
In it's true Light let cleareſt Reaſon ſee
The Man dragg'd out to Act, and forc'd to Be;
Helpleſs and Naked on a Woman's Knees
To be expos'd or rear'd as She may pleaſe;
Feel her Neglect, and pine from her Diſeaſe.
His tender Eye by too direct a Ray
Wounded, and flying from unpractis'd Day;
His Heart aſſaulted by invading Air,
And beating fervent to the vital War;

To

To his Young Senſe how various Forms appear;
That ſtrike his Wonder, and excite his Fear?
By his Diſtortions he reveals his Pains;
He by his Tears, and by his Sighs complains;
'Till Time and Uſe aſſiſt the Infant Wretch,
By broken Words, and Rudiments of Speech,
His Wants in plainer Characters to ſhow,
And paint more perfect Figures of his Woe.
Condemn'd to ſacrifice his childiſh Years
To babling Ign'rance, and to empty Fears;
To paſs the ripet Period of his Age,
Acting his Part upon a crowded Stage;
To laſting Toils expos'd, and endleſs Cares,
To open Dangers, and to ſecret Snares;
To Malice which the vengeful Foe intends,
And the more dangerous Love of ſeeming Friends.
His Deeds examin'd by the People's Will,
Prone to forget the Good, and blame the Ill:
Or ſadly cenſur'd in their curs'd Debate,
Who in the Scorner's, or the Judge's Seat
Dare to condemn the Virtue which They hate.
Or would he rather leave this frantic Scene;
And Trees and Beaſts prefer to Courts and Men?
In the remoteſt Wood and lonely Grott
Certain to meet that worſt of Evils, Thought;
Diff'rent IDEAS to his Mem'ry brought:
Some intricate, as are the pathleſs Woods;
Impetuous ſome, as the deſcending Floods:
With anxious Doubts, with raging Paſſions torn,
No ſweet Companion near with whom to mourn;

He

He hears the Echoing Rock return his Sighs;
And from himſelf the frighted Hermit flies.

Thus, thro' what Path ſoe'er of Life We rove,
Rage companies our Hate, and Grief our Love:
Vex'd with the preſent Moment's heavy Gloom,
Why ſeek We Brightneſs from the Years to come?
Diſturb'd and broken like a ſick Man's Sleep,
Our troubl'd Thoughts to diſtant Proſpects leap;
Deſirous ſtill what flies us to o'ertake:
For Hope is but the Dream of Thoſe that wake:
But looking back, We ſee the dreadful Train
Of Woes, a-new which were We to ſuſtain,
We ſhould refuſe to tread the Path again.
Still adding Grief, ſtill counting from the firſt;
Judging the lateſt Evils ſtill the worſt;
And ſadly finding each progreſſive Hour
Heighten their Number, and augment their Pow'r;
Till by one countleſs Sum of Woes oppreſt,
Hoary with Cares, and Ignorant of Reſt,
We find the vital Springs relax'd and worn:
Compell'd our common Impotence to mourn,
Thus, thro' the Round of Age, to Childhood We return;
Reflecting find, that naked from the Womb
We yeſterday came forth; that in the Tomb
Naked again We muſt To-morrow lye,
Born to lament, to labor, and to dye.

Paſs We the Ills, which each Man feels or dreads,
The Weight or fall'n, or hanging o'er our Heads;

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The Bear, The Lyon, Terrors of the Plain,
The Sheepfold ſcatter'd, and the Shepherd ſlain;
The frequent Errors of the pathleſs Wood,
The giddy Precipice, and the dang'rous Flood:
The noiſom Peſt'lence, that in open War
Terrible, marches thro' the Mid-day Air,
And ſcatters Death; the Arrow that by Night
Cuts the dank Miſt, and fatal wings it's Flight;
The billowing Snow, and Violence of the Show'r,
That from the Hills diſperſe their dreadful Store,
And o'er the Vales collected Ruin pour;
The Worm that gnaws the ripening Fruit, ſad Gueſt,
Canker or Locuſt hurtful to infeſt
The Blade; while Husks elude the Tiller's Care,
And Eminence of Want diſtinguiſhes the Year.

Paſs we the ſlow Diſeaſe, and ſubtil Pain,
Which our weak Frame is deſtin'd to ſuſtain;
The cruel Stone, with congregated War
Tearing his bloody Way; the cold Catarrh,
With frequent Impulſe, and continu'd Strife,
Weak'ning the waſted Seats of irkſom Life;
The Gout's fierce Rack, the burning Feaver's Rage,
The ſad Experience of Decay; and Age,
Her ſelf the ſoareſt Ill; while Death, and Eaſe,
Oft and in vain invok'd, or to appeaſe,
Or end the Grief, with haſty Wings receed
From the vext Patient, and the ſickly Bed.

Nought ſhall it profit, that the charming Fair,
Angelic, ſofteſt Work of Heav'n, draws near

To

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To the cold ſhaking paralytic Hand,
Senſeleſs of Beauty's Touch, or Love's Command,
Nor longer apt, or able to fulfill
The Dictates of it's feeble Maſter's Will.

Nought ſhall the Pſaltry, and the Harp avail,
The pleaſing Song, or well repeated Tale,
When the quick Spirits their warm March forbear;
And numbing Coldneſs has unbrac'd the Ear.

The verdant Riſing of the flow'ry Hill,
The Vale enamell'd, and the Cryſtal Rill,
The Ocean rolling, and the ſhelly Shoar,
Beautiful Objects, ſhall delight no more:
When the lax'd Sinews of the weaken'd Eye
In wat'ry Damps, or dim Suffuſion lye.
Day follows Night; the Clouds return again
After the falling of the later Rain;
But to the Aged-blind ſhall ne'er return
Grateful Viciſſitude: He ſtill muſt mourn
The Sun, and Moon, and ev'ry Starry Light
Eclips'd to Him, and loſt in everlaſting Night.

Behold where Age's wretched Victim lies:
See his Head trembling, and his half-clos'd Eyes:
Frequent for Breath his panting Boſom heaves:
To broken Sleeps his remnant Senſe He gives;
And only by his Pains, awaking finds He Lives.

Loos'd by devouring Time the Silver Cord
Diſſever'd lies: unhonor'd from the Board

The

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The Cryſtal Urn, when broken, is thrown by;
And apter Utenſils their Place ſupply.
Theſe Things and Thou muſt ſhare One equal Lot;
Dye and be loſt, corrupt and be forgot;
While ſtill another, and another Race
Shall now ſupply, and now give up the Place.
From Earth all came, to Earth muſt all return;
Frail as the Cord, and brittle as the Urn.

But be the Terror of theſe Ills ſuppreſs'd:
And view We Man with Health and Vigor bleſt.
Home He returns with the declining Sun,
His deſtin'd Task of Labor hardly done;
Goes forth again with the aſcending Ray,
Again his Travel for his Bread to pay,
And find the Ill ſufficient to the Day.
Hap'ly at Night He does with Horror ſhun
A widow'd Daughter, or a dying Son:
His Neighbor's Off-ſpring He To-morrow ſees;
And doubly feels his Want in their Increaſe:
The next Day, and the next he muſt attend
His Foe triumphant, or his buried Friend.
In ev'ry Act and Turn of Life he feels
Public Calamities, or Houſehold Ills:
The due Reward to juſt Deſert refus'd:
The Truſt betray'd, the Nuptial Bed abus'd:
The Judge corrupt, the long depending Cauſe,
And doubtful Iſſue of miſconſtru'd Laws:
The crafty Turns of a diſhoneſt State,
And violent Will of the wrong-doing Great:

The

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The Venom'd Tongue injurious to his Fame,
Which nor can Wiſdom ſhun, nor fair Advice reclaim.

Eſteem We theſe, my Friends, Event and Chance,
Produc'd as Atoms form their flutt'ring Dance?
Or higher yet their Eſſence may We draw
From deſtin'd Order, and Eternal Law?
Again, my Muſe, the cruel Doubt repeat:
Spring they, I ſay, from Accident, or Fate?
Yet ſuch, We find, they are, as can controll
The ſervile Actions of our wav'ring Soul;
Can fright, can alter, or can chain the Will;
Their Ills all built on Life, that fundamental Ill.

O fatal Search! in which the lab'ring Mind,
Still preſs'd with Weight of Woe, ſtill hopes to find
A Shadow of Delight, a Dream of Peace,
From Years of Pain, one Moment of Releaſe;
Hoping at leaſt She may Her ſelf deceive,
Againſt Experience willing to believe,
Deſirous to rejoice, condemn'd to grieve.

Happy the Mortal Man, who now at laſt
Has thro' this doleful Vale of Mis'ry paſt;
Who to his deſtin'd Stage has carry'd on
The tedious Load, and laid his Burden down;
Whom the cut Braſs, or wounded Marble ſhows
Victor o'er Life, and all Her Train of Woes.
He happyer yet, who privileg'd by Fate,
To ſhorter Labor, and a lighter Weight,

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Receiv'd but Yesterday the Gift of Breath,
Order'd To-morrow to return to Death.
But O! beyond Description happyest He,
Who ne'er must roll on Life's tumultuous Sea;
Who with blest Freedom from the gen'ral Doom
Exempt, must never force the teeming Womb,
Nor see the Sun, nor sink into the Tomb.

Who breaths, must suffer; and who thinks, must mourn;
And He alone is blest, who ne'er was born.

" Yet in thy turn, Thou frowning Preacher, hear:
" Are not these general Maxims too severe?
" Say: cannot Pow'r secure it's Owner's Bliss?
" And is not Wealth the potent Sire of Peace?
" Are Victors blest with Fame, or Kings with Ease?

I tell Thee, Life is but one common Care;
And Man was born to suffer, and to fear.

" But is no Rank, no Station, no Degree
" From this contagious Taint of Sorrow free?

None, Mortal, None: Yet in a bolder Strain
Let Me this melancholy Truth maintain!
But hence, Ye Worldly, and Prophane, retire!
For I adapt my Voice, and raise my Lyre
To Notions not by Vulgar Ear receiv'd:
Ye still must covet Life, and be deceiv'd!

Your

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Your very Fear of Death shall make Ye try
To catch the Shade of Immortality;
Wishing on Earth to linger, and to save
Part of it's Prey from the devouring Grave;
To those who may survive Ye, to bequeath
Something entire, in spight of Time, and Death;
A fancy'd Kind of Being to retrieve,
And in a Book, or from a Building live.
False Hope! vain Labor! let some Ages fly:
The Dome shall moulder, and the Volume dye:
Wretches, still taught, still will Ye think it strange,
That all the Parts of this great Fabric change;
Quit their old Station, and Primæval Frame;
And lose their Shape, their Essence, and their Name?

Reduce the Song: our Hopes, our Joys are vain:
Our Lot is Sorrow; and Our Portion Pain.

What Pause from Woe, what Hopes of Comfort bring
The Name of Wife or Great, of Judge or King?
What is a King? A Man condemn'd to bear
The public Burden of the Nation's Care;
Now crown'd some angry Faction to appease;
Now falls a Victim to the People's Ease:
From the first blooming of his ill-taught Youth,
Nourish'd in Flatt'ry, and estrang'd from Truth:
At Home surrounded by a servile Crowd,
Prompt to abuse, and in Detraction loud:
Abroad begirt with Men, and Swords, and Spears;
His very State acknowledging his Fears.

Marching

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Marching amidſt a thouſand Guards, He ſhows
His ſecret Terror of a thouſand Foes;
In War however Prudent, Great, or Brave,
To blind Events, and fickle Chance a Slave:
Seeking to ſettle what for ever flies;
Sure of the Toil, uncertain of the Prize.

But He returns with Conqueſt on his Brow;
Brings up the Triumph, and abſolves the Vow:
The Captive Generals to his Carr are ty'd:
The Joyful Citizens tumultuous Tyde:
Echoing his Glory, gratify his Pride.
What is this Triumph? Madneſs, Shouts, and Noiſe,
One great Collection of the People's Voice.
The Wretches he brings back, in Chains relate,
What may To-morrow be the Victor's Fate.
The Spoils and Trophies born before Him, ſhow
National Loſs, and Epidemic Woe,
Various Diſtreſs, which He and His may know.
Does He not mourn the valiant Thouſands ſlain;
The Heroes, once the Glory of the Plain,
Left in the Conflict of the Fatal Day,
Or the Wolve's Portion, or the Vulture's Prey?
Does He not weep the Lawrel, which he wears,
Wet with the Soldier's Blood, and Widow's Tears?

See, where He comes, the Darling of the War!
See Millions crowding round the gilded Car!
In the vaſt Joys of this Ecſtatic Hour,
And full Fruition of ſucceſsful Pow'r,

One

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One Moment and one Thought might let Him ſcan
The various Turns of Life, and fickle State of Man.

Are the dire Images of ſad Diſtruſt,
And Popular Change, obſcur'd a-mid the Duſt,
That riſes from the Victor's rapid Wheel?
Can the loud Clarion, or ſhrill Fife repel
The inward Cries of Care? can Nature's Voice
Plaintive be drown'd, or leſſen'd in the Noiſe;
Tho' Shouts as Thunder loud afflict the Air;
Stun the Birds now releas'd, and ſhake the Iv'ry Chair?

Yon' Crowd (He might reflect) yon' joyful Crowd,
Pleas'd with my Honors, in my Praiſes loud,
(Should fleeting Vict'ry to the Vanquiſh'd go;
Should She depreſs my Arms, and raiſe the Foe;)
Would for That Foe with equal Ardor wait
At the high Palace, or the crowded Gate;
With reſtleſs Rage would pull my Statues down;
And caſt the Braſs a-new to His Renown.

O impotent Deſire of Worldly Sway!
That I, who make the Triumph of To-day,
May of To-morrow's Pomp one Part appear,
Ghaſtly with Wounds, and lifeleſs on the Bier!
Then (Vileneſs of Mankind!) then of all Theſe,
Whom my dilated Eye with Labor ſees,
Would one, alas! repeat Me Good, or Great?
Waſh my pale Body, or bewail my Fate?

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Or, march'd I chain'd behind the Hoſtile Carr,
The Victor's Paſtime, and the Sport of War;
Would One, would One his pitying Sorrow lend,
Or be ſo poor, to own He was my Friend?

Avails it then, O Reaſon, to be Wiſe?
To ſee this cruel Scene with quicker Eyes?
To know with more Diſtinction to complain,
And have ſuperior Senſe in feeling Pain?

Let us revolve that Roll with ſtricteſt Eye,
Where ſafe from Time diſtinguiſh'd Actions lye;
And judge if Greatneſs be exempt from Pain,
Or Pleaſure ever may with Pow'r remain.

ADAM, great *Type*, for whom the World was made,
The faireſt Bleſſing to his Arms convey'd,
A charming Wife; and Air, and Sea, and Land,
And all that move therein, to his Command
Render'd obedient: ſay, my Penſive Muſe,
What did theſe golden Promiſes produce?
Scarce taſting Life, He was of Joy bereav'd:
One Day, I think, in PARADISE He liv'd;
Deſtin'd the next His Journey to purſue,
Where wounding Thorns, and curſed Thiſtles grew.
E'er yet He earns his Bread, a-down his Brow,
Inclin'd to Earth, his labring Sweat muſt flow:
His Limbs muſt ake, with daily Toils oppreſs'd;
E'er long-wiſh'd Night brings neceſſary Reſt:

Still viewing with Regret his Darling EVE,
He for Her Follies, and His own muſt grieve.
Bewailing ſtill a-freſh their hapleſs Choice;
His Ear oft frighted with the imag'd Voice
Of Heav'n, when firſt it thunder'd; oft his View
A-ghaſt, as when the Infant Light'ning flew;
And the ſtern CHERUB ſtop'd the fatal Road,
Arm'd with the Flames of an Avenging GOD.
His Younger Son on the polluted Ground,
Firſt Fruit of Death, lies Plaintif of a Wound
Giv'n by a Brother's Hand: His Eldeſt Birth
Flies, mark'd by Heav'n, a Fugitive o'er Earth.
Yet why theſe Sorrows heap'd upon the Sire,
Becomes nor Man, nor Angel to enquire.

Each Age ſinn'd on; and Guilt advanc'd with Time:
The Son ſtill added to the Father's Crime;
'Till GOD aroſe, and great in Anger ſaid:
Lo! it repenteth Me, that Man was made.
Withdraw thy Light, Thou Sun! be dark, Ye Skies!
And from your deep Abyſs, Ye Waters, riſe!

The frighted Angels heard th' Almighty Lord;
And o'er the Earth from wrathful Viols pour'd
Tempeſts and Storm, obedient to His Word.
Mean time, His Providence to NOAH gave
The Guard of All, that He deſign'd to ſave:
Exempt from general Doom the Patriarch ſtood;
Contemn'd the Waves, and triumph'd o'er the Flood.

The

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The Winds fall ſilent; and the Waves decreaſe:
The Dove brings Quiet, and the Olive Peace:
Yet ſtill His Heart does inward Sorrow feel,
Which Faith alone forbids Him to reveal.
If on the backward World his Views are caſt;
'Tis Death diffus'd, and univerſal Waſte.
Preſent (ſad Proſpect!) can He Ought deſcry,
But (what affects his melancholy Eye)
The Beauties of the Antient Fabric loſt,
In Chains of craggy Hill, or Lengths of dreary Coaſt?
While to high Heav'n his pious Breathings turn'd,
Weeping He hop'd, and Sacrificing mourn'd;
When of GOD's Image only Eight He found
Snatch'd from the Wat'ry Grave, and ſav'd from Nations [drown'd;
And of three Sons, the future Hopes of Earth,
The Seed, whence Empires muſt receive their Birth,
One He foreſees excluded Heav'nly Grace,
And mark'd with Curſes, fatal to his Race.

ABRAHAM, Potent Prince, the Friend of GOD,
Of Human Ills muſt bear the deſtin'd Load;
By Blood and Battles muſt his Pow'r maintain,
And ſlay the Monarchs, e'er He rules the Plain;
Muſt deal juſt Portions of a ſervile Life
To a proud Handmaid, and a peeviſh Wife;
Muſt with the Mother leave the weeping Son,
In Want to wander, and in Wilds to groan;
Muſt take his other Child, his Age's Hope,
To trembling MORIAM's melancholy Top,

Order'd

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Order'd to drench his Knife in filial Blood;
Deſtroy his Heir, or diſobey his GOD.

MOSES beheld that GOD; but how beheld?
The Deity in radiant Beams conceal'd,
And clouded in a deep Abyſs of Light;
While preſent, too ſevere for Human Sight,
Nor ſtaying longer than one ſwift-wing'd Night.
The following Days, and Months, and Years decreed
To fierce Encounter, and to toilſome Deed.
His Youth with Wants and Hardſhips muſt engage:
Plots and Rebellions muſt diſturb his Age.
Some CORAH ſtill aroſe, ſome Rebel Slave,
Prompter to ſink the State, than He to ſave:
And ISRAEL did his Rage ſo far provoke,
That what the God-head wrote, the Prophet broke.
His Voice ſcarce heard, his Dictates ſcarce believ'd,
In Camps, in Arms, in Pilgrimage, He liv'd;
And dy'd obedient to ſevereſt Law,—
Forbid to tread the promis'd Land, He ſaw.

My Father's Life was one long Line of Care,
A Scene of Danger, and a State of War.
Alarm'd, expos'd, his Childhood muſt engage
The Bear's rough Gripe, and foaming Lion's Rage.
By various Turns his threaten'd Youth muſt fear
GOLIAH's lifted Sword, and SAUL's emitted Spear.
Forlorn He muſt, and perſecuted fly;
Climb the ſteep Mountain, in the Cavern lye;
And often ask, and be refus'd to dye.

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For ever, from His manly Toils, are known
The Weight of Pow'r, and Anguiſh of a Crown.
What Tongue can ſpeak the reſtleſs Monarch's Woes;
When GOD, and NATHAN were declar'd his Foes?
When ev'ry Object his Offence revil'd,
The Husband murder'd, and the Wife defil'd.
The Parent's Sins impreſs'd upon the dying Child?
What Heart can think the Grief which He ſuſtain'd;
When the King's Crime brought Vengeance on the Land;
And the inexorable Prophet's Voice
Gave Famine, Plague, or War; and bid Him fix his Choice?

He dy'd; and Oh! may no Reflection ſhed
It's poys'nous Venom on the Royal Dead:
Yet the unwilling Truth muſt be expreſs'd;
Which long has labor'd in this penſive Breaſt:
Dying He added to my Weight of Care:
He made Me to his Crimes undoubted Heir:
Left his unfiniſh'd Murder to his Son,
And JOAB's Blood intail'd on JUDAH's Crown.

Young as I was, I haſted to fulfill
The cruel Dictates of My Parent's Will.
Of his fair Deeds a diſtant View I took;
But turn'd the Tube upon his Faults to look;
Forgot his Youth, ſpent in his Country's Cauſe,
His Care of Right, his Rev'rence to the Laws:
But could with Joy his Years of Folly trace,
Broken and old in BATHSHEBA's Embrace;

Could

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Could follow Him, where e'er He ſtray'd from Good,
And cite his ſad Example; whilſt I trod
Paths open to Deceit, and track'd with Blood.
Soon docile to the ſecret Acts of Ill,
With Smiles I could betray, with Temper kill:
Soon in a Brother could a Rival view;
Watch all his Acts, and all his Ways purſue.
In vain for Life He to the Altar fled:
Ambition and Revenge have certain Speed.
Ev'n there, My Soul, ev'n there He ſhould have fell;
But that my Intereſt did my Rage conceal.
Doubling my Crime, I promiſe, and deceive;
Purpoſe to ſlay, whilſt ſwearing to forgive.
Treaties, Perſwaſions, Sighs, and Tears are vain:
With a mean Lie curs'd Vengeance I ſuſtain;
Joyn Fraud to Force, and Policy to Pow'r;
'Till of the deſtin'd Fugitive ſecure,
In ſolemn State to Parricide I riſe;
And, as GOD lives, this Day my Brother dies.

Be Witneſs to my Tears, Celeſtial Muſe!
In vain I would forget, in vain excuſe
Fraternal Blood by my Direction ſpilt;
In vain on JOAB's Head transfer the Guilt:
The Deed was acted by the Subject's Hand;
The Sword was pointed by the King's Command.
Mine was the Murder: it was Mine alone;
Years of Contrition muſt the Crime attone:
Nor can my guilty Soul expect Relief,
But from a long Sincerity of Grief.

With

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With an imperfect Hand, and trembling Heart,
Her Love of Truth ſuperior to her Art,
Already the reflecting Muſe has trac'd
The mournful Figures of my Action paſt.
The penſive Goddeſs has already taught,
How vain is Hope, and how vexatious Thought;
From growing Childhood to declining Age,
How tedious ev'ry Step, how gloomy ev'ry Stage.
This Courſe of Vanity almoſt compleat,
Tir'd in the Field of Life, I hope Retreat
In the ſtill Shades of Death: for Dread and Pain,
And Grief will find their Shafts elanc'd in vain,
And their Points broke, retorted from the Head,
Safe in the Grave, and free among the Dead.

Yet tell Me, frighted Reaſon! what is Death?
Blood only ſtopp'd, and interrupted Breath?
The utmoſt Limit of a narrow Span,
And End of Motion which with Life began?
As Smoke that riſes from the kindling Fires
Is ſeen this Moment, and the next expires:
As empty Clouds by riſing Winds are toſt,
Their fleeting Forms ſcarce ſooner found than loſt:
So vaniſhes our State: ſo paſs our Days:
So Life but opens now, and now decays:
The Cradle and the Tomb, alas! ſo nigh;
To live is ſcarce diſtinguiſh'd from to dye.

Cure

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Cure of the Miſer's Wiſh, and Coward's Fear,
Death only ſhews Us, what We knew was near.
With Courage therefore view the pointed Hour;
Dread not Death's Anger; but expect his Pow'r:
Nor Nature's Law with fruitleſs Sorrow mourn;
But dye, O Mortal Man! for Thou waſt born.

Cautious thro' Doubt; by Want of Courage, Wiſe,
To ſuch Advice, the Reas'ner ſtill replies.

Yet meaſuring all the long continu'd Space,
Ev'ry ſucceſſive Day's repeated Race,
Since Time firſt ſtarted from his priſtin Goal,
'Till He had reach'd that Hour, wherein my Soul
Joyn'd to my Body ſwell'd the Womb; I was,
(At leaſt I think ſo) Nothing: muſt I paſs
Again to Nothing, when this vital Breath
Ceaſing, conſigns Me o'er to Reſt, and Death?
Muſt the whole Man, amazing Thought! return
To the cold Marble, or contracted Urn?
And never ſhall thoſe Particles agree,
That were in Life this Individual He?
But ſever'd, muſt They join the general Maſs,
Thro' other Forms, and Shapes ordain'd to paſs;
Nor Thought nor Image kept of what He was?
Does the great Word that gave him Senſe, ordain,
That Life ſhall never wake that Senſe again?
And will no Pow'r his ſinking Spirits ſave
From the dark Caves of Death, and Chambers of the Grave?

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Each Evening I behold the ſetting Sun
With down-ward Speed into the Ocean run:
Yet the ſame Light (paſs but ſome fleeting Hours)
Exerts his Vigor, and renews his Pow'rs;
Starts the bright Race again: His conſtant Flame
Riſes and ſets, returning ſtill the Same.
I mark the various Fury of the Winds:
Theſe neither Seaſons guide, nor Order binds:
They now dilate, and now contract their Force:
Various their Speed, but endleſs is their Courſe.
From his firſt Fountain and beginning Ouze,
Down to the Sea each Brook, and Torrent flows:
Tho' ſundry Drops or leave, or ſwell the Stream;
The Whole ſtill runs, with equal Pace, the Same.
Still other Waves ſupply the riſing Urns;
And the eternal Floud no Want of Water mourns.

Why then muſt Man obey the ſad Decree,
Which ſubjects neither Sun, nor Wind, nor Sea?

A Flow'r, that does with opening Morn ariſe,
And flouriſhing the Day, at Evening dyes;
A Winged Eaſtern Blaſt, juſt skimming o'er
The Ocean's Brow, and ſinking on the Shore;
A Fire, whoſe Flames thro' crackling Stubble fly;
A Meteor ſhooting from the Summer Sky;
A Bowl a-down the bending Mountain roll'd;
A Bubble breaking, and a Fable told;

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A Noon-tide Shadow, and a Mid-night Dream;
Are Emblems, which with Semblance apt proclaim
Our Earthly Courſe: But, O my Soul! ſo faſt
Muſt Life run off; and Death for ever laſt?

This dark Opinion, ſure, is too confin'd:
Elſe whence this Hope, and Terror of the Mind?
Does Something ſtill, and Somewhere yet remain,
Reward or Puniſhment, Delight or Pain?
Say: ſhall our Relicks ſecond Birth receive?
Sleep We to wake, and only dye to live?
When the ſad Wife has clos'd her Husband's Eyes,
And pierc'd the Echoing Vault with doleful Cries;
Lyes the pale Corps not yet entirely Dead?
The Spirit only from the Body fled,
The groſſer Part of Heat and Motion void,
To be by Fire, or Worm, or Time deſtroy'd;
The Soul, immortal Subſtance, to remain,
Conſcious of Joy, and capable of Pain?
And if Her Acts have been directed well,
While with her friendly Clay She deign'd to dwell;
Shall She with Safety reach her priſtine Seat?
Find her Reſt endleſs, and her Bliſs compleat?
And while the buried Man We idly mourn;
Do Angels joy to ſee His better Half return?
But if She has deform'd this Earthly Life
With murd'rous Rapine, and ſeditious Strife;
Amaz'd, repuls'd, and by thoſe Angels driv'n
From the Ætherial Seat, and bliſsful Heav'n,

In

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In everlaſting Darkneſs muſt She lye,
Still more unhappy, that She cannot dye?

Amid Two Seas on One ſmall Point of Land
Weary'd, uncertain, and amaz'd We ſtand:
On either Side our Thoughts inceſſant turn:
Forward We dread; and looking back We mourn.
Loſing the Preſent in this dubious Haſt;
And loſt Our ſelves betwixt the Future, and the Paſt.

Theſe cruel Doubts contending in my Breaſt,
My Reaſon ſtagg'ring, and my Hopes oppreſs'd,
Once more I ſaid: once more I will enquire,
What is this little, agile, pervious Fire,
This flutt'ring Motion, which We call the Mind?
How does She act? and where is She confin'd?
Have We the Pow'r to guide Her, as We pleaſe?
Whence then thoſe Evils, that obſtruct our Eaſe?
We Happineſs purſue; We fly from Pain;
Yet the Purſuit, and yet the Flight is vain:
And, while poor Nature labors to be bleſt,
By Day with Pleaſure, and by Night with Reſt;
Some ſtronger Pow'r eludes our ſickly Will;
Daſhes our riſing Hope with certain Ill;
And makes Us with reflective Trouble ſee,
That all is deſtin'd, which We fancy free.

That Pow'r ſuperior then, which rules our Mind,
Is His Decree by Human Pray'r inclin'd.

Will

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Will He for Sacrifice our Sorrows eaſe?
And can our Tears reverſe His firm Decrees?
Then let Religion aid, where Reaſon fails;
Throw Loads of Incenſe in, to turn the Scales;
And let the ſilent Sanctuary know,
What from the babling Schools We may not know,
How Man may ſhun, or bear his deſtin'd Part of Woe.

What ſhall amend, or what abſolve our Fate?
Anxious We hover in a mediate State,
Betwixt Infinity and Nothing; Bounds,
Or boundleſs Terms, whoſe doubtful Senſe confounds
Unequal Thought; whilſt All We apprehend,
Is, that our Hopes muſt riſe, our Sorrows end;
As our Creator deigns to be our Friend.

I ſaid;——and inſtant bad the Prieſts prepare
The ritual Sacrifice, and ſolemn Pray'r.
Select from vulgar Herds, with Garlands gay,
A hundred Bulls aſcend the Sacred Way.
The artful Youth proceed to form the Choir;
They breath the Flute, or ſtrike the vocal Wire.
The Maids in comely Order next advance;
They beat the Tymbrel, and inſtruct the Dance.
Follows the choſen Tribe from LEVI ſprung,
Chanting by juſt Return the Holy Song.
Along the Choir in Solemn State they paſt.
——The Anxious King came laſt.
The Sacred Hymn perform'd, my promis'd Vow
I paid; and bowing at the Altar low,

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Father of Heav'n! I ſaid, and Judge of Earth!
Whoſe Word call'd out this Univerſe to Birth;
By whoſe kind Pow'r and influencing Care
The various Creatures move, and live, and are;
But, ceaſing once that Care, withdrawn that Pow'r,
They move (alas!) and live, and are no more:
Omni-ſcient Maſter, Omni-preſent King,
To Thee, to Thee, my laſt Diſtreſs I bring.

Thou, that can'ſt Still the Raging of the Seas,
Chain up the Winds, and bid the Tempeſts ceaſe;
Redeem my ſhip-wreck'd Soul from raging Guſts
Of cruel Paſſion, and deceitful Luſts:
From Storms of Rage, and dang'rous Rocks of Pride,
Let Thy ſtrong Hand this little Veſſel guide
(It was Thy Hand that made it) thro' the Tide
Impetuous of this Life: let Thy Command
Direct my Courſe, and bring me ſafe to Land.

If, while this weary'd Fleſh draws fleeting Breath,
Not ſatisfy'd with Life, afraid of Death,
It hap'ly be Thy Will, that I ſhould know
Glimpſe of Delight, or Pauſe from anxious Woe;
From *Now*, from inſtant *Now*, great Sire, diſpell
The Clouds that preſs my Soul; from *Now* reveal
A gracious Beam of Light; from *Now* inſpire
My Tongue to ſing, my Hand to touch the Lyre:
My open'd Thought to joyous Proſpects raiſe;
And, for Thy Mercy, let me ſing Thy Praiſe.

Or,

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Or, if Thy Will ordains, I ſtill ſhall wait
Some New *Here-after*, and a future State;
Permit me Strength, my Weight of Woe to bear;
And raiſe my Mind ſuperior to my Care.
Let Me, howe'er unable to explain
The ſecret Lab'rynths of Thy Ways to Man,
With humble Zeal confeſs Thy awful Pow'r;
Still weeping Hope, and wond'ring ſtill Adore.
So in my Conqueſt be Thy Might declar'd:
And, for Thy Juſtice, be Thy Name revet'd.

My Pray'r ſcarce ended, a ſtupendous Gloom
Darkens the Air; loud Thunder ſhakes the Dome:
To the beginning Miracle ſucceed
An awful Silence, and religious Dread.
Sudden breaks forth a more than common Day:
The ſacred Wood, which on the Altar lay,
Untouch'd, unlighted glows——
Ambroſial Odor, ſuch as never flows
From ARAB's Gum, or the SABÆAN Roſe,
Does round the Air evolving Scents diffuſe:
The holy Ground is wet with Heav'nly Dews:
Celeſtial Muſic (ſuch JESSIDES' Lyre,
Such MIRIAM's Timbrel would in vain require)
Strikes to my Thought thro' my admiring Ear,
With Ecſtaſy too fine, and Pleaſure hard to bear.
And lo! what ſees my raviſh'd Eye? what feels
My wond'ring Soul? an opening Cloud reveals
An Heav'nly Form embody'd and array'd
With Robes of Light. I heard: the Angel ſaid:

Ceaſe,

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Ceaſe, Man of Woman born, to hope Relief
From daily Trouble, and continu'd Grief.
Thy Hope of Joy deliver to the Wind:
Suppreſs thy Paſſions; and prepare thy Mind!
Free and familiar with Misfortune grow!
Be us'd to Sorrow, and inur'd to Woe.
By weak'ning Toil, and hoary Age o'ercome,
See thy Decreaſe; and haſten to thy Tomb.
Leave to thy Children Tumult, Strife, and War,
Portions of Toil, and Legacies of Care.
Send the Succeſſive Ills thro' Ages down;
And let each weeping Father tell his Son,
That deeper ſtruck, and more diſtinctly griev'd,
He muſt augment the Sorrows He receiv'd.

The Child to whoſe Succeſs thy Hope is bound,
E'er thou art ſcarce Interr'd, or he is Crown'd;
To Luſt of Arbitrary Sway inclin'd,
(That curſed Poyſon to the Prince's Mind!)
Shall from thy Dictates and his Duty rove,
And loſe his great Defence, his People's Love.
Ill Counſell'd, Vanquiſh'd, Fugitive, Diſgrac'd,
Shall mourn the Fame of JACOB's Strength effac'd.
Shall ſigh, the King diminiſh'd, and the Crown
With leſſen'd Rays deſcending to his Son.
Shall ſee the Wreaths, His Grandſire knew to reap
By active Toil, and Military Sweat,
Pining incline their ſickly Leaves, and ſhed
Their falling Honors from His giddy Head.

By

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By Arms, or Pray'r unable to aſſwage
Domeſtic Horror, and inteſtine Rage,
Shall from the Victor, and the Vanquiſh'd fear,
From ISRAEL'S Arrow, and from JUDAH'S Spear:
Shall caſt his weary'd Limbs on JORDAN'S Floud,
By Brother's Arms diſturb'd, and ſtain'd with Kindred-Blood.

Hence lab'ring Years ſhall weep their deſtin'd Race
Charg'd with ill Omens; fully'd with Diſgrace.
Time by Neceſſity compell'd, ſhall go
Thro' Scenes of War, and Epocha's of Woe.
The Empire leſſen'd in a parted Stream,
Shall loſe it's Courſe: the Heathen ſhall blaſpheme:
Indulge thy Tears: JUDAH ſhall fall, oppreſs'd by Grief and Shame;
And Men ſhall from her Ruins know her Fame.

New ÆGYPTS yet, and ſecond Bonds remain,
A harſher PHARAOH, and a heavyer Chain.
Again obedient to a dire Command,
Thy Captive Sons ſhall leave the promis'd Land.
Their Name more low, their Servitude more vile,
Shall, on EUPHRATES' Bank, renew the Grief of NILE.

Theſe pointed Spires that wound the ambient Sky
Inglorious Change! ſhall in Deſtruction lye;
Low, levell'd with the Duſt; their Heights unknown,
Or meaſur'd by their Ruin. Yonder Throne,
For laſting Glory built, deſign'd the Seat
Of Kings for ever bleſt, for ever great,

Remov'd by the Invader's barb'rous Hand,
Shall grace his Triumph in a foreign Land.
The Tyrant shall demand your sacred Load
Of Gold and Vessels set a-part to GOD,
Then by vile Hands to common Use debas'd;
Shall send them flowing round his drunken Feast,
With sacrilegious Taunt, and impious Jest.

Twice fourteen Ages shall their Way complete:
Empires by various Turns shall rise and set;
While Thy abandon'd Tribes shall only know
A diff'rent Master, and a Change of Woe:
With down-cast Eye-lids, and with Looks a-ghast,
Shall dread the Future, or bewail the Past.

Afflicted ISRAEL shall sit weeping down,
Fast by the Streams, where BABEL's Waters run;
Their Harps upon the neighb'ring Willows hung,
Nor joyous Hymn encouraging their Tongue,
Nor chearful Dance their Feet; with Toil oppress'd,
Their weary'd Limbs aspiring but to Rest.
In the reflective Stream the sighing Bride,
Viewing her Charms impair'd, abash'd shall hide
Her pensive Head; and in her languid Face
The Bridegroom shall fore-see his sickly Race:
While pond'rous Fetters vex their close Embrace.
With irksome Anguish then your Priests shall mourn
Their long-neglected Feasts despair'd Return,
And sad Oblivion of their solemn Days.
Thenceforth their Voices They shall only raise,

Louder

Louder to weep. By Day your frighted Seers
Shall call for Fountains to express their Tears;
And wish their Eyes were Flouds: by Night from Dreams
Of opening Gulphs, black Storms, and raging Flames,
Starting amaz'd, shall to the People show
Emblems of Heav'nly Wrath, and Mystic Types of Woe.

The Captives, as their Tyrant shall require,
That They should breath the Song, and touch the Lyre,
Shall say: can JACOB's servile Race rejoice,
Untun'd the Music, and disus'd the Voice?
What can We play? (They shall discourse) how sing
In foreign Lands, and to a Barb'rous King?
We and our Fathers from our Childhood bred
To watch the cruel Victor's Eye, to dread
The arbitrary Lash, to bend, to grieve;
(Out-cast of Mortal Race!) can We conceive
Image of ought delightful, soft, or gay?
Alas! when We have toyl'd the longsome Day;
The fullest Bliss our Hearts aspire to know,
Is but some Interval from active Woe;
In broken Rest, and startling Sleep to mourn;
'Till Morn, the Tyrant, and the Scourge return.
Bred up in Grief, can Pleasure be our Theme?
Our endless Anguish does not Nature claim?
Reason, and Sorrow are to Us the Same.
Alas! with wild Amazement We require,
If Idle Folly was not Pleasure's Sire:

Madness,

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Madneſs, We fancy, gave an Ill-tim'd Birth
To grinning Laughter, and to frantic Mirth.

This is the Series of perpetual Woe,
Which Thou, alas! and Thine are born to know.
Illuſtrious Wretch, repine not, nor reply:
View not, what Heav'n ordains, with Reaſon's Eye;
Too bright the Object is: the Diſtance is too high.
The Man who would reſolve the Work of Fate,
May limit Number, and make Crooked Strait:
Stop Thy Enquiry then; and curb Thy Senſe;
Nor let Duſt argue with Omnipotence.
'Tis GOD who muſt diſpoſe, and Man ſuſtain,
Born to endure, forbidden to complain.
Thy Sum of Life muſt His Decrees fulfill:
What derogates from His Command, is Ill;
And that alone is Good, which centers in His Will.

Yet that thy Lab'ring Senſes may not droop,
Loſt to Delight, and deſtitute of Hope;
Remark what I, GOD's Meſſenger, aver
From Him, who neither can deceive, nor err.
The Land at length redeem'd, ſhall ceaſe to mourn;
Shall from her ſad Captivity return.
SION ſhall raiſe her long-dejected Head;
And in her Courts the Law again be read.
Again the glorious Temple ſhall ariſe,
And with new Luſtre pierce the neighb'ring Skies.

The

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The promis'd Seat of Empire ſhall again
Cover the Mountain, and command the Plain,
And from Thy Race diſtinguiſh'd, ONE ſhall ſpring,
Greater in Act than Victor, more than King
In Dignity and Pow'r, ſent down from Heav'n,
To ſuccour Earth. To HIM, to HIM 'tis giv'n,
Paſſion, and Care, and Anguiſh to deſtroy.
Thro' HIM ſoft Peace, and Plenitude of Joy
Perpetual o'er the World redeem'd ſhall flow.
No more may Man inquire, nor Angel know.

Now, SOLOMON, rememb'ring Who thou art,
Act thro' thy remnant Life the decent Part.
Go forth: Be ſtrong: With Patience, and with Care
Perform, and Suffer: To Thy ſelf ſevere,
Gracious to Others, Thy Deſires ſuppreſs'd,
Diffus'd Thy Virtues, Firſt of Men, be Beſt.
Thy Sum of Duty let Two Words contain;
O may they graven in thy Heart remain!
Be Humble, and be Juſt. The Angel ſaid:
With upward Speed His agile Wings He ſpread;
Whilſt on the holy Ground I proſtrate lay,
By various Doubts impell'd, or to obey,
Or to object: at length (my mournful Look
Heav'n-ward erect) determin'd, thus I ſpoke:

Supreme, Allwiſe, Eternal Potentate!
Sole Author, Sole Diſpoſer of our Fate!

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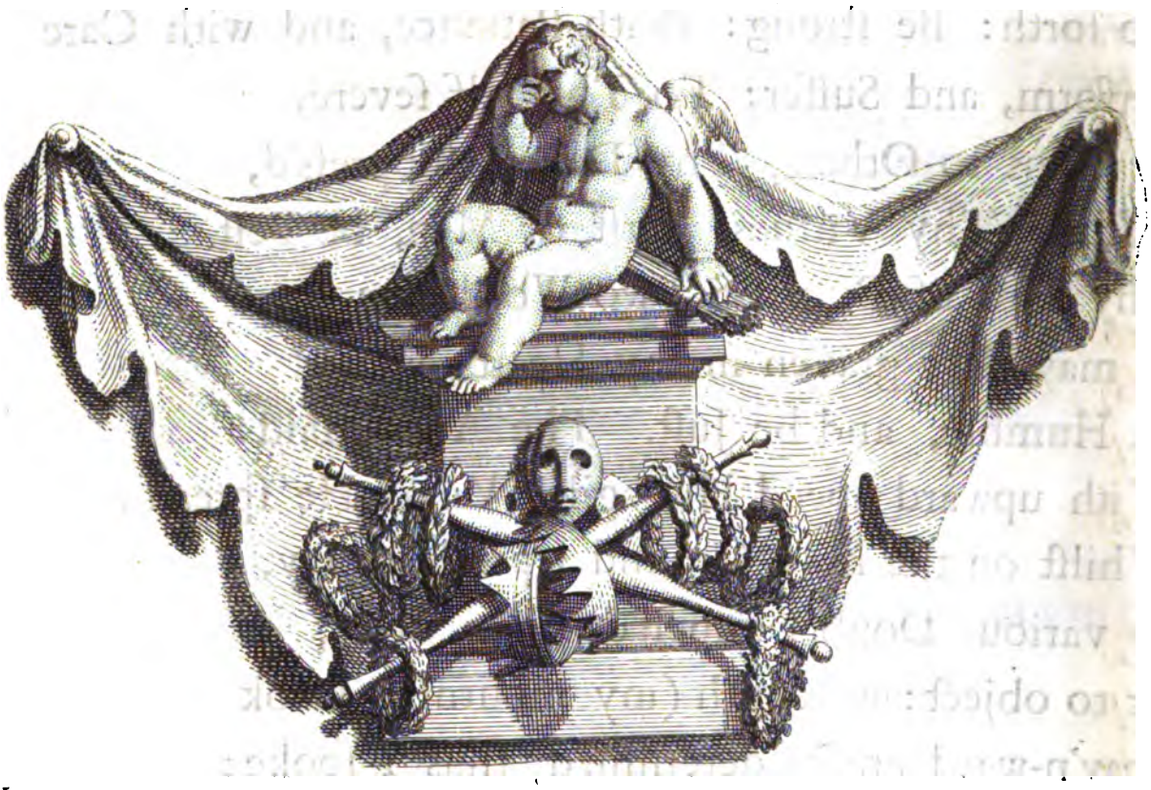
Enthron'd in Light, and Immortality,
Whom no Man fully ſees, and none can ſee!
Original of Beings! Pow'r Divine!
Since that I Live, and that I Think, is Thine;
Benign Creator, let Thy plaſtic Hand
Diſpoſe it's own Effect. Let Thy Command
Reſtore, Great Father, Thy Inſtructed Son;
And in My Act may THY great WILL BE DONE.



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